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 PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XXVI.

LITTLE Lyssie could not, just at first, tell even her mother of her broken engagement. There had to be hours of staggering on alone, dumbly, under her grief. She went about her daily duties on Sunday and Monday, dry-eyed and calm. She had taken off her ring, looking at it silently a long time before she put it away. She was too unconscious of self, and unfamiliar with the conventions of life, to think of sending it back to Roger. Her mother did not notice its absence from the slim, girlish hand; Mrs. Drayton had too many cares of her own to notice such things; she "was failing rapidly," she told every one who came to see her. "But perhaps it is just as well, for now Lyssie is happy, I am no longer needed," she sighed; and added that Alicia's present selfish absorption in her own happiness was doubtless the Lord's way of driving her, Mrs. Drayton, closer to Him for companionship; which, to the curious mind, opened up interesting questions as to the propriety of the Lord's methods.

But if Mrs. Drayton was no longer needed, she had still some needs. When Alicia began to creep out of her daze of pain, and feel tears starting in her eyes and the sob swelling in her throat, and recognize that she must have the relief of speaking, Mrs. Drayton "needed" her so much that it was not easy to fly to Cecil to tell her troubles, as it was her impulse to do.

"I think I'll go and see Cecil, mother dear," she said, "and Esther will bring your dinner up. I may not be at home for dinner."

"Esther?" returned Mrs. Drayton, opening her eyes. "Oh, Lyssie, you know how I dislike to have Esther come into the room when my nerves are so racked!"

But Alicia, for once, thought of herself. She felt that she must be with Cecil; she must put her head on her sister's breast, and cry, and cry, and cry. She could not come back so early as dinner time.

"Oh, mother darling," she entreated, "if you would n't mind just this once! Oh, I *must* see Cecil!" she said, in a sort of wail, and then steadied herself, her breath catching. "I'll fix your tray, dear, all nicely, and then you won't mind letting Esther bring it in?"

Mrs. Drayton closed her eyes. "Oh, go, of course. Don't mind me. But I don't want Esther to bring in the tray. I'll wait, and have my dinner when you come home. I suppose you'll be home by tea time? Oh, Lyssie, when I am gone, I hope you won't remember things like this! Remorse is very painful. But I have such a sensitive conscience; perhaps you won't suffer as I should."

"I don't mean to be neglectful, mother, but" —

"Oh well, I sha'n't allow you to stay at home now. I only spoke of your selfishness from the highest motives, — because it was my duty, not because I

wanted to keep you at home. My motives are always the highest and the best. For myself, I don't mind waiting for my dinner until it's convenient for you. I have little enough appetite, anyhow."

Of course Lyssie brought up the tray.

In the afternoon, as she went up the hill, she thought, almost for the first time in these two days, of Cecil's own troubles; and yet Cecil's troubles only made her think of Roger's promptitude in helping them. Compared to a broken engagement, how foolish and unreal seemed the senseless quarrels between husband and wife! Beside, it was all right now; Roger had said so — *Roger!* and the long-withheld tears rose burning to her eyes. She felt as though she could hardly wait to reach Cecil, and as she went swiftly into the house, and upstairs, she had only a word for Molly playing with her blocks in the hall.

She found Cecil's room empty of everything but confusion. Two great trunks, half packed, took up much space; the small pictures and photographs, the pleasant litter of books and little dainty furnishings, stood forlornly about on tables or chairs, waiting to be packed; the curtains had been taken down, and a streak of pale sunshine fell across the carpet and into the fireplace, laying a moving finger on the busy fire, whitening the flame, and glittering on the brass andirons.

"Oh, she's going away!" thought Lyssie hopelessly. Then she went into the hall, and called her sister in a listless voice. Cecil answered from the floor above, and a moment later came downstairs. She kissed Lyssie, and shut the door, and threw herself down on the lounge.

"I'm tired to death!" she said crossly. "I had a headache last night, and endured the torments of the very bad, and could n't sleep; and now to-day I've had to see about closing the house. Should n't you think, with four able-bodied women, this house could be

closed without supervision? Where have you been, Lys? I have n't been able to hunt you up, I've had so much to do."

"You are going away?"

"Yes. I telegraphed Philip to come back. I've thought it over, and I've decided that — I won't leave him. But we must get back to town."

"I'm so glad everything is smooth," Lyssie said absently. "Cecil, I want to tell you something." She sat down on the floor beside Cecil's couch, twisting her fingers in the soft white rug, and seeing the pallid flames in the sunny fireplace flicker in two great tears that trembled behind her eyelids. "Roger and I have broken our engagement, Ceci."

Cecil sat upright, and opened her lips for a reply; but she was speechless. There was alarm, but amusement too, in her face. Was it possible that Roger Carey had been so absurd as to tell — But there was nothing to tell!

"*Lys!* Why, what do you mean? What did he say to you? Now, Lyssie, don't be absurd! Break your engagement? He has n't done anything that" —

"Of course he has n't done anything; it is n't his fault. He wanted to be married right off, — next month. And I could n't. You know I could n't, Cecil. How could I leave mother? And he did n't want to wait; and so — and so" — And at last came the relief of a fit of crying, with her face on Cecil's knees, her arms about her waist.

"Did he — did he want to be married — right away?" Cecil said slowly above Lyssie's bowed head. Was it possible that it had been so much to him as *that*? Oh, it was well she had sent for her husband! She was frightened, exulting, renouncing, all at once. But mechanically she stroked Lyssie's head, and murmured vaguely, "It will all come right. I shall make it come right." Oh, she was glad she had sent for Philip!

Lyssie, comforted but hopeless, clung

to her, explaining it all over and over. "If I could only just die!" the child said.

Cecil listened with angry remorse; she put her arms about Alicia impetuously, and her voice broke with tenderness. "There, darling, don't cry. Lyssie, it breaks my heart to have you cry." [It came to her with a great impulse of affection that she would bring Roger Carey back to his duty. "Now, dear, stop crying," she said heartily. "No man is worth so many tears. I'll see him in town, and I can patch it up; with no injury to your pride, of course."

"Pride! Oh, Ceci, I have n't any pride! Why, I'd go and kneel down before him and tell him, if I had been wrong, or if I could make him feel differently; only, it's the principle, don't you see? We should never be happy, if he could n't feel as I do about mother."

"Lyssie, that is absurd; naturally he could n't feel as you do about Mrs. Drayton."

"But he said — he said — Oh, I can't tell you how he spoke of her. He does n't love her, — I know he does n't."

"But good gracious, child, why should he? He does n't know Mrs. Drayton. Do you expect him to divine all her admirable qualities?"

"Oh, but Ceci, he could n't ever have loved me, if he feels that way about her."

Cecil's impatience at this did Lyssie good. Not that she thought her lover would come back to her, but it made her feel that she, too, had been to blame, a little; that it was not all his fault.

She sat there, leaning against Cecil, talking out her aching heart, while the room darkened, and the fire glowed and brightened. Cecil said very little. Her color deepened once, suddenly, and she smiled; then she set her teeth hard upon her lip, and drew in her breath, and looked down upon Lyssie's bowed head.

"Lys dear, I'm sure he will come back; and you must forgive him."

"You don't understand. You don't see how bad it is. His coming back

would n't make any difference in the question of mother."

"The 'question of mother' will settle itself," Cecil declared, and paused, listening. "That is the stage!" she said, in a low voice. She put her hands up to her eyes a moment. "Philip has come, Lys."

"Oh, I'll go!" Alicia said quickly.

Cecil made no effort to detain her. She was impatient to be through with what she had to say to her husband.

Philip, however, was in no haste to see his wife; he was hungry and thirsty for his child.

Molly was in the nursery, and when he opened the door she flew towards him with a shriek of delight.

"Oh, Molly, let me fasten your dress," Rosa expostulated.

Philip took the child in his arms passionately. "I'll finish dressing her. Say to Mrs. Shore that I have come. I'll bring Molly down to dinner."

He sat down, and Molly, standing between his knees, demanded eagerly, "Father, what did you bring me for a present?"

"Why, you don't say you wanted a present!" cried Philip, with a great show of dismay. At which Molly joyously flung herself upon him and hunted for his pockets.

"I wish you'd have your pockets hung on the outside," she informed him, rummaging through his coat.

"You can't have presents until you are dressed," her father declared, trying to button her frock down her little back. But his hands were trembling. "How does this thing go, Polly?"

"You put the holes over the buttons," Molly instructed him. "Hurry, father! I want my present. Oh, father, that feels queer; it pulls. I don't think Rosa fastens it that way."

"It looks queer," Philip admitted anxiously. "Have n't you got anything easier to put on than this?" And between them they took off the somewhat

elaborate frock, and Molly frisked about before the fire, in her petticoat. Philip got her on his knee, and cuddled her inside his coat to keep her warm, and told her a marvelous tale of gnomes and fairies. He rested his cheek upon her soft, straight hair, and felt her little warm body against his heart, and gathered her swinging foot into his hand. Once his voice shook so that Molly noticed it.

"Father, why did you laugh?" she said reproachfully, for it chanced to be at an affecting point in the tale.

"I did n't laugh," Philip told her, truthfully enough. "Now let's find an easy dress to put on, and then look for presents!"

The toilet accomplished, the presents were discovered to have been left on a chair outside the nursery door. Molly, quivering with excitement and happiness, tore off the wrappers, and uttered a succession of shrieks as each new joy revealed itself, — a tin steamboat, a picture book, a little bow and arrow. At last, fairly tired out with pleasure, she gathered her treasures in the skirt of her dress, with a long, happy sigh.

"I'm going to put 'em in my trunk. Do you think I can shoot my bow and arrow on the ship?"

Philip's exclamation made her look up; but he said nothing of the ship. He told her that he had an idea there was a small box in his waistcoat pocket; did she care to look? Her eager eyes showed how much she cared. The box found and opened, a little ring revealed itself, — a tiny thread of gold clasping a small dark garnet shaped like a heart. Philip's hand was unsteady as he slipped it on her finger, but his words were gay enough, and he gave her a kiss, and perched her on his shoulder in the way in which he always ended their frolics.

But his face was ghastly when they reached the dining-room.

Cecil met her husband with an affection of carelessness. He was very

good to have come so promptly, she said. She found a good deal of fault with the dinner; she spoke sharply to Molly once or twice; she told John, in a low voice, that his silver was disgracefully dull, and the man blushed to his ears; she looked at her husband across the table, sometimes, with a cold dislike in her eyes, very different from the old good-natured contempt.

"I wish you'd come into the library, Philip, when you've finished your cigar," she said, when dinner was over.

He rose at once. "No, Polly; run upstairs to Rosa, darling," he told Molly, who demurred, but obeyed.

Philip could scarcely wait to close the library door before he burst out: "I shall not consent to Molly's going to Europe! Neither you nor I have the right to take her where the other can't see her."

"Will you please wait until Europe has been mentioned?" Cecil said. She was standing by the fire, her hand resting on the mantelpiece, and one foot upon the brass fender. "I don't mean to take Molly abroad. I don't mean to go myself."

"I — I beg your pardon," Philip stammered.

"No," she went on, without turning her head, "no; I am not going anywhere except to town, as soon as I can possibly get there. These idiots of ours apparently want weeks to pack up in! But I think I can get off on Friday."

"Why did n't you send for me sooner? I could have hurried things. I suppose you've sent word to town, and the house will be in order for you?"

"Oh yes; I telegraphed when — when I decided. You did n't share your legal information with me, Philip," she said, over her shoulder, and laughed; then she turned round and faced him, her eyes full of hate. "I suppose you were afraid I would take advantage of you? You see I have had some legal information. I know that Molly belongs to me."

"So far as any legal question goes," he answered coldly, "we both knew the probabilities when I went away. There seemed to be no reason why I should communicate with you until you had decided what you wished to do at present. As for Molly" — he paused — "you know my wishes. Her time must be divided between us."

"If I agree!" she reminded him, with strident malice in her tone. "Suppose, for the sake of argument, I don't agree: of course you know she would be given to me? But I want to ask you one question, devoted father. Granting that I do agree to divide her time, do you think my influence over her is good? Oh, pray don't hesitate, on any grounds of politeness, from expressing your opinion, — I know what it is; but I just want to understand why you are willing to resign her to the tender mercies of the wicked for six months in every year."

"I have no choice," said Philip Shore grimly.

"Oh yes, you had a choice," she assured him. "You could have given up being so good, could n't you, and stayed with her? But I did n't mean to discuss it. I only asked out of curiosity. It does n't really matter. The fact is, this is all nonsense, Philip. I sent for you just to tell you that it is nonsense."

"What is nonsense?"

"Oh, this plan of ours. Come, now, you ought to be flattered! I can't tear myself away from you. I've decided not to leave you."

It seemed to Philip Shore as though the ground moved suddenly under his feet. He grew white, and did not speak.

Cecil looked at him. "See here, Philip," she said kindly. "I quite understand that this takes you by surprise; but things need n't be changed, really. You can go abroad, if you want to, for a while. Only, I've decided not to do anything public." She sat down wearily, and reached over for the paper cutter, playing with it restlessly, as she had

done on that other night when she had consented to Philip's proposition. She bent the broad tortoise-shell blade back and forth against the palm of her hand, and then held it up between her eyes and the lamp, and yawned slightly. "This winter I shall go out a great deal. You can put Molly to bed every night, if you want to, in intervals of 'learning to be an artist,' as Mrs. Drayton says."

She was so perfectly matter of course that Philip's astounded questions died upon his lips. He said quietly, "What are your reasons for changing your mind?"

"Reasons? Oh, as Molly says about step-grandmothers, 'they don't count.' I don't want to talk about reasons. It is convenient; that's enough. I'm willing to go back. I'm willing to let things be as they were. That's all. But don't, for Heaven's sake, talk about it!"

She was feverishly anxious to get through and to be alone. She wanted to think. She had not dared to face the fact that Roger Carey was free until she had made herself a prisoner again. But now, having taken up her chains, she wanted to think the whole thing out; to realize what his desire for a speedy marriage meant; to give free rein to that fierce satisfaction of conquest, which in such a woman has an almost masculine intensity, but which, it must be admitted, is not confined to such women. The very good can experience it — if the opportunity is afforded them.

"We've got to talk about it. You seem to forget that the principle underlying this idea of separation transcends any mere personal convenience."

"Ah, but Philip, you forget; I have no principles. I tell you I can't tear myself away from you. Isn't that enough?"

"What are your reasons?"

"They are my own, at least," she said contemptuously, and rose. "I don't think we need talk about this any more. I simply am not willing to carry out an arrangement which would have been

(there is no use choosing words) a very great relief to me" — She stopped, and then turned upon him with a sudden furious look. "See here! Did it ever occur to you that I — that I am human? that I am flesh and blood? Did it ever occur to you that all these years may have made me hate you? that — that — perhaps if — Oh, my God! why did I marry you!" She stood facing him, panting, her teeth set in a passion that turned her white.

Philip's eyes narrowed. "We never were — married," he said, with deliberate and deadly meaning.

"Oh, don't be such a fool! You don't know what I was talking about. I feel like saying, 'Get thee to a nunnery,' whenever I look at you!"

"And still you propose to remain with me?" he said, stung beyond endurance.

"I propose not to make a fool of myself. The amount of it is, Philip, that you and I have been acting as though we were the only people in the world to be considered; well, I've come to my senses, — that's all. I have n't any reasons to proclaim or to discuss. I merely tell you I'm willing to let things be as they were."

"But I am not."

She flung up her head as though he had struck her. "You!"

"It isn't as though there were any possibility of your loving me, of" —

Cecil broke in with furious candor. "Love you? I?"

Then Philip Shore spoke his mind. He told her first, very clearly, their position in the eye of the law in regard to Molly; then he went over the arguments which were burned into his conscience for the ending of a false relation, — a relation only less base, he said, than those other loveless marriages where the wife is her husband's mistress. "For that's what it amounts to," he ended, beside himself with his sincere and brutal panic for personal safety. The protest which he and she would make by separating

was for the honor of marriage. He was convinced, he declared, that this preservation of their individual integrity would in the end, by its effect upon her character, more than compensate Molly for the pain and embarrassment which must cloud her life.

Cecil did not speak.

"You do not tell me your reasons, but these are mine. I give them to you because I cannot do otherwise in view of what you have said. Nevertheless, if, after hearing them, you insist that we must go on living as we have been living, I must submit."

"Live with you?" she said, in a low, vibrating voice. "I would not live in the same world with you if I could help it!"

They stood facing one another in this dreadful duel of souls; stabbing each other with naked words; and one of them, at least, struggling spiritually with the same ferocious selfishness with which, ages ago, his ancestors of caves and forests struggled physically. Then it was as though he suddenly threw down his sword.

"Oh, can't we put self out of it?" Philip said hoarsely. "Can't it be because it is right?" A wave of agitation moved in his face. "Oh, Cecil, this is the end. If you will" —

But she threw herself forward, flinging out her arm, and striking him full on the mouth with the back of her hand.

"It is the beginning!"

Alas for the smoking flax, the bruised reed!

XXVII.

It was not until nearly a fortnight later that Old Chester woke to its privileges in the way of gossip: two great and exciting events to discuss, — a broken engagement and a divorce. A week before, the village had found food for conversation in the infelicities of the poor Todds, for Job had "burst out" again, as Miss

Susan expressed it. He had flung his eldest child, a delicate boy of eight, down the cellar stairs. The child's spine was terribly injured. And now Job was getting sober, getting very sober indeed, in the jail in Mercer. All this had been an excitement and an interest to Old Chester, but of course these other two affairs were much more exciting and interesting. There are people, no doubt, who do not consider the breaking of a girl's engagement a very important matter, but that only goes to show that they never lived in Old Chester; and there may be some to whom marital quarrels are commonplace, but such a point of view merely reflects upon their own characters.

Alicia's disappointment stirred the whole village; in fact, only such a matter as Philip and Cecil's separation could take precedence of it. As a topic of conversation, the Todds were almost forgotten.

Each of the great sensations had been characteristically announced.

Mrs. Shore had mentioned to Mrs. Drayton, in answer to some trivial question as to Philip's plans, that she did not know anything about Philip's plans. "We have separated, Mrs. Drayton; so, naturally, I don't trouble myself with Philip's affairs. I have enough to do to attend to my own," she said.

An hour later, through the medium of Mrs. Pendleton, Cecil's shocked and distressed stepmother had informed Old Chester of what she called her "affliction." "Of course you won't speak of it; I only tell you, to unburden my mind," she declared, with tears. "I assure you I've always loved Cecil as though she were my own child. Why, my dear, when she was little, people did not even know which was my own child, Cecil or Lyssie! I think that shows how I have treated her," said Mrs. Drayton, much affected.

The news of Alicia's broken engagement was given to the world with all decent accessories of feeling and reserve, but still characteristically; for Mrs. Dray-

ton confided it to four persons, with the caution to each that it was not to be spoken of.

"There's no use talking about such a sad thing," she told Susan Carr, shaking her head.

Miss Susan, however, had no wish to speak of it; sorry as she was for Lyssie, the greater matter was heavy upon her heart. Philip, after the dreadful scene in his library, had come to her, ghastly white, with a smear of blood where his wife's rings had cut his lip, and had asked her to take him in for the night.

"Cecil and I are going to live apart," he told her briefly.

Susan Carr loved him so truly that she asked not a single question. "Come up to your room, my darling," she said; and brought him a glass of wine, and kissed him, and left him. The next day she heard it all. Philip was very quiet and direct as he talked to her; but once, as he spoke of Molly, he got up and paced the floor, and she could see that his hands were clenched upon each other until the knuckles were white. He told her of the long estrangement in thought and motive and principle. He said that gradual irritation had culminated in absolute dislike, with its inevitable differences and quarreling, — a state of things revolting to both Cecil and himself, and horrible for Molly. And then he explained, gently, that under such circumstances he believed marriage to be morally annulled.

"Are you going to be divorced, Philip?" Miss Susan asked, in a frightened voice.

"Real divorce takes place without a decree," he answered.

There was something in his face that terrified and silenced her; yet his arguments did not convince her. For a moment it seemed to Susan Carr that his own righteousness was more to him than his child's welfare, and infinitely more than Cecil's welfare. But she would not allow herself to think that.

What that talk was to Philip, ago-

nized to a point where physical endurance wavered, she, dear soul, could never know. He went away from her with the courage which comes to a man who, in the midst of stress and storm, has laid his head upon his mother's breast. That Miss Susan did not understand him, that she did not approve of him, was nothing. She loved him.

In spite of Mrs. Drayton's cautious confidences, by the Thursday that the Sewing Society met, everybody looked pitifully or critically at Lyssie, as chanced to be their disposition; and sighed or shook their heads, and said, "Is n't it dreadful about Cecil? Oh, it's a great grief to us all!"

But Old Chester went to the Sewing Society with an eagerness which the preparation of the wardrobe of a missionary's wife had never called out before. It was Mrs. Drayton's turn to receive the society, and there was a little anxiety among the ladies to know if Alicia would be present; they hoped not, and they explained their hope by saying that it would be awkward for the child to see them. "Though of course nobody will speak of Mr. Carey," said one lady to another; "but I do want to ask Frances about poor Cecil, and it would be scarcely proper to speak on such a subject before Alicia."

"Poor Cecil?" repeated old Mrs. Dale. "Wicked Cecil, I say! When a married woman talks about leaving her husband, it shows that there is something radically wrong in her."

"But is n't it possible," protested the other, who never chanced to have had a husband, "that sometimes it's the man's fault?"

"When it is, there's another woman at the root of it," answered Mrs. Dale severely; "men would be very good if it were n't for women." She glared at her gentler companion, but said no more, for they had reached Mrs. Drayton's door, and Lyssie, a little pale, a little older, stood smiling in the hall, ready

to help them take off their wraps before they went into the parlor, where Mrs. Drayton, in her wheeled chair, was waiting to receive them.

Mrs. Drayton was full of subdued excitement, but her manner had a marked hesitation. One moment she showed grief and dismay for Cecil, and a "proper pride" that Lyssie had broken her engagement; the next, rabid curiosity concerning her step-daughter, and heart-broken acceptance of Alicia's disappointment. The fact was, it was all so new, so hurried, that she had not yet chosen her rôle, and skipped from one state of mind to the other, in a way bewildering even to herself. Cecil's affairs, naturally, could never be more to her than an interest; and so far Alicia's broken engagement was only an interest, too. Mrs. Drayton had not reached that flat and tasteless moment of discovering that poor little Lyssie had robbed her of a grievance; a cruel theft, and one which our best friends, with well-meant, stupid efforts to make life better for us, are forever committing!

Mrs. Drayton's chair was close to the hearth, and she wore a white shoulder shawl, for the day was chilly. She looked very pretty and frail. She had on a plum-colored silk with some gray fur around the throat and wrists, and she wore a cap with blond tabs resting on her shoulders; a miniature of Mr. Drayton hung by a slender gold chain around her neck, and she was apt to lift it and look at it as she conversed, which sometimes made her a little absent in manner; but she always came back with a start, and apologized with a faint sigh. She sighed a good deal that afternoon, and looked at the picture very often.

"Oh, this is all very sad!" she said to Mrs. Dove; "it makes me feel my loneliness doubly. If it were not selfish, I should long to have my dear husband come back to help me bear it all; and he would know what to do about Cecil. She came and confided in me at once,

and I did all I could, — all any mother could. But Mr. Drayton would know what to say to Philip."

"But what does Philip say?" cried Mrs. Wright, a plump, anxious-looking matron. "If it is not an improper question, Fanny, what does Philip say?"

The fact was that, so far, Philip had said nothing to his mother-in-law, so Mrs. Drayton was only truthful when she replied, a little stiffly, "Ah, I think I cannot tell you that. He does not want to say anything severe about Cecil, but — poor, dear Cecil!"

Mrs. Drayton might perhaps have been more explicit, but at that moment Alicia came in to ask some question about tea, and said under her breath, "Oh, mother, *don't* talk about Cecil!"

Mrs. Drayton frowned, and motioned her away. "Lyssie is a most sensitive child," she told Mrs. Pendleton, — "so different from poor Cecil, who is just like her own mother; she can't bear to have me talk about this sad affair. But it is very foolish in her, for, in my position, I can understand and defend Cecil better than anybody else. It has been a great blow to me, in my weak state; still, I do defend her, for of course she did not stop to think how it would upset me."

"How unselfish you are!" murmured Mrs. Pendleton.

"Ah no, no; I fall short of my ideal! I had a high ideal of a stepmother's duties, and I never quite reached it. I think one ought to have one's ideal just out of reach, don't you? Still, some one once said to Susy Carr, — you remember, don't you, Susy? — some one said, 'Which?' — But Mrs. Drayton was talking to empty air, for Mrs. Pendleton was listening to Mrs. Dove's gentle assurance in her other ear that Cecil had fine qualities, "very fine; and so has Philip. I sometimes think it is only because they can't understand each other."

"Well," Mrs. Pendleton answered, hesitating, and looking down at her sewing, "perhaps there's more in this than

appears? Perhaps Mr. Shore has some motive that — that it would not be quite delicate to speak of. There may be some other woman?"

Mrs. Dove's horrified look and little gesture of drawing away made Mrs. Pendleton hasten to retrace her steps; for Mrs. Pendleton always kept pace with her companion's thoughts.

"Not that I think so, but that is what people will say. But" — she dropped her little, smiling, deprecating face, and looked sidewise at Mrs. Dove, as though to see how far she might safely go — "I do feel that Cecil is — strange; and in the matter of my cousin Mr. Carey (family traits are so apt to be repeated, though Lyssie *seems* a nice girl), perhaps it's just as well." Then, her eyes on Mrs. Dove's face, she slid into the assurance that it was too bad, and she did n't know where the fault lay; and she added that, after all, young people did not know much about love. "I don't believe in early marriages; young people have n't experience enough to appreciate what affection means," she said, sighing.

Mrs. Dove agreed with her with so much earnestness that Mrs. Pendleton felt she had redeemed herself in the eyes of this elderly lady who had made so lamentable a *mésalliance*.

Mrs. Pendleton looked very meek and mild and sympathetic as she sat there in the Sewing Society that afternoon, always ready to listen to the two sides of every story, and showing such sympathy with each that she endeared herself to both.

And there were distinctly two sides to this story of Philip and Cecil. Everybody said that Philip was an exemplary young man; everybody knew that Cecil had been Old Chester's black sheep: so, on the one hand, it was no wonder poor Philip wanted to leave her; but, on the other hand, marriage was marriage, and Philip had made his bed, and ought to lie in it.

Lyssie, coming in sometimes, and finding the buzz of conversation drop at her innocent footsteps, and hearing it rise eagerly as she left the room, knew, with heartbroken helplessness, that all the dear old ladies were "talking about Cecil." "Why do they want to *talk* about it?" the child thought, being a child, and not knowing the vulture delight of scandal latent, one often thinks, in the kindest soul.

"Frances, you had better tell us all about it," commanded Mrs. Dale, looking at her hostess over her glasses. "Alicia is out of the room, and of course we are interested to hear; though I must say I am mortified that such a thing should happen in Old Chester."

There was a murmur of assent, and a sighing comment or two. "It's all so sad." "It is n't just curiosity that makes us ask about it, — we are so attached to poor Philip."

"Curiosity? Of course it's curiosity!" said Mrs. Dale. "I am curious to know how these two misguided people defend themselves. Has James Lavendar reasoned with them, do you know, Frances?"

"He went to see Cecil at once," Mrs. Drayton began; "but she sent word she was 'not at home,' and she was sitting upstairs reading a novel the whole time!"

"I don't think she meant to be untruthful," Jane Dove protested, in her timid voice; "it is quite customary" —

"Not in Old Chester!" interrupted Mrs. Dale; "and if Cecil did such a thing as that to me, I should feel it my duty to give her a piece of my mind. James Lavendar is culpably mild in such matters. Well, go on, Frances."

Mrs. Drayton looked at the miniature of Mr. Drayton and pressed it to her lips; then, with a start, seemed to remember that she was not alone. "I am so saddened, you know, by all this, I quite forget where I am, sometimes. I can only think of my dear husband, and pray

that it may come right in the end. Well, as I understand it, they've been very unhappy ever since Molly was born. Maybe Philip wanted a boy. I can't think of anything else. Cecil is very extravagant; that may have had something to do with it. And she is *very* impolite, too!" Mrs. Drayton's voice trembled and her thin face flushed, as she said that. "I never knew any one so impolite as Cecil, though I'm sure I tried to bring her up well!"

"Yes, but she did n't come to you until she was seven," Mrs. Pendleton murmured, "and the early years are the impressionable ones, I am told."

Mrs. Drayton protested politely, but with a simper. "Maria Drayton did her best, I've no doubt, but I fear Cecil was born with a bad temper. She has quarreled constantly with Philip. Oh dear, the idea of a husband and wife quarreling is so shocking to me! I'm sure she never saw it in her own home."

Only Susan Carr smiled at that, thinking of William Drayton's intelligent absences; everybody else was too interested.

"I am sure," continued Mrs. Drayton, growing shrill and wiping her eyes, "if Cecil has talked to Philip as she has to me, I can excuse him; but I believe that what has made the present trouble is that she wants to live abroad, and Philip does n't want to; which I think is so strange in Philip, for he could learn to be an artist again. But they had a dreadful quarrel about it, and then they decided to part. That's the whole story. And I never knew anything so distressing! I suppose Cecil gets her terrible temper from her mother; it does n't come from her father or me."

"I don't know how it could, unless by example," Susan Carr thought; but was discreetly silent.

"Well, it is perfectly incomprehensible," said Mrs. Dale solemnly. "A girl brought up in Old Chester! If Philip had any bad habits, I could un-

derstand that she might have the impulse to leave him, — but only the impulse." A curiously uplifted look came into her stern face for a moment.

"Poor Eben Dale!" the ladies of the Sewing Society thought; and there was a little embarrassed pause, and then Mrs. Wright said quickly, "But what's going to become of Molly? Which one of them will have Molly?"

"Oh, Cecil, I suppose. Poor Molly!" Mrs. Drayton answered mournfully.

"Well, I don't see how Philip can make up his mind to part with her," said Mrs. Wright indignantly, "especially if he thinks Cecil does n't bring her up well. It looks to me as if he cared more for himself than for his child."

Then Susan Carr broke through the silence which she had set upon her lips that whole afternoon: "Philip wants to divide Molly's time between himself and Cecil. She won't consent to that, and she's going to keep the child; but Philip is to see her as often as he wants to."

"Well," said Mrs. Pendleton mildly, "Mrs. Dove and I were just saying, we wondered whether it would not be best that the real reason for this most regrettable affair should be known? One fancies — anything! Why, I have no doubt that there are people who would say — I quite hesitate to repeat such a thing," and she glanced at Mrs. Dove — "who would say, 'Who is the woman in the case?'"

"Why, Jane Temple!" cried Miss Carr angrily. "Why, I would n't have believed — you know Philip, and" —

"But I did n't mean — I did n't say" — protested poor Mrs. Dove. But the conversation swept past her before she could explain or deny.

Miss Susan, her face flushed and agitated, declared that, rather than have such things said, she would say what she knew of the matter. Philip and Cecil did not love each other any longer: that was the whole story. They had long ago parted in everything but word. "It's

nothing worse than just not loving each other."

"Not love each other?"

"You mean they quarrel?"

"I never heard anything so absurd!"

"So *wicked*, I say!" old Mrs. Dale proclaimed.

"Let them try to love each other," Mrs. Wright said emphatically; "and dear me, what have they got to complain of? Philip is n't a religious man, I'm afraid, but he's always very polite. And Cecil is the best housekeeper I know. Do you remember how she taught her cook to broil grouse, and then put that jelly and stuff all around it? Cecil makes him very comfortable. Gracious! I could keep my husband good natured from one year's end to another, if I could have a table like Cecil's!"

"I fear Cecil is one of those persons to whom St. Paul refers in the third chapter of Philippians, who make a god of their belly," said Mrs. Dale, in a deep voice, fixing her eyes upon Mrs. Wright, whose face immediately grew very red.

Susan Carr, listening, felt helplessly that all those things which Philip had said to her of honor and purity could not be repeated here. They would not be understood. "When people don't love each other," she began, "it does seem not — not nice for them to go on living together" — But severe voices interrupted her.

"Susan Carr, when you've lived as long as I have, you'll know that *duty* is a form of love," Mrs. Dale rebuked her.

"Well, I think that a nice, feminine, ladylike person always does love her husband," Mrs. Pendleton observed, with great gentility; and added to Mrs. Drayton, in a low voice, that sometimes dear Susan Carr was almost indelicate.

Miss Susan sighed, and accepted the various reproofs meekly enough. No doubt the ladies were right, she said; only sometimes, just for a moment, it did seem wrong to insist that two people

who quarreled like — like cats and dogs should go on living together. But still, of course the ladies were right. And certainly Philip and Cecil were wrong. She had told Philip so.

"Well, what is Philip going to live on? — that 's what I 'd like to know," some one said; and then the Sewing Society looked at Miss Susan.

"I don't know what he 'll do. But he 'll find something. I 'm not afraid for Philip," she answered proudly.

"Well, I suppose Cecil will give him something for managing her money for her?" some one suggested. But Miss Susan shook her head.

"Cecil is going to ask" — she dropped her voice, and glanced toward the door — "to ask Mr. Carey to do that. Oh dear, I do hope and pray the young man will advise them, and tell them both how wrong they are; and perhaps he can reconcile them!"

"Oh, then very likely he 'll come down to Old Chester to see Cecil about it!" said the Sewing Society; and the possibility of a reconciliation between Alicia and her lover struck these kindly women at once, and for a little while the greater and more interesting subject dropped. But Lyssie, coming along the hall with some plates and napkins, stopped, trembling, at that mention of Roger's return.

"Though it's nothing to me," she thought, very pallid and breathless.

Tea, and Alicia, put an end to all interesting conversation. The ladies rolled up their work neatly, and chattered about the missionary's wife, and looked with quick, sidelong glances at Lyssie, as she stepped, smiling, about, handing the cake, or the little tray that held the decanter and glasses.

"She looks pale," they said aside to one another, and dipped up their chocolate custard from tall glasses, and broke off crumbling bits from their slices of cake. Only Mrs. Dove showed the pity in her heart: she took Lyssie's hand, as the girl passed her, and patted it with-

out speaking. But tears came to the child's eyes.

Susan Carr, as she went home, hoped nervously that she had not been indiscreet in what she had told the Sewing Society. "I could not have those things said about Philip!" she thought. Her mind was full of Philip; and yet, that night, as she sat by the round centre table in her parlor, sometimes reading, but oftener thinking of this dreadful affair, her newspaper slipped once into her lap, and she looked absently over the top of her glasses, and smiled a little, and sighed.

"I wonder if Joseph *will* try again?" Her face grew as conscious as a girl's. "Of course I must n't let him; but if he does" —

XXVIII.

In spite of Alicia's assurance, Roger Carey's return to Old Chester could not but be something to her. It meant the instant thought on waking, "Will he be here to-day?" and the last ache of pain at night fading into a dream that he had come. It meant staying indoors lest he might have arrived, and she should have the pain of meeting him in the street; it meant long, aimless walks for the chance of seeing him, and the start at every tall figure in the distance. To be sure, she might have ended the uncertainty by asking Cecil when he was coming. But she could not ask any one. She could not speak his name.

Over and over, in her mind, she enacted possible meetings; especially that scene so dear to youth, of her own death-bed, and a beautiful and satisfying reconciliation. If she should be going to die, — and it seemed to Lyssie that she should not live long, — why then she would tell them to send for Roger. And he would come, — oh yes, she was sure he would come when he should hear that she was going to die; and he would be so unhappy, — her eyes always filled and

her lip quivered at the thought of his repentance and grief, — but she would try to comfort him; she would tell him it was n't his fault, — it was just fate!

Sometimes she thought that instead of summoning him to her deathbed she would leave a letter for him, "explaining" everything; and she even went so far as to write, "Dear Roger, I want you to know that I don't blame you" — But she stopped there, for the date of her letter must not be too far in advance of her demise, and no mortal disease had as yet declared itself.

She knew no better, poor child, than to read over and over the letters she had received from Roger Carey during their short engagement, and she suffered accordingly. For very exquisite pain, there is nothing which may be more highly commended than the reading of old love letters after love has died. It is like touching something dead, and the scent of corruption enters into the very soul. Alicia read, and remembered, and suffered. She went through those weary alternations of excusing and condemning herself; those wearier moments of realizing that the whole difficulty lay in something far deeper than circumstances which might be either excused or condemned, — the radical and hopeless difficulty of a conscientious difference in the point of view.

Those were dark days for Lyssie Drayton; but she made no public moan of sickness or of neglected work. In her simple way, she was glad of the silent friendship of pity, which she knew was all about her; and she cried a little sometimes at the disapproval which went hand in hand with pity, — for the disapproval of her elders was grief to Lyssie. She knew that Mrs. Pendleton thought her a jilt, and Dr. Lavendar was disappointed in her, and even kind Miss Susan was surprised and sorry. But she made no explanation or excuse for the broken engagement. Why give any one cause to blame her mother? Why give her

mother the pain which comes to one who accepts the sacrifice, even the necessary sacrifice, of another's life?

Mrs. Drayton, after the first delight of hearing that she was to have her child "forever," had grown a little impatient with Lyssie's quiet; later, a half-sullen indifference fell upon her, until that moment when she recognized that Alicia had deprived her of a grievance; then she was frankly cross.

Alicia for once did not try to understand her mother's moods. It was hard for her to try to understand or to be interested in anything. Even her dismay and grief for her sister came with a sense of effort.

Cecil gave her no information beyond the fact that she and Philip, on thinking it over, had decided it was best to part.

Cecil was cruel to her little sister in those autumn days: she seemed uneasy in Alicia's presence; she snubbed her violently; she said things about Mrs. Drayton that brought the angry color into the girl's cheek. Perhaps that was why Lyssie never asked her when Roger was coming to Old Chester. And Cecil did not volunteer the information.

But she had referred Philip's lawyer to Roger Carey, who would, she said, take charge of her affairs. "Why not?" she asked herself angrily. "He is free, and I am free — or I shall be; and there's no reason why he should n't look after things for me." Yet it was some days after this decision that she wrote to him; and meantime Roger Carey's first intimation of the temptation before him had come in legal form: —

DEAR SIR, — I have been consulted by Mr. Philip Shore in relation to certain family matters, and I am advised by Mrs. Shore, whom I have seen in this same connection, that you will represent her interests. Kindly let me know when it will be convenient for you to meet me.

Very truly yours,

GIFFORD WOODHOUSE.

Roger was sitting gloomily before a cluttered desk; his feet were supported by the yielding edge of his waste basket, a pipe warmed the hollow of his left hand, while with his right he was making aimless marks and dashes on his blotting paper. He had been thinking of Lyssie. He had thought much of Lyssie in these weeks that had passed since the engagement had been broken. He went over and over in his mind her unreasonableness, her foolishness, her unkindness. He did not think much of his own. He sucked away at his pipe, and looked at the red glow brightening and fading in the brierwood bowl, and assured himself that it was far better that the engagement was broken. "Confound an unreasonable woman!" said Roger Carey; he could stand anything but unreasonableness, he told himself angrily.

He had never been so much in love with Lyssie before; but he did not know it. All he knew was, that he recognized, in a half-sneaking way, that he had not been very much in love with her when he proposed to her.

He nestled the hot bowl of his pipe down into the palm of his hand, and set his teeth, and said that unreasonableness was the only thing he had no patience with. And then he thought how much he should like to talk the matter over with Mrs. Shore. She was a reasonable woman. She would see how preposterous Lyssie's conduct had been, and how fair was his demand. "I offered to wait six months," he justified himself. Mrs. Shore would appreciate all that; though she would not see the fear which had lurked behind his entreaties to Alicia. In that fear, he admitted, *he* had been unreasonable.

"Yes, I'd like to talk it over with her," he thought, an absent look softening his eyes.

Now, Roger Carey was not that objectionable sort of man who, when he is in any difficulty, must needs run crying to some woman's knee for sympathy;

so, when he felt the impulse to tell Cecil his woes, he might well have mistrusted it. But Roger was not given to analyzing his impulses.

Sitting here in his office, in the darkening November afternoon, with love for Lyssie tugging at his heart, with his pulse quickening at the remembered look and touch of another woman, he put his hand out listlessly for a letter a messenger brought into his office.

When he had read it, he got up breathlessly and walked the length of the room; and came back, and stood by his desk, and read it again. "Shore's a fool!" he said, and struck the letter across his hand sharply; his face was alert and vivid.

He stood there a moment, and then he flung his office door open. "Here, you! Johnny! come and light the gas; why don't you attend to your business?"

Yet when his boy came in, stumbling with haste, Roger Carey did no more than pull down the cover of his desk with a bang, and fling himself out of the door. He would go and take a walk, he said to himself.

In his mind two thoughts were struggling for control: an intellectual appreciation of Philip Shore's purpose; and, beating the appreciation down, a rude and brutal wonder, a fierce joy, an exulting contempt. "He's a damned fool!" he said again.

In aimless, irritated haste, he walked on, under a low and melancholy sky, far out into the country. His mind was in a tumult, but the situation, so far as the Shores were concerned, seemed perfectly patent to him. He had, of course, no idea of that last quarrel. He supposed that Mrs. Shore had refused to give up any part of Molly's time, and the result was that Philip was going to bring the matter to a legal issue. "But he has n't any case; he has n't a leg to stand on! What's Woodhouse thinking of to let him push it?" he thought, frowning. He was not surprised that

Mrs. Shore wished him to represent her ; and he said to himself, with entire sincerity, that he had no doubt Philip wished it, also. "It's better that it should be a friend of Shore's as well as hers," he declared, and struck out with his stick at a dead mullein stalk standing by the roadside. His mind leaped ahead to all sorts of possibilities. When it was settled, where would she go? What would she do? Live abroad, probably, after the fashion of the *déclassée* American woman. "She has a gorgeous sort of nature," he reflected. How curious it would be to lose sight of her! In these few months she had impressed her individuality profoundly upon him, — "in a perfectly impersonal way," he reminded himself.

"This whole row is as unreal as the theatre, but it's mighty interesting to the observer," he thought. He overlooked the fact that one who observes the play from the flies, awaiting his own cue to rush upon the stage, feels a different interest from one who sits before the footlights.

He tramped home in the mud and darkness, still too absorbed to know that he was a great fool to have walked six miles in a rainy fog. Now, a man who does not, upon viewing his boots after such an excursion, call himself a fool is certainly not in the "impersonal" stage.

The next day came Cecil Shore's letter ; a brief and somewhat ill-tempered summons that he should come and advise her about the necessary steps in the divorce suit which she proposed to bring.

"Divorce!" said Roger Carey contemptuously. "She does n't know what she's talking about ; she can't get a divorce in any decent way ; and I would n't let her, if she could."

But so it came that he went down to Old Chester.

He went to receive instructions from his client ; he went to advise her to the best of his ability ; he went because the devil, masquerading as professional duty,

beckoned him from the white page of the lawyer's letter. And before he went he looked up the Dakota divorce laws.

And here was a strange thing : under all his anger which refused to recognize it, he loved Alicia Drayton. But this phase of his experience was as remote from that love as is the hunger with which an artist falls upon his bread and cheese remote from his passion before his canvas. One does not contradict the other.

That journey to Old Chester was a crisis in Roger's life. He went as far as Mercer in company with a friend, and had no time to think about himself, in their talk of the political situation and the recent election. Not that Roger cared the snap of his finger about the election. "They might have elected the devil, if they'd wanted to ; I should n't have cared!" he swore softly under his breath, driven to the verge of madness by his companion's earnestness. But conversation upon the high theme of the moral purpose in government served to shut out connected thought on other purposes not moral. And when, at last, he climbed up on the box seat of the coach at Mercer, it was with the profound relief of a man who can get his mental breath, who can think and reason and decide.

Yet, in spite of such an opportunity, Roger seemed to find nothing particular to think about : the off leader had an ugly way of throwing his head ; the whiffletree was obviously cracked ; how strange it would seem to be in Old Chester merely on business! Then the driver got on the box and gathered up his reins, and there was the tug and pull, the sagging pitch forward, and a rush of memories to Roger Carey's mind that hurt him like lashes. He wanted, with the mere impatience of pain, to forget them, — to forget that first journey across these rolling Pennsylvania hills, brown now, and swept by a bitter wind. He could not endure the remembrance of his arrival,

six months ago, in Old Chester: the stately house, with its garden and orchards up on the hillside; Philip opening the stage door; a young girl, with serious, pleasant eyes, standing, smiling, on the steps, leaf shadows from the great locust-trees moving across her face and hair. The difference between that journey and this was intolerable.

He made spasmodic efforts at conversation with the driver. He observed that Jonas ought to cure the leader of throwing his head back that way. "I'd put a martingale on him," he said; and added that he thought the off mare was spavined.

"She cast her shoe first, and went lame," Jonas jolted out.

"And she's been lame ever since, I suppose?" Roger said absently, bending forward to watch the twist and give of the mare's leg. He was reflecting upon the truth, which is inspiring or depressing as one looks at it, that, after passing through a great experience, a man cannot remain what he was; he must either be better or worse. "Yes," he was saying to himself doggedly, "better or worse. Well, I'm worse; and," he added meanly, after the oldest fashion of his sex, "it's Lyssie's fault!"

It seemed as though always his thoughts came back to Lyssie. He was angry at her because it gave him such pain to think of her. Nor would he allow himself to think of Mrs. Shore save as the commonplace business reason for his taking this journey. He never once looked behind the professional need there was for him to come; he never uncovered the shame lurking under his well-turned phrases. "I'm glad to be of any assistance, but it's beastly to have to come to Old Chester. I wish she had sent for somebody else. Still, it would have been unfriendly to Philip as well as to her to have refused to come."

Then he began to speculate upon the divorce laws of Dakota; but started, to see beneath the veil he stretched be-

tween his inner and outer self a glimpse of the real and shameful meaning of his thoughts. After that, for some time he talked resolutely to Jonas.

Yet as the stage turned from the road, and went down to ford the creek so that the horses might drink, Roger found this suggestion of divorce again leering up at him from under the flimsy pretense of being an impersonal comment: "She could bring suit for desertion." He looked over the wheel at the shallow, racing little stream, and heard the pebbles grate against the tire. The horses, steaming a little, drank, and shook their necks in their heavy collars. There was the clash and rattle of buckles and trace-chains. Roger listlessly followed with his eyes the course of the brook which, from far up across the fields, came chattering down to the ford, whirling itself into foam around a big stone that broke its path before it slipped under the bridge and was off into the woods.

"Yes, she can go out to Dakota; it can easily be arranged."

It came dully to his mind, — the instinct, perhaps, of the gentleman, an instinct which at such moments seems artificial, or at least acquired, — it came to his mind that such a proceeding was not for Cecil's honor. But a fierce selfishness leaped up and choked this refinement of civilization, and left her in his thought merely the woman, himself merely the man.

Then again, angrily, he insisted that he was considering only the legal possibilities; that it was nothing to him one way or the other.

When at last, in the early November dusk, the stage drew up at the tavern, he was fatigued in body and soul by this wrestling with a vague, elusive, nay, a denied temptation. If he had been willing to face it for what it was, if he had summoned the devil out from behind his phrases, he could have fought him like a man, and found a certain vigor in the conflict. But he waited, as,

strangely enough, most of us wait, allowing the temptation to gain its full strength before meeting it with deliberate and desperate resistance.

Even as he walked up the hill to Cecil's house, that night, he kept on lying to himself. He was only "doing his duty" in coming. Suppose he had had that moment of emotion in Mrs. Shore's presence? He must come when she summoned him. He "had n't any choice." Indeed, so low had he fallen, in the swift descent of this one day, that he could say, "I've lost Lyssie, but the least I can do is to be helpful to her sister in this unfortunate affair."

There he touched his lowest level. No actual sin could compare with such degradation of the mind.

XXIX.

Afterwards, alone in his room in the tavern, while midnight whitened into dawn, the supreme words scorched themselves into Roger Carey's mind; it was as though a flaming finger wrote them upon his bare soul. They crashed and clamored in his ears; he could hear nothing else because of them. He found himself repeating them over and over as he walked back and forth, back and forth, across the bare and meagre bedroom of the tavern.

Years afterwards, Roger could see every detail of that room, yet at the time he did not know that he was aware of anything in it. He was absorbed in seeing again Cecil's Shore's face, in feeling her hair against his lips, in listening in horror to those words his own lips spoke; but all the while he was following the pattern on the thin red and black carpet, studying the landscape upon the green paper window-shades, counting his footsteps from the door to the fireplace, the last step ending on a sunken brick in the hearth. He looked at a bunch of pallid wax flowers under a glass shade on the

mantelpiece; he saw the blue wool mat under the lamp on the corner of the bureau; he examined two faded and yellowing photographs in black walnut frames hanging near the ceiling. He stood before one of these for a long time, staring up at the dull face and the big hands hanging limply between the knees, — staring at them, but seeing only a room half lighted by the glow of a fire and by the gleam of candles high on the walls; seeing a bowl of violets that spread a delicate perfume through the warm air; seeing the glitter of a silver dagger between the uncut pages of a book; and seeing himself, leaning forward, holding a strong, beautiful hand between his own, pressing it to his lips, once, twice, fiercely; then, still holding it in a grip that made the rings cut into the white flesh, leaning nearer, nearer; kneeling —

He began to pace the floor once more. Each time that he stepped upon a certain board the bureau shook, and then the lamp flared. Eight steps from the sunken brick to the door, sagging a little in its old frame; eight steps back again. Had anybody ever lifted that brick? he wondered. He stopped once and thrust a bit of wood under the casterless corner of the bureau, adjusting the clumsy piece of furniture with careful precision, and looking to see that it was straight.

"But I love you! Good God, I love you! Do you hear me? I love you!"

"Yes."

"Do you care, you cruel woman, — is it anything to you?"

"Yes."

Then silence; the small flicker of the fire on the hearth, the little puffing burst of flame; but silence — silence.

"May I kiss your face? May I kiss your lips?"

"Kiss me."

Then what? He could not seem to remember. Had he pushed her aside? Had he run for his soul?

Here he was, pacing up and down, up and down: eight steps from the door to

the sunken brick ; eight steps back again. The latch of the door was brass, with the thumb-piece worn thin, and with little black specks in it ; it clattered faintly under the jar of his steps ; a screw-eye and a hook answered for a bolt : not much protection should the landlord of fiction wish to break in and murder the sleeping traveler, and then bury his plunder under the sunken brick. The fire on the hearth brightened suddenly, as a stick, smouldering under a film of white ashes, broke in two, and a shower of sparks flew up into the thick soot.

Yes, he had pushed her away from him, brutally, breathlessly.

"When you are free. When you are free. Not till then."

That he should have said that, that he could have said it, that he had been able to repulse her, yielding, soft-breathed, glowing, filled him with astonishment that had in it something of awe. What had thrust his arm out, turned his head away, defended him from himself ? It was not his own will, not his own desire. No ; the habit of integrity had driven him into mechanical virtue ; had pushed him, raging against it, from her presence ; had dragged him here, at midnight, and set him pacing back and forth, up and down ; all his body summoning him to her side, all his decent past holding him in this room. Roger Carey, caught by the fetter of the habit of honor, was saying to himself that he had been a fool to leave her. What difference would it have made to have caught her in his arms for a mad instant, and kissed her face, her throat, her mouth, before the carrying out of the plan bound up in that single utterance, *"When you are free,"* — a plan founded upon the convenient, soul-destroying variance of the divorce laws in the different States ? What difference would it have made ? Truly none, in the soul and spirit of things. Nevertheless, the letter which killeth had for the moment saved him. He beat against it ; he set his teeth in shame at his schoolboy scruples ; but

he still paced back and forth, up and down. He wondered how early the next morning he could go back to her, and put into tender words, words that might fit an honest love, the outrageous proposition that, when the sham righteousness of obeying the law should have invested her with a sham respectability, he and she should marry.

A mouse nibbled in the wall, but stopped at the creak of the loose board under his foot.

"But I love you ! Good God, I love you ! Do you hear me ? I love you !"

"Yes."

"Do you care, you cruel woman, — is it anything to you ?"

"Yes."

She had leaned her head against his arm ; the warm, white hollow of her throat was under his eyes, under his lips —

Yet here he was, counting his steps, studying the landscape on the green window-shades !

"Fool ! fool ! fool !" he said to himself. He thought he knew how this scruple looked to her ; the idea of her contemptuous amusement made him loathe himself ; how she must have laughed when, after his theatrical protest, he had gone ! It made him hate her, — a hate which stamped his love for what it was. But Roger Carey did not stop to think of that.

All of a sudden, the room, with its tawdry furnishings, its faint light, seemed insupportable to him. He must get out of doors ; he must move about ; he must walk. He lifted the little clattering latch, and went stealthily down the narrow staircase. He felt the oppression of sleep all about him, and the brush against his face of the lifeless air, with its wandering scents of the closed house. In the office there was still a faint glow from the open door of the stove, and he could see upon the walls flaring notices of horse fairs and mowing machines ; a cat moved in the seat of one of the chairs that were standing about the square of zinc under

the stove; she yawned, and sharpened her claws on the brittle splints, and watched him suspiciously as he opened the door and stepped out into the darkness. It was good to draw a full, cold breath, and let the silence of the strong world dull for a moment the clamor of those terrible words.

He walked aimlessly out into the road, and turned to go up the street, but stopped sharply. No, not that way, not that way; not past — Lyssie's house. He would go down the river road to the bridge. He heard his steps ringing on the frosty ground; and then he felt a cool touch upon his cheek, and looked up to see that there were small, wandering flakes of snow in the air.

"The winter is pretty tough in Dakota," he thought; "she must get in the ninety days' residence early in the autumn." It was lucky that he was a lawyer; he knew how to arrange things. No one need be consulted; they could manage their own business; he knew just how to plan the easy iniquity of compliance with law. He smiled to himself at the bad humor of the situation, and he observed, with curious, impersonal interest, how, since he had spoken those words to his friend's wife, his mind refused any longer to be hoodwinked by words; he was seeing straight and thinking clear; being a lawyer, he knew just how to cover Lust with the decent cloak of Law.

"She's got to prove a year's desertion. Well, that's easy enough. Fortunately, those three months in Dakota are included in the year. Still, at best it will be next November before" —

It was very dark down on the bridge, but far up behind the hills there was the faint lightening of dawn.

Yes; she should be divorced, and they would marry. He remembered that he had said that he did not believe in divorce; what a fool he had been! Why, without it crime must inevitably exist; for human nature was human nature. He even used, for the sake of illustra-

tion, that old, fallacious, pitiful argument that divorce must be permitted to prevent sin, even to put an end to sin if it has begun, — as though the legalization of an immoral relation made it moral! This young man, who had felt the stern passion for his profession that a priest may feel for his, was ready to urge that Law, majestic and relentless, the expression of the human creature's best, should degrade herself by pandering to vice, by abetting crime, by making lust legal. The time had been when all this had been clear enough to his eyes; but how different it looked now! He said to himself that divorce was necessary to the moral life of the community. His old argument that the one must suffer for the many was forgotten — because he was the one.

He had not come to this opinion without a struggle; he had held to his belief as a man holds to some last chance of life, only dropping it at the lick of flame across his hands. The fire of selfishness seared Roger Carey's very soul; he flung over his belief, and fell. Yet he remembered that before those dreadful words were said he had told her what he thought of divorce; had pleaded with her as a man may plead for his own life, — for he knew what her freedom would mean to him. Later, when this was of no avail, he had told her that if she insisted upon carrying out this deplorable plan, at least Molly should be spared.

"You are no fit woman to bring up a child; she ought to be with her father," he said. Then, as it were, he made her prove the truth of his assertion by those answers to his mad words.

But instead of thinking again of those words he listened to the river, and suddenly, cringing at the memory, he heard others, spoken one summer night, with the splash of oars and the brush of lily pads against a little rocking skiff.

The river and the bridge grew intolerable. He went back into the village and up the street, his breath catching in

an oath that was almost a sob. He could not bear such memories. He drove his mind back to that firelit, perfumed room; he felt once more her panting breath upon his cheek; he saw the mad surrender in her eyes. "I must see her, I must see her!" he said frantically, as though answering some silent Forbiddener in his soul. How many hours must pass before he could go back to her? But he wished he could blot out the day, and find it night again; the thought of taking up that midnight scene, with the bald, cold daylight staring in her face and his, gave him a shock that turned him sick. "But I *will* see her!" he said, with the panic of the man who finds himself helpless in the grasp of an unsought repentance.

It was very still; the frozen furrows of the road were beginning to fill with feathery white; the cold, pale dawn spread itself behind the hills; there was hoar frost on the leafless twigs of the hedge that lay, in the darkness, like a band of furry black along the edge of Mrs. Drayton's whitening lawn. Far off, from some distant farm, came a weak crow; and then a dog barked.

In that hour Satan desired to have him. And he desired Satan.

He did not know why he should have come to stand thus under Alicia Drayton's window. How dark and cold the house looked! She must be asleep now. Oh, if he could speak to her, if he could see her! It was not the desire of the lover; it was the human need of help.

"Lyssie!" he called out sharply, and started, and stepped back into the shadows. "What am I thinking of!" he said, and held his breath lest she might have heard him. There was no sound except the faint rustle of the flakes in the dead leaves of the oak above his head.

Scorched and blackened as he was by the fires of these last hours, he knew she would not shrink from him; she would not shrink from any soul in trouble. She might not understand, — that made no difference; she would take care of him.

He stood there a long time.

When he went away, he did not know whether he loved Alicia or not; he did not think of that. He only knew that he would not see that other woman again.

Margaret Deland.

RUS IN URBE.

BRIEF MEMORANDA.

HE who comes to the city from country quiet and nights of sweet, unbroken slumber (*O noctes cœnæque Deum!*), and thinks still to enjoy his wonted rest, has not reckoned with his host. Like Sir Scudamore, he has accepted the hospitalities of Blacksmith Care, and pays dearly for the favor.

"And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest."

The new-comer and unseasoned citizen is at first all auditory nerve. A thorn in the pillow is slight in comparison with having a compendious pandemonium, in active operation, in that quarter. Sir Scudamore's case further holds good; for if by fortune any little nap upon my heavey eyelids chauce to fall, like him I soone awake and start up, as one af-frayed. To give this insomniac cruelty a touch of imagination, and thereby make the literal experience somewhat more tolerable, in these frequently recurring

waking intervals, I feign to myself that what I hear of din, ring, clatter, and rumble comprises all the sounds proper and natural to a sort of unique wild beast,—a ferine monster, sole of its kind, like the Minotaur, or that four-footed giant terror which no Eskimo has beheld, and lived afterward. My wild beast is ever on the point of escaping its heroic and titan keepers (whoever they may be). Now it growls or grinds its teeth, loud gnashing in perilous nearness to the spot where I hope to snatch a little fearful slumber. Now it roars far away, or grumbles in hoarse throttled tones, as its keepers hold it in firmer leash, and give it a strong tug, yonder. And now, at last, it purrs in a half-sleep; somebody has thrown it a honey-sop or a cake made of poppy seeds, its effects warranted to last but a minute, when again, in menacing crescendo, rises the monster's roar.

In these idle and unwilling vigils—for the keepers surely can manage without concern of mine their ancient charge—a night-time memory of the day-time street floats through the mind; impressing me with its pageant dumbness,—utter silence, it now seems to me, so far as human voices go. I recall a sliding vision of passing pedestrians, of the half-mechanical, half-conscious instant's inspection exchanged between these coming and those going; but such reciprocal vague glances only serve to emphasize the fact that none exchange speech, gliding by and on in the manner of pantomime. The remembered city street is but a vast dumb-show; and the sounds to which it was set seem to have had only an elemental causation, such as might push forward a tidal wave, waken all the ordnance of the heavens, or jar the earth to the foundations thereof.

* * * * *

A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT.

In the lone time beyond the Night's dull noon,
When sinks the city in a transient swoon,

When one may hear the rising wind's long
moan

And his sole footstep clatter on the stone
(Not half so dead, waste, wood, or mountain
height,

As the void haunts of man, at deep of night),
Then whoso comes beneath the street-lamp's
flare,

Of gruesome comradeship will be aware:
A hovering shape divides the way with him,
Huge, menacing, of gesture wild and grim!
The Evil Genius of the city, ranging wide,
Seems moving at the lonely passer's side,
Some secret to impart, that may be told
Only when Night and Sleep their sessions hold;
The Spectre of the Brocken can one meet
In his own shadow, mid the emptied street!

* * * * *

Remembering the dictum of an ancient authority as to the greatest civic blessing which can come with one's birthright, I would so far modify the maxim as to say, The greatest blessing is to have been born and bred in the country; then to come, while still in pliant youth, to live in a great city; but by all means to have been born in the country. I try to think what may be the city's equivalent for those sunlighted, half mist-veiled memories of the child whose infancy was spent close to the heart of nature, and to whom, in his sweetly vague reminiscences, the creation of the world will seem to have been coeval with his own first breath of life, or as happening only a little time before his coming to take possession, in his small Adamic sovereignty: the wood flowers, young; the birds in the thicket, young; the lambs of the pasture,—all young, to match his own adolescence! Only a few gray patriarchal rocks, a few giant trees grown to wisdom and crooning ways of sheltering protection,—all for his young sake, and preparatory to his advent; for such is the all-believing, guileless egotism of child-life amidst natural scenes. The rain, the wind, the frost, even the treasures of the snow, are freshly handed down wonders for his delectation; above all, for him are the shining heavens and the God there, coextensive, in his young worship, with the orb of the sky, and thought of

by him as the old young world (where all who lived had child-hearts) appears to have thought of the serene Jove.

What can the child born and bred in the town be given for his juvenile sustenance, — as the mulberry leaf for his thoughts to feed upon, and therefrom make silken tissue of fancy and romance? And yet, on the other hand, the city child early gains an apprehension of the nomenclature and significance of the arts, of polite life, and of social values generally. He learns to express himself more exactly, and oftentimes with a more sincere utterance, or at least with a *naïveté* that is less troubled by self-consciousness, than is observed in the country child. He may more easily learn control of himself, which is not necessarily repression, not the painful, Spartan-like keeping back of young emotion, too often the fate of those reared far in the country, and remote from congenial interests and facile conversation.

One notable difference between the social life of the city and that of the country — and not in the latter's favor — is the country's insistent dwelling upon the details of existence rather than upon its main interests. There is in the so-called "rural districts" a prevailing and strenuous curiosity combined with a certain unfortunate assumption of indifference; likewise, a caution which borders upon distrust, in entering upon friendly relations with the new-comer. It is as though the inhabitants had never recovered from their pristine fear of surprise and attack by the aborigines. We of the country, at first, keep the stranger aloof, somewhat as our ancestors would have done with the red autochthons, until it was determined whether the visitors were friendly Indians or otherwise.

"When I first came to the city to live," said the refugee from small-town life, "one thing greatly puzzled me. In the street, I sometimes used to fancy that the passers-by thought they recog-

nized me as an acquaintance; then I surmised some disorder in my attire; for nearly every one I passed looked quite directly at me. (Do not laugh at the apparent conceitedness of all this.) But by and by I learned that it was the way of the city, for people, as they passed, to look at one another. I learned to do it myself, and enjoyed it greatly. In the country village, you know, if we have not been previously introduced to the person whom we pass on the street, it is courtesy to turn our eyes away from him, or to look straight ahead, at least, in an abstracted manner, and as though we did n't see him at all!"

The burden of individuality weighs heavily upon us, in the country. The word we utter reverberates oppressively in the chamber of our own soul (and besides, we sometimes fancy it is "heard round the world"). The city knows that no individual utterance is long heard or attended to, that the monologue is not permitted, that we cannot assign constant values to fluctuating human thought, that the light touch is preservative of social amenity, and that life is too serious to be taken seriously at all times.

But the city errs in despising the countryman's deliberation of mind and tardigrade movements of speech. "You country people *mean* well, but you are so slow in expressing your meaning," said a frank urban commentator; forgetting that this defect is not innate in individuals, but is due rather to the nature of the place they live in, its cramped activities, and its absence of vitalizing arts and industries. Suffices Cæsar's remark on a certain mountain-locked division of the Gauls, that "they are restrained by the nature of the place."

"Love that only which happens to thee and is spun with the thread of thy destiny. For what is more suitable?" The conditions to which we were born, our early constituents, still faithfully ad-

here to us wherever we go. Intimations of their close following, of an almost affectionate tenacity on the part of the life that has been ours, meet us wherever we turn. It was only a Rhœcus, a born oppidan and gownsman, who could have killed the honey bee with its divine message of love. They do not thus whom the country has held in strong arms, close to her great heart. So, to the poet appeared the eagle leisurely flying over the city in the blue summer morning. And the rare thrush, that on his autumnal migration was buffeted by the storm one black night, and that fluttered in at the window, seemed to have chosen his hostelry with reference to the fact that its inmates are such lovers of birds they have their house full of them. Again, how did it happen that when S—— was lodging for a fortnight at a hotel in the very heart of the city, a little horse-chestnut tree went out of its way to lift a signal in front of his window? It was mid-January; but two or three days after his arrival he noticed that the buds on a certain twig near his window were much swollen. Finally, two perfect though diminutive leaves appeared, in lively springtime green. This delicate recognition on the part of the tree that S—— is an arboriculturist could be but of fleeting duration, and on the following morning the twin leaves were dun as autumn, from the frost. Granted that the tree stood in a warm southern angle of the building, and that the branch bearing the leaves was next the sunshiny wall, I have yet a superstition, which is akin to faith, that the manifestation was directed towards my friend alone, — or at least that he was directed towards the manifestation; for another might have sojourned, and departed, without once noting the wistful effort of the little tree. . . .

One of those who, having some readiness with the pen, some touch of cleverness in the arts, coin the same into means of subsistence. In a reconstructed or an adapted Virgil, the text would re-

fer to the Muse herself as experimenting *tenui avenâ*. A girl from the country, or village bred, wonted to the kindly but pragmatic methods of that sort of environment, she told me that despite the "enlarged" opportunities of city life, the greater stimulus to thought afforded by its varied activities, the advantages that proceed from emulation between fellow-artists and strugglers, — despite all these things, she had yet some inclination, almost instinctive, to revert to the old condition. "But," she added, "in reality I enjoy all that was most to be enjoyed in village life right here in Anonyma Village."

I asked, "Where is Anonyma Village?"

"Oh, anywhere from West —th Street until you come to the Square. You know I lodge, and partly cater for myself. Contrary to usual feminine habit, I cannot content myself with a cup of tea. I believe I have a little touch of the epicure, and this sends me, having reduced the matter by practical experimentation, to one place for delicious rolls, to another for butter and eggs, to still another for fruit. I know, pleasantly, all the shop people and their humbler customers, and they know me. If I have not called lately, I am flattered by the fears expressed that I may have been out of health. Where I go for the nicest chops, great Romeo, the mournfulest, unwieldiest mastiff puppy in the world, approaches, and takes me cordially by the hand. All this I enjoy wholesomely, and am free from all annoyance that comes from the close neighborly relations of small-town life. The Anonyma Villagers do not know my name, I do not know theirs, and yet the human amenities existing between us are just as complete. I have Pilgrim's Progress designations for the people I meet, which suit them better, in my opinion, than their own patronymics."

"I said I was something of an epi-

cure, but I am ashamed to confess that I do not always live up to my pretensions on that score. The other day I had too much work on hand for humane considerations, and so treated myself little better than a beast of burden. I took my hasty luncheon, as I have seen the big draught horses take theirs, from what you might call a nose-bag; for, to save time and the trouble of brushing up the crumbs, I let them fall back into the little paper sack in which the baker puts my favorite cakes the moment he sees my face at the shop door. . . .

"I double all the pleasures that come in my way by a method similar to that which a young sewing-girl of my acquaintance has adopted. If anybody gives her a winter rose, she sets the flower in front of her looking-glass, where its clear, still reflection gives her a second rose, in every respect as satisfying to the eye as the first and tangible rose. One is fortunate to have the sort of temperament in which is fitted a magic mirror. I take the best of care, however, to keep disagreeable objects as far removed as possible from its reflecting surface."

"Yes. Sometimes this room in which I live, like a lone spider in her web, gets to fitting too closely, like a skull-cap, about the head, and how I ache then to pull it off and cast it away utterly! And the room seems equally oppressed with its inmate's individuality. Even repeated little mechanical acts, such as opening my writing-desk or a drawer with toilet articles in it, the brushing of my hair, or the washing of my hands, have a kind of oppressive and bruising frequency and familiarity. I learn what Shelley means when he speaks of one who

'can scarce uplift

The weight of the superincumbent hour.'

I make an involuntary movement towards my wrap and hat; but no, I must write my allotted number of 'words' before I can throw off the skullcap and

go free. . . . I sometimes think the only difference between this mode of life and that of one cast on a desert island is that mine can temporarily be suspended. I can run out and see a friend when my work is done, or take a turn, at least, through Anonyma Village, while the islander has no respite; but the absolute equality of loneliness and isolation, in either case, is much the same."

In jotting down these fragments of our conversation, my thoughts are busy with the idea that, notwithstanding all the changes which have come over the feminine lot in the way of extended employment, of greater freedom to know, to think, and to act, the last improver of the latest opportunities vouchsafed her has not lost any essential touch of kinship with ideal womanhood in ages gone. The "rype and sad corage" of Griselde, of whom her poet says,

"A fewee sheepe, spynnyng, on feeld she kepte,
She wolde noght been ydel til she slepte,"

is equally the attribute of her whose industry it is, amidst the jar and agitations of a great city, to tie herself to the desk and write her thousand "words" *per diem*. . . .

Since yesterday my modern counterpart of Griselde, by some stroke of fancy dwelling on the situation, has been transformed into The Modern Britomart, and I shall here set down a brief legend of her maiden-knight-errantry (with due apologies to Spenser):—

O Elfin Poet, strangely thou hast erred!
Else all is changed since thy divinest art
Followed the fate of tender Britomart,
Who, caged in steel, did with the rough world
gird,
But whose sweet face beheld, whose accents
heard,
The Prince of Knighthood knew the woman's
heart;
And though it played an harsh and alien part,
His own forgave, and was with pity stirred.

All's changed; for now, if she ride forth at
need,

And if, at need, she set the spear in rest,

Say who (of all that praise the costly deed)
 But deems, because she wears those links of
 steel,
 The heart must be as steel within her breast!
 Say who will read aright its brave, its soft
 appeal.

Of the cries of street venders, and of old-clothes-and-bottles men. These seem to proceed from automatic bodies constructed for the sole purpose of producing the phrases pertaining to the owners' callings; human oddities, parrot-men, with throats shaped somewhat to accommodate and illustrate *vox humana*, but of imperfect utterance save in the one lesson. Who thinks of these announcers as ever speaking *out* of their rote jargon, in the ordinary variable tones of their fellow-beings? A periodical street cry of this neighborhood translates itself to the half-attentive ear as "Anna Maria! Anna Maria!" and another seems drawlingly to intone, "Tired, — oh, so tired!" Still another has chosen to launch its petition upon the city air in musical trisyllabic form that has something of pleasant rurality, and even of field-going suggestion. Unlike the bawling and obstreperous notes of most of its congeners, it chimes in delicately-humorously with the harsher and coarser vocalities of the peripatetic folk.

A troop of sign-bearing men, breasts and backs placarded with some emblazoned commercial legend, have just passed. Their natural history, for the moment, became distinctly differentiated from that of *genus homo*. The description given of certain coleoptera seemed better to apply to that silent and uncommunicative procession as of lumbering and sharded beetles. But I remembered that the beetle may have an industry all its own, which has food for its chief object, and that the commodity which these human beetles received in return for their shuffling activity was well earned in their benumbed progress, namely, a hot dinner on a cold day. I also remembered having heard a designation which

they enjoy at the hands of their own social constituency, and which, so far as delicate verbal discrimination can, lifts them out of the status of tramp-hood into an element somewhat akin to romance. And so I shall not always speak of them as "Walking Advertisements," but sometimes as

"THE MEN WITH BANNERS."

All day along the surging avenue,
The Men with Banners wander up and down:
 Unmoved, unsmiling, though a motley crew,
 Grotesque as harlequin or circus clown.

Stoop-shouldered these, and hollow-chested
 those;
 One-armed, wry-footed, — scarcely they make
 shift.
 Yet in heroic type each, thriftless, shows
 The story of another's mastering thrift.

Odd, creeping scarabæi of the street,
 Whom all their uncouth neighbors grimly hail,
The Men with Banners. — ah, what blank defeat,
 What hopes abandoned, may those banners veil!

To how many persons does a great city give employment, in all possible professions and quasi-professions! To how many, also, it gives employment who are not observed to be employed: say, the gods of the theatre; the connoisseur of kleptomania, who walks the floor of the vast emporium, the dry goods store of modern days; the quiet citizen, who carries in his pocket a scowling souvenir from the Rogues' Gallery, or in his mind's shrewd eye a replica of that souvenir. How much and what variety of busy secret service, matter-of-fact to those engaged in it, but of what curious or thrilling interest to an outsider inducted into its methods! The outsider, however, is seldom so favored, except as the alert and semi-inventive newspaper reporter serves up the details of these odd, unclassified occupations. I should like to meet (and hear his history from his own lips) the Man Who Looks Down, — who is said to have made a comfortable fortune from the findings of the pavement,

through years of brow-bent industry. And if she still travels up and down in the street cars, I should like to discover the Old Woman with the Pincushion. Of her there lingers the tradition that she was the best "spotter" in the employ of the street railway, and the haunting dread of dishonest conductors. It did not matter that she was halt and decrepit, deaf as an adder, or that she could not read and write. Under the shawl that comforted her shivering bones she held her recording pincushion, into which, for every new passenger entering the car, she slipped a shining tally, and so kept the score; every evening carrying the cushion full of pins to her employers. I have heard she drew some sagacious deductions regarding traveling humanity, the while she pursued her detective calling. Many rich people were observed to be addicted to cheating as to car fares: partly because of the satisfaction the "coming it over" the company afforded them, and partly because, being usually persons of meagre financial beginnings, the long hoarding of small gains was still dear to their souls; although the early necessity had long since passed away, the force of acquisitive habit remained unabated. Thus, in effect, deposed the Old Woman with the Pincushion.

Grace Church, mediæval and saintly amid the whirl and modernness of things, is the best preacher, the best sermon. One half forgets that the edifice is for worship; such a worshiper it lifts itself to the sky, particularly at evening, its gray spire softly illuminated from the street lamps. It looks then more like some upshoot of natural cliff than the structure of human hands. Now might the poet reaffirm,

"I love a church, I love a cowl."

It seems needless to enter, while so much of worship is suggested and directed by the mere exterior of the house of God.

The evening vista of the city street, looking westward, is of passing and almost indescribable beauty. The lingering roseate smile of the day that has just departed; the gathering purple mistiness at the street's far end, with perhaps the suggested line of the river; the jagged cliff-like silhouette of roofs on either side; then, the street lamp, the gas jet, or the electric light's moon-like orb, — a luminous bubble that might detach itself and float away without warning, — all make up a glimpse into fairyland, which one forgets as among the mere scenic treasures of the eye, to be remembered as precious as a lovely prospect in nature is guarded by the memory.

The slipperiness of the pavement when there was neither frost nor ice to account for such a condition was explained to me as due to a sort of mucilage formed by the pressure of shoe leather on the wet pavement, perhaps some detritus of the stone itself added to the mixture. It was also said that in the city of London the mud of the street produces on all it touches an indelible red stain, resulting from the deposited rust of the nails in the horses' shoes and other iron contacts.

More trying than the mud itself is a condition of the city street that frets with its intolerable paradox. It is

THE WINTER DUST.

Down the street's narrow, gleaming cañon runs,
Like some unseen swift stream, the eddying
gust,
And on its current bears the myrmidons,
Unnumbered, of the city's winter dust.

Atoms of frosty flint are on the gale;
Sharp grains of wounding steel, of ash, and
rust
Rise from the pavement and the fretted rail;
A cloud of darts, — the city's winter dust!

Go not abroad in bitter mood, for so,
'T will seem, when thou shalt feel their barbèd
thrust,
That all of cruelty the town may know
Is breathed and uttered on her winter dust!

It might not be uninteresting to find out how Wan Lee and Ton Sing view the instruction they receive from the young lady who, every first day of the week, on good works intent, undertakes to impart Scriptural and moral precepts to a Sunday-school class composed of polite but reserved Mongolians. The more I see of these strangers from the Celestial Empire, the more am I impressed by their apparent non-attention to the details of a life and civic condition which are, for them, but passing. Reticent, imperturbable, impassive, yet I should not say meek; for even in the cases where these Orientals come off badly and suffer chastisement at Western hands, the matter would seem of too irrelevant and transient a nature to excite great sorrow or wrath *animis celestibus*. It may be that the sensibilities of the race have been left, for convenience, at home. Yesterday, however, in a train on the elevated road, I saw what I had never before seen, — a Chinaman with vivacious manner and movements almost amounting to fidgets. He looked out of the car window with keen and mobile interest in all he saw; tapped the floor lightly with the foot of one leg crossed over the other; chatted, laughed heartily, evidently indulging in pungent remarks addressed to his *vis-à-vis* and fellow-countryman, a Chinaman of the typical inexpressive sort. The tones of their voices, in their muffled or muted quality, sent me very far back for a comparison: the very same guttural resonance as in the blunt little echo which country children hear when indulging in vocal practice, with heads hanging well over the rim of an empty rain-barrel!

Perhaps we more easily arrive at the views entertained with regard to the Occident by the Chinaman's near neighbors, our visitors from the ancient isle of Cipango. On this subject I take to witness the subtle frankness of a young Japanese traveler whom I lately met,

and who is at present engaged in investigating the theory and practice of art as exemplified in the greatest city of the Western continent. In the course of a conversation on this topic, he remarked on our very general application of the word *art*, as *art* schools, *art* criticism, *art* treasures. The lady who was our hostess then showed him some paintings, commendable for the attention bestowed upon detail and finish rather than for motive or for vigor of treatment. Having examined them most deferentially, he observed, with an Oriental docility and amenableness in his tones, "And these, — you call them *art* paintings, do you not?"

In the days of old New York, before the introduction of Croton water, I am told, the water supply generally was of a poor order. A well in Chatham Street was exceptionally good, and greatly esteemed. From this unfailling source the venders used to sell the precious fluid to an extensive neighborhood. Especially was it valued for tea-drawing purposes. Therefore, towards evening, many a neat maid, with kettle in hand, might have been seen at the front door, awaiting the water-seller, who dealt out his stores for a few pennies per quart. One of the lost idyls of the city.

THE NYMPH OF THE WISTARIA.

Fain is she to escape to glad wild ways,
Afar from city walls, from sordid days;
And many an eve, and many a murmuring
night,
A whispered call she heeds, and dreams of
flight.

Her foot upon the ladder, she but dreams —
Or fears too much! Up come the morning
beams.
With fading violet crown, she sinks, half seen,
Regretful — or forgetful — past her leafy
screen.

How is it that the curiously constructed adjective *opinionated* is never ap-

phed except with some flavor of reprehension? If the word meant merely "to be furnished with an opinion" (as it legitimately might mean), then how inconsistent is the odium which attaches to its use! Such, apparently, is the necessity — artistic, social, ethical — of having an opinion, in these days, and of stating it, too, that to be defined as "opinionless" would seem more nearly to indicate a hopeless condition of reprobation. But is there such a necessity, except as the uneasy and all-gathering mood of the times dictates? Why must one have an opinion as to the enigmatic kernel contained in Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came? Why must one have an opinion as to the operas of Wagner (especially when one is better fitted to express appreciation, or stricture, with reference to a simple ballad)? Why must one damn with loud praises, or praise with exact but harmless damnations (in the running parlance of art criticism), the last foreign painter's exhibition of pictures? Why must one have read Robert Elsmere, and have views thereon? Why must one be decisive whether the latest claimant for the wreath of fiction be come to stay, to win and wear it, as the forlorn hope of a new and more virile school of novelists, or whether, with prodigious and overtopping self-confidence, he has but temporarily mesmerized us, as it were, into an attitude of sublime expectance with regard to his errand? To those who would take care to have their opinions thoroughly revised and "up to date," the trouble of entertaining an opinion might well give pause to rash hospitality. A wearer of the purple once said, "It is in our power to have no opinion about a thing, and not to be troubled in our soul." But such imperial reservation and ease seem out of the question in our day. Since there is no law compelling opinion and verdict, as there is compelling the citizen to serve as a juror, I wonder that we feel such obligation,

daily and hourly, to take upon ourselves the trying of cases and the judicial sentence.

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WORLDLY-WISE.

I.

Unto the truthful came they not with truth,
Nor of the merciful entreated ruth,
Nor to the just for judgment they appealed,
Nor to the skilled they hastened to be healed.

But to the fox with sacred truth they go,
Their wounds unto the wolf and vulture show;
The waterfly they choose for arbiter,
And healing to the well-read mole refer.

II.

She said: "Pure eyes, like Heaven's stars, may
gaze
With full reproof upon your erring ways;
But not for all the chastisement they bend
Are ye constrained your erring ways to mend.

"But menace from a guileful eye ye fear,
And take the home-stretch only when ye hear
The joyous baying of the unclean pack,
Hunted themselves, and hunting on your
track!"

A MONARCH OF GRIMACE.

He a merry-andrew? No!
Yet wherever he may go,
Still he hears the people say, —
Childhood, with its greeting gay,
Old age, leaning on its staff, —
"Here's the man that makes us laugh!"

Once, but once, — alas the day! —
Wit and Fancy turned their play
For the pastime and the mirth
Of some idlers round the hearth:
Ever since that hour he's been
Only a poor harlequin.

In his breast a keen retort:
"Will ye have me for your sport,
Who might breathe your thought in song,
Who might lead the civic throng, —
I, forever (by your grace),
Only Monarch of Grimace!"

"Give me but the superfluities of life," was illustrated for me *en genre* this evening. Passing the baker's shop which figures in my friend's commissariat, I observed a fallow, hollow-eyed

newsboy, of the brownie type, gazing intently in at the window with its display of comestibles. Inherited Saxon charity could predicate nothing but the sore need of bread. "What do you see in the window that you want?" I asked. The elfish eyes turned upon me with an intensity of fascinated reminiscence and dawning expectation, which to me meant little less than the delirium of absolute starvation. One hoarse syllable formed itself in the brownie's throat, and was delivered eagerly at his wide mouth, — "Cake!"

This was such an anticlimax to what my conventionally built views of hungry indigence had anticipated that for a moment I could say nothing. Then a sense of humor came to relieve the embarrassment, with an odd perversion of a sacred text, thus changed to fit the occasion, "He asked for cake, and ye gave him bread." To prevent this cruelty being realized, the bankrupt vender of the news and I proceeded to lay out some pennies on the desired delicacy. And I was well repaid by the opportunity of revising and enlarging my ideas of charity and the special unforeseen exigencies which might call it forth. And why not so? Doubtless, at that very moment, in New York city, to say nothing of all suburban United States, there were more persons who craved (and perhaps needed) "cake" than there were who lacked bread.

When we have little at our disposal to give, I notice that, instinctively, we choose some *least* measure in which to present the offering. A small cup overbrimmed tricks the imagination, — both that of the giver and of the receiver; whereas the same quantity in a larger vessel would miss of such an effect. And moreover, if a few drops, however precious, be lost by the overbrimming of the vessel, why, the loss seems well incurred, as a sacred libation to the goddess Benevolentia.

This subject of generosity in giving,

whether simple alms-dropping charity or substantial kindness shown towards one's friends, has many sides, many fine shadings of difference. For one, L—— furnishes an interesting illustration. She is always wishing for the proverbial "million," that she may bestow upon some fresh object of her quickly stirred sympathies the moiety of that sum. She never understands the flick of good-natured amusement which springs upon her the inquiry, "But why not as well wish that '*M.* or '*N.*, as the case may be,' had a half million dollars by his own spontaneous good fortune, unencumbered by the debt of gratitude, which many find too burdensome?" I do not say that, in addition to her really humane desire to benefit a deserving and suffering person, this generous lady evidences, in her impulsive and bounteous desires, that she would like the solidity and security of finance enabling her, off-hand, to disburse so magnificent a sum. And yet! the consciousness that one possesses more than one needs for his individual uses is as a great fire built of fat wood, and ready for warming his hearth when need shall be, or as abundance of old wine in the cellar. Even the feigning of such a margin to one's means seems to give comfort. If so, the oft-remarked wastefulness of the very poor readily finds its rationale. In lavishing carelessly their scant substance, they may persuade themselves, one brief moment, that they possess superfluity, the undoubted evidence of wealth! Making all allowance for absolute human compassion, perhaps this same unconscious logic runs through and leavens the charities of the poor to the still poorer (and I observe that it is those whose outward appearance gives token of a scarcely tolerable poverty who are readiest to bestow their doles). If an individual of this class were gifted with the faculty of introspective analysis, — which Heaven forbid! — the inner voice might be forced to yield up some such confes-

sion as this: "I thought I was poor, but I comfort myself that I am less so, having seen that there is some one who is much poorer, and to whom I in my poverty could give!"

I think I never pitied any beggar so much as I pity those who ordinarily fee the beggar. The little argument of self-pity is so mixed up, unconsciously, with the volitional altruism of their act. The rich man has no occasion to encourage his own confidence in the size and stability of his worldly possessions; it is not necessary he should give to a beggar; he has but to remember his bank account!

To only one class of the human pilgrim, I infer, is it left to discover the poetry residing in the practice of reason-

able economy. The pleasures of an artistic thrift are about equally shut away from those whose *impedimenta* are all too light for the journey's necessities and those who are encumbered far beyond their need. Extremes meet: Lazarus will not, if he can help it, exercise economy, for the so doing would only be a reminder of his poverty-stricken condition; and Dives is deterred therefrom for the very obvious and valid reason that there is no flavor in pretended rigor, no delight in sham battle. It is, then, left to those said to be "in moderate circumstances" to find out what enjoyments may reside in the scheme of "plain living and high thinking,"—theirs to make acceptable offering to "Holy St. Poverty."

Edith M. Thomas.

OLD BOSTON MARY: A REMEMBRANCE.

ON the southern outskirts of the city of Boston, hidden away in a field, and reached by streets that gradually degenerated into straggling lanes, stood until quite recently an old shanty, noted for nothing but loneliness and spooks. No one in the neighborhood knew to whom it belonged or what was its history. It was too forlorn to be interesting, and few ever went near it. The children in the district claimed that queer noises were heard in the shanty at night, and their mothers threatened them with its sheltered ghosts when they were especially naughty. But this was the extent of the shanty's reputation in its own parish.

Its history, or at any rate so much of it as is known, is anything but romantic. When first built, it belonged to a "Paddy" on the railway; and after various generations of this proprietary family had passed on to the better quarters that Boston provides for its ambitious Irish citizens, it became so dilapidated

and forlorn that it was turned over to some cows pastured near by, as shelter for stormy days. It was still used for this purpose, I am told, when Old Mary rented it. How she discovered it, and why it attracted her, are questions which even her best friends found difficult to solve. But there was something about it which appealed to her, and for several months she lived her queer life in this uninteresting old building. Her neighbors knew almost nothing about her, except that she was an eccentric old woman, and that she harbored a strange class of friends who might with greater propriety have lodged in the city almshouse. But otherwise she was a foreigner in her own province, and no one could tell what she did or how she lived. Strange, too; for in some respects this old creature was a most notorious character, and had perhaps as many acquaintances and friends as any citizen of Boston. Almost every evening, after dark,

had there been curious eyes on watch, stragglers of many sizes and conditions might have been seen wending their way, stealthily and catlike, to her shanty, and ears alert might have heard a queer password tapped on the wooden door which, as of its own free will, swung back on noiseless leather hinges, and, closing, hid the strangers from view. This went on night after night, and no resident of the neighborhood knew or cared much about it. Whatever was done in the shanty passed off so quietly and unobtrusively that public curiosity was not awakened.

My first knowledge of the place was on this wise: One afternoon, in New York, in the early part of 1885, while studying tramp life in that city, I happened to drop in for a moment at a popular resort of vagabonds in the Bowery. I had already had several months' experience in their company, and was casting about for some new feature or phase of the life; naturally enough, I turned to the saloon to hear of something which would put me on a fresh track. As luck would have it, I chanced to overhear two Eastern beggars discussing the customs and institutions of Boston. Their conversation interested me considerably, and I drew nearer. During their talk, reference was made to Old Mary's Place, which I had never heard of elsewhere, and I determined to see it. It was not long before I had found a companion, and persuaded him to accompany me to Boston. He also had heard of the place, and was fairly well acquainted with its mistress, who, he claimed, had been a well-known "hobo" (beggar) out West some years before. Her history, as he knew it, and which I know now to be quite true, was something like this: About forty years ago, a gypsy girl in England, who had wandered about with her tribe through France as well as Britain, came to America, hoping to find her Rom friends here strong enough to afford her society and protection. But for some reason she failed to meet with the welcome she had expected, and as

there was nothing else in the New World more akin to her old life than the tramp's peripatetic existence, she joined the brotherhood, and for over thirty years was recognized as a full-fledged member. Her specialty, the "hobo" said, was "ridin' the trucks;" and in this dangerous business she became an expert, and was probably the only woman in the world who ever made a practice of it. It may surprise some that a woman reared in gypsy society, and accustomed to the rigorous social divisions which obtain there, should ever have entered trampdom, composed almost entirely of men. It must be remembered, however, that there are women in all classes of society who are men's women, not women's women, and at the same time none the worse for their peculiarity. There is a certain comradeship in their relations with men which even a stunted sense of honor will not abuse, and which adds piquancy to their friendship. The gypsy girl was one of these, and had her friends as well as her lovers. The lovers failed as she grew older, but this strong-souled companionship stood her in good stead, and held the friends she made. She who had been so poorly, so little cared for all her life long had developed somehow a genius for taking care of others, and so, after thirty years of hard riding and hard faring of all sorts, her head not quite clear about a good many things that human justice calls crime, she set up a poor, miserable home for the brotherhood of tramps. It was a crazy idea, perhaps, but the woman herself was pretty well "crippled under the hat," my friend declared, and was known from Maine to California, in true tramp dialect, as "Bughouse Mary," or, as politer folk would say, "Crazy Mary."

She settled herself at first in a tumble-down old tenement house in the very heart of Boston, and her place soon became known — too well known, in fact — to certain officious and official personages who had on more than one occa-

sion found dangerous characters sheltered there. After some weeks she thought it necessary to move on, and pitched her tent on the spot already described. It was here that my companion and I first tested her sisterly welcome. A town tramp put us on the right road, and gave us explicit directions. He advised us not to go by daylight, and asked, "Does you blokes know the rules out at Mary's? I guess she'd take ye in anyhow, but mos' the blokes, when they goes out there, takes along a handful o' terbakker an' a chunk o' beef or somethin' else ter chew. She allus 'xpects her half, too. It's a sort o' law out there, 'n' p'r'aps you lads 'u'd better do as I tells ye."

We followed his advice, and I looked for some beefsteak, while my companion found the tobacco and bread. About nine o'clock we started, and spent fully an hour in finding the place. At the door, as we knew of no especial knock, I whispered through one of the cracks the word "Hobo," knowing that this was the usual tramp call. We soon heard a queer voice asking our names.

"Cigarette," I replied.

"What Cigarette?" asked the voice.

I returned that it was the Chicago species.

This was sufficient, and the door opened far enough to allow us to squeeze through, and we were in the famous Boston "hang-out."

The first attraction, of course, was Mary herself, and she was well worth a longer pilgrimage. I shall never forget the picture she made, as she stood in the middle of the floor surrounded by her "pals," and welcomed us to her shanty. Her figure, although naturally strong and straight, looked cramped and bent, and had certainly suffered from long exposure and the perils of truck riding. Her dress, although picturesque in some particulars, looked just as tattered and worn out as did her poor old body. The original cloth and color of the skirt, if indeed it had ever had any, were disguised

by fully a dozen different patches sewed on with coarse, straggling, gypsy-like stitches. In place of a waist she wore an old coat and vest, given to her, as I afterward learned, by a clergyman. The coat was soldier's blue, and the vest as red as a robin's breast. A strange costume, it is true; but as I looked at her, it seemed after all a fitting one for such a unique being. The head that topped the costume was most interesting of all: a certain pose in moments of enthusiasm, and a certain toss at the climax of some story relating her early triumphs, gave it an air of wild nobility such as one sees in high-bred animals; and when, in the consciousness of her weakened powers, it dropped sadly on her breast, with the ragged gray locks streaming out in all directions, one could not escape the sense of fallen greatness in the gaunt bowed figure and the tortured face.

Naturally she looked crazy, but I wished at the time that if crazy people must really exist, they might look like her. Her eyes were her most intelligent feature, and even they at times would become glazed and almost uncanny. They were the most motherly, and also the wickedest, I have ever seen on the road. This sounds paradoxical, I know, but as I have heard other men describe them in the same way, I think I must be right. And when she looked at me I felt that she was piercing my character and history in every possible corner. I have no doubt that she intended to impress me in this way. It is a gypsy trick, and she evidently had not forgotten it.

But queer and crazy as Old Mary appeared, she was nevertheless quite in harmony with her environment; for of all the odd "hang-outs" I have visited, hers was certainly the oddest. The shanty itself was in many respects just as the cows had left it, and the only furniture it contained was a few old benches, a greasy lamp, a fair supply of blankets, and a cupboard containing one or two

frying-pans and some polished and renovated tomato cans. These were all that the old gypsy had been able to gather together, and it had cost her a good many days of fortune-telling to collect even these. But, fortunately, it was not for such things that the beggars visited her. What they wanted was simply a place where they could be away from the police, and in the company of Old Mary, whom they looked upon as a sort of guardian angel. On the night in question she had as guests men who represented nearly every kind of vagabondage. The "Blanket Stiff," the "Gay Cat," the "Shiny," the "Frenchy," and the "Ex-Prushun" were all there. Some were lying on the floor wrapped in their blankets; some were mending their coats and darning their socks; while others were sitting around the cold stove playing a quiet game of poker, using as an "ante" pieces of bread which they had begged. In a corner there were still others who were taking off their "jiggers," reminding one of that famous *cour des miracles* which Victor Hugo has described in *Notre Dame*; for the "jiggers" were nothing but bandages wound around the legs and arms to excite the sympathy of credulous and charitable people.

Mary was exceedingly kind in her welcome to both my comrade and myself; but on learning that I was really the Chicago Cigarette she was a little partial to me, I think, and made me sit down on a bench, where we talked of various things and people, but especially of a St. Louis beggar called Bud, who had spoken to her of a Cigarette with whom he once traveled. Learning that I was the very same, and that we had at one time made a long journey in the West, she wanted to know just when I had seen him last, how he looked, and what he was doing. I could easily see, from the passionate way she spoke of him and her eagerness for late news concerning his whereabouts, that he had once been a pal of hers, and I had to tell her as gently as I could

that the poor fellow had been starved to death in a box car in Texas. Some one had locked him in, and when the car was shunted on to an unused side track, far away from any house or station, his fate was settled. Try as one will to get out of such a predicament, there is no hope unless one has a large knife and strength enough to cut through the walls. Poor Bud was without both, and he died alone and forsaken. I had heard of the accident from a man who was in the neighborhood where it happened; and thinking that the best thing I could tell Old Mary would be the truth, I stammered it out in a most awkward fashion.

I knew well enough that she would cry, but I hardly expected to see the sorrow that my story occasioned. It was almost indescribable. She wept and moaned, and swayed her old body back and forth in an agony of grief, but not once did she speak. I tried my best to comfort her, but it was of no use. She had to suffer, and no one could help her. I felt so bad that I almost started to leave, but one of the men told me that she would be all right pretty soon, and I waited. True, she did become calmer, and in about an hour was enough herself to talk about other matters; but there was a grief still in her eyes that was most pitiful to see. And I shall always remember her strange and inarticulate agony. It showed, not a comrade's bereavement, nor yet the heart wound of a motherly nature merely, but a phase of emotion belonging to younger hearts as well. I think also that there was a gypsy strain in her suffering which I could not comprehend at all.

When fairly aroused from her sadness, she asked for our bundles of food, and made the men playing cards on the stove move away, that she might light a fire and cook our meal. While she attended to these things, I passed around among the tramps. The place hardly coincided with my expectations. I had looked forward to a rough "hang-out," where there

would be more fighting and cursing than anything else, but I found nothing of the kind. The men conducted themselves very respectably, at least while Mary was looking on. There were a few harsh words heard, of course, but there was none of that vulgarity that one would naturally expect, for the hostess forbade it. Not that she was a woman who had never heard bad words or seen vulgar sights, but there was something about her which certainly quieted and softened the reckless people she gathered together. What this was I cannot say, but I think it was her kindness. For if there is anything which a tramp respects, although he may forget it when it is out of his sight, it is gentleness, and it was this trait in Old Mary's character which won for her the distinction and privileges usually accorded the mistress of the house. She did everything she could to make her shanty comfortable and her guests happy. For example, one man had a sore foot, and while the meat was frying she bandaged it most tenderly, making her patient lie down on a blanket which she took from a cupboard. Others wanted string or tobacco, and she invariably supplied them. She gave each one the impression that she was really interested in him; and to know this is exactly as pleasant to a tramp as it is to any other human being.

When our supper was ready, Mary handed me a little pail, and said, "Cig, you 'd better run out 'n' hustle some beer. Ye kin find it 'bout half a mile up the road, ef ye give the bloke a good story. But don't let the bulls¹ catch ye. I don't wan' cher ter git sloughed up."

I took the pail and went in search of the beer, which I found at the place she spoke of. On my return she had the meat and bread placed on a shingle, and my companion and I, together with the hostess, sat down on a bench and had a most satisfying meal. During the repast Mary talked a good deal on numer-

¹ Policemen.

ous subjects, and commented on tramp life in various communities. She gave but little evidence of being crazy, but her mind would wander once in a while, and she would say in a dreamy sort of way, "Oh, Cig, this sort o' bummin' hain't like the old times. Them was the days fer beggars."

Those old days, I suppose, were when she first came to this country; and I have been told that a beggar's life in that period was, if not more profitable, at any rate more comfortable. I also heard her mumbling and calling herself "bughouse," and with the word her old head would fall humbly on her breast. But her kindness was so sound and steadfast that this occasional lapse into her inane mumbling did not much impress me. She kept asking if I were having enough to eat, and offered to cook more meat if I were not. When we had finished, she handed me a new clay pipe, gave me some tobacco which was of a better brand than that which my companion had begged, and then told me to smoke "my vitals stiddy." We sat there for nearly an hour, not saying much, and yet knowing fairly well what each one was thinking. There is something in tramp nature which makes these silent conversations easy and natural.

At twelve o'clock we prepared for sleep. Mary was now at her best, and the way she assigned each man his place was worthy of a general. As we had to turn out about half past four in the morning, so that all would be quiet before people were astir, I was glad enough to have a rest. The most of the men took off their coats and shoes, making of the former a blanket, and of the latter a pillow, said "Pound yer ear well" to their nearest neighbors, and then the candle was put out. Mary had a corner entirely to herself.

I had been asleep for about three hours, I think, when I was awakened by a light shining in my face, and a hand passing over a tattoo mark on my right

arm. I started up, and saw Mary kneeling beside me and inspecting the "piece" very closely. Noticing that I was awake, she whispered, "Come out o' the shanty with me fer a minnit. I wants ter ask ye somethin'."

I rose and followed her quietly out of the building to a small hollow not far away.

"Now, Cig," she said, "tell me the truth. Did Bud croak down in Texas, dead sartain?"

I assured her that I had told her the truth.

"Well," she replied, "then the whole game is up. Ye see, Bud was a Rom, too, 'n' we use' ter be great pals. For nigh onter a tenner we bummed this kentry together 'n' never had a fight. But one day Bud got jagged, 'n' swore I had n' b'en square to 'im. So we had a reg'lar out 'n' outer, 'n' I hain't seen 'im sence. I'se sorry that 'e's croaked, fer 'e was a good bloke; yes, 'e was — yes, 'e was" — Here the poor creature seemed to forget herself, and I could hear her saying, "Bughouse — bughouse." I recalled her to consciousness, and said that I must leave, as it was nearly time for her to close up shop. She wanted me to promise to meet her on the Common in the afternoon, where she did most of her begging, and handed me a quarter to "keep me a-goin'" till then. I returned it, and told her that I had to leave Boston that morning, but would gladly visit her again some day. And I certainly intended to do so. But the natural course of events took me out of vagabondage soon, and it was not until quite recently that I heard any more of Bughouse Mary.

About two years ago, while seeking some special and late information regarding tramp life in the large cities, I chanced upon an old friend of Mary's, whom I plied with questions concerning her whereabouts and fate. It was a long time before he would give me anything I could call a straight story, but at last, finding I had been, years be-

fore, one of the brotherhood, with hesitation and real sorrow he told me what follows: —

"I wuz drillin' one day, 'bout two months 'go, on the Boston 'n' Albany road, 'n' hed jes' got into a little jerk town, where I battered ¹ fer some dinner. It begun to rain arter I'd chewed, so I mooched down to the track 'n' found a box car where I stopped fer a while. I wuz waitin' fer the 'xpress, too, so the wettin' wa'n't much uv a bother. Waal, I'd b'en in the car a few minnits, when I got all-fired sleepy, 'n' ter save me gizzard I c'u'd n't keep me eyes open. So I jes' lay down 'n' pounded me ear. I'd b'en a-poundin' it, I guess, fer 'bout two hours — fer 't wuz 'bout five 'clock when I begun, 'n' 't wuz dead dark when I got me peepers open — when I heered somebody pushin' away at the car door to beat the devil, 'n' o' course looked out; an' there on the groun' wuz one o' the funniest bums y' ever see, — long, flyin' hair, big gray eyes, coat 'n' vest, 'n' ez sure 's I'm a moocher, a skirt too, but no hat. Course I was int'rested, 'n' I jumps down 'n' gives the critter a big stare plump in the face, fer I had the feelin' I'd seen it afore somewheres. See? An' it sort o' answered, fer it seed I wuz koorios. 'I say, blokey, kin yer tell me when the flyin' mail passes through these yere parts? I wants ter make it, ef it do.' Then I knew who 't wuz, fer ye kin tell Old Mary ev'ry time when she begins to chew the rag. I tole her that the mail come through 'bout twelve o'clock, 'n' then asked her where her hat wuz.

"Waal, blokey," she said, "I hain't a-wearin' them air t'ings any more. I say, air yer right k'rect that the flyin' mail comes through these yere parts?' I guv it to her dead straight, 'n' tole 'er I wuz sartain. Then I asked, 'Mary, ain' cher recognizin' common peoples any more? Don't chu know old Tom?' Ye sh'u'd 'a seen her look! She put 'er

¹ Begged.

old bony han's on me shoulders, 'n' stuck 'er old fiz clost ter mine, 'n' said, 'Who be ye, anyhow? I'se gettin' sort o' old-like 'n' bughouse, 'n' I can't call yer name. Who be ye? 'n' kin ye tell me ef I kin make the flyin' mail?' I tole 'er who I wuz, 'n' ye sh'u'd 'a' seen 'er! Ye see I'se summat younger than 'er, 'n' she jes' treated me like me old woman. It made me feel sort o' queer-like, I tell ye, for I use' ter like the old gal in great style. Waal, we had a good talk, as ye kin well 'xpect, but she kept askin' 'bout that blasted flyin' mail. I did n' wan' ter ride it that night, 'cause she wuz purty bughouse, 'n' I felt she'd get ditched ef we tried it. So I jes' argeyed with her, 'n' did me best ter make 'er stay where we wuz; but I might jes' 's well 'a' tried to batter a dollar in the place. She was simply stuck on pullin' out that night. I asked 'er why she did n't go back to Boston, 'n' she said, 'Boston! W'y, I'se got the mooch out o' Boston. Ye see, Tom, I got ter tellin' fortunes, 'n' the bulls snared me, 'n' his Honor tole me to crawl. I did n' go at first, but arter a bit it got too hot fer me out at the shanty, an' I had ter mooch. So here I be, 'n' I guess I'm a' right; but I'se bughouse — yes — bughouse;' 'n' she kept a-squealin' that word till I wuz sick. But she was bughouse, dead sure. An' I guess that's why she wuz on the road, fer when I use' ter know 'er she wuz entirely too cute ter let any bull get roun' her; anyhow, no Boston bull c'u'd 'a' done it. P'r'aps a Chicago one might, but he's all eyes anyhow.

"Waal, ez I wuz sayin', I tried ter keep 'er from ridin' the mail, but 't wa'n't no use. So I made up me mind that I'd go with 'er, 'n' help 'er along. An' when the train whistled roun' the curve, I got 'er over to the tank, an' made 'er lay low till the train wuz ready. Waal, the train had come, 'n' I looked over it to find a blind baggage, but I c'u'd n't. So I says to Mary, 'We've got to truck it.' She got hostile 's the

devil when I tole 'er that. 'Truck it!' she said. 'Course we'll truck it. What else d'ye 'xpect us to do? I use' ter ride out West as well as any o' ye, but I'se gittin' old 'n' sort o' bughouse,—yes, I is.' The train wuz mos' ready to pull out, 'n' the con wuz swingin' his lantern, so I took 'er hand 'n' got 'er into the baggage car trucks. 'Get in carefully,' I said, 'n' be sartain ter hang on to the right rod.' She clumb in 'tween the wheels, 'n' fixed herself with 'er back to the engine. It would 'a' made ye cry to hear 'er beggin' me to look out fer 'er. 'Don't leave the old gal, will yer, blokey?' I tole 'er I w'u'd n't, 'n' got in alongside her jes' ez the whistle blew; an' away we went, ridin', fer all either on us c'u'd tell, to the devil. 'T wa'n't no time to think 'bout that, though, fer I had to remember the old gal. I did n't dast ter hold 'er, fer I'd 'a' fallen meself, so I jes' had to holler at 'er, 'n' be sure that she hollered back. I kept a-bellerin', 'Hang on, Mary, hang on!' 'n' she kept sayin', 'I will, blokey, I will!' She meant, o' course, that she'd do her best, but arter a few minutes I see clear 'nough she'd never pull through. The way the wind 'n' the gravel 'n' the dirt flew round our faces, 'n' the cramps that took us, settin' so crooked-like, wuz 'nough to make bigger blokes 'n' she give up, 'n' don' cher forget it. An' to make things worse, her hair blew all over my face, 'n' matted down me eyes so I c'u'd hardly see. I dasn't brush it away, fer I'd tumbled sure. The gravel cut me face, too, 'n' oncet a good-sized stone hit me lips such a rap that I c'u'd feel the blood tricklin' on me chin. But worse than all, Old Mary got to screamin', 'n' I c'u'd n't see her fer her hair. She screamed 'n' screamed, 'The flyin' mail — oh, I say — the flyin' —' an' her shriekin' 'n' the rattlin' o' the wheels made me nigh bughouse, too. I called out every few minutes to keep 'er down to bizness, 'n' I got one more answer sayin' she was doin' 'er best. An' then

some o' her hair flew in me mouth, 'n' try me best I c'u'd n't get it out, 'n' I did n't dast to take me hands off the rod. So I c'u'd n't see 'er or speak to 'er any more. See? I heard 'er screamin' agen, 'Oh, I say — the flyin' mail — flyin' — bughouse' — an' then nothin' more. I c'u'd n't say nothin', so I jes' made a big noise in me throat to let 'er know I wuz there. By 'n' by I heered it agen — 'Bughouse — flyin' mail — blokey' — an' agen I lost 'er. I wuz nearly bughouse meself. Ef that train hed only hauled up! Ef I had only kept 'er from ever gettin' on to it! I c'u'd n' hold 'er — I c'u'd n' speak to 'er — I c'u'd n' see 'er, an' all the divils wuz dead agen' us. An' she wuz gettin' wilder ev'ry minnit. I shook me head up an' down, back'urd 'n' for'ard, — 't wuz all I c'u'd do. Once agen she begun her screamin' — 'Oh, I say, the flyin' mail — flyin' — flyin' — an' then

I said the biggest thankee I ever said in me life fer bein' blinded in me eyes; fer when her old hair had swished away, 'n' me eyes wuz free agen, I wuz hangin' on alone, 'n' the wheels had carried me far away from where the old gal wuz lyin'. I c'u'd n't help it, Cig, — no, I c'u'd n't; 'n' you mus' tell the other blokes that I done my best, but 't wa'n't no use — I done my best."

The tremor of the tone, the terror lest I should think he had not been faithful to his awful trust, told better than words that his tale was true, and that he had done his best to save the poor wrecked life so confidingly placed in his care. But the end was not unfitting. "The flyin' mail," the cramped and painful ride, the pelting storm of dust and gravel, the homeless goal, — what could be more symbolic of Old Mary's career? And on the wings of steam and wind her gypsy spirit went flying — flying.

Josiah Flynt.

AN ONONDAGA MOTHER AND CHILD.

SHE stands full-throated and with careless pose,
 This woman of a weird and waning race,
 The tragic savage lurking in her face,
 Where all her pagan passion burns and glows.
 Her blood is mingled with her ancient foes,
 And thrills with war and wildness in her veins;
 Her rebel lips are dabbled with the stains
 Of feuds and forays and her fathers' woes.
 And, hidden in the shawl about her breast,
 The latest promise of her nation's doom,
 Paler than she, her baby clings and lies,
 The primal warrior gleaming from his eyes;
 He sulks, and, burdened with his infant gloom,
 He draws his heavy brows, and will not rest.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE KIDNAPPED BRIDE.

YES, the marshes were then in a chain along the foot of the bluffs : Grand Marais, Marais de Bois Coupé, Marais de l'Ourse, Marais Perdu ; with a rigolé here and there, straight as a canal, to carry the water into the Mississippi. You do not see Cahokia beautiful as it was when Monsieur St. Ange de Bellerive was acting as governor of the Illinois Territory, and waiting at Fort Chartres for the British to take possession after the conquest. Some people had indeed gone off to Ste. Genevieve, and to Pain Court that you now call Sah Loui', where Pontiac was afterwards buried under sweetbrier, and is to-day trampled under pavements. An Indian killed Pontiac between Cahokia and Prairie du Pont. When he rose from his body, and saw it was not a British knife, but a red man's tomahawk, he was not a chief who would lie still and bear it in silence. Yes, I have heard that he has been seen walking through the grapevine tangle, all bleached, as if the bad redness was burned out of him. But the priest will tell you better, my son. Do not believe such tales.

Besides, no two stories are alike. Pontiac was killed in his French officer's uniform, which Monsieur de Montcalm gave him ; and half the people who saw him walking declared he wore that, while the rest swore he was in buckskins and a blanket. You see how it is. A veritable ghost would always appear the same, and not keep changing its clothes like a vain girl. Paul Le Page had a fit one night from seeing the dead chief, with feathers in his hair, standing like stone in the white French uniform. But do not credit such things.

It was half a dozen years before Pontiac's death that Celeste Barbeau was kidnapped on her wedding day. She lived at Prairie du Pont ; and though Prairie du Pont is but a mile and a half

south of Cahokia, the road was not as safe then as it now is. My mother was one of the bridesmaids ; she has told it over to me a score of times. The wedding was to be in the church, — the same church that now stands on the east side of the square. And on the south side of the square was the old auberge. Claudis Beauvois said you could get as good wines at that tavern as you could in New Orleans. But the court-house was not built until 1795. The people did not need a court-house. They had no quarrels among themselves which the priest could not settle, and after the British conquest their only enemies were those Puants, the Pottawattamie Indians, who took the English side, and paid no regard when peace was declared, but still tormented the French because there was no military power to check them. You see the common fields across the rigolé. The Puants stole stock from the common fields ; they trampled down crops, and kidnapped children, and even women, to be ransomed for so many horses each. The French tried to be friendly, and with presents and good words to induce the Puants to leave. But those Puants — oh, they were British Indians : nothing but whipping would take the impudence out of them.

Celeste Barbeau's father and mother lived at Prairie du Pont, and Alexis Barbeau was the richest man in this part of the American Bottom. When Alexis Barbeau was down on his knees at mass, people used to say he counted his money instead of his beads ; it was at least as dear to him as religion. And when he came au Caho',¹ he had n't a word for a poor man. At Prairie du Pont he had built himself a fine brick house ; the bricks were brought from Philadelphia by way of New Orleans. You have your-

¹ To Cahokia.

self seen it many a time, and the crack down the side made by the great earthquake of 1811. There he lived like an estated gentleman, for Prairie du Pont was then nothing but a cluster of tenants around his feet. It was after his death that the village grew. Celeste did not stay at Prairie du Pont; she was always au Cahó', with her grandmother and grandfather, the old Barbeaus.

Along the south bank of this rigolé which bounds the north end of Cahó' were all the pleasantest houses then: rez-de-chaussée, of course, but large; with dormer windows in the roofs; and high of foundation, having flights of steps going up to the galleries. For though the Mississippi was a mile away in those days, and had not yet eaten in to our very sides, it often came visiting. I have seen this grassy-bottomed rigolé many a time swimming with fifteen feet of water, and sending ripples to the gallery steps. Between the marais and the Mississippi, the spring rains were a perpetual danger. There are men who want the marshes all filled up. They say it will add to us on one side what the great river is taking from us on the other; but myself — I would never throw in a shovelful. God made this world; it is good enough; and when the water rises we can take to boats.

The Le Compts lived in this very house, and the old Barbeaus lived next, on the corner, where this rigolé road crosses the street, running north and south. Every house along the rigolé was set in spacious grounds, with shade trees and gardens, and the sloping lawns blazed with flowers. My mother said it was much prettier than Kaskaskia; not crowded with traffic, not overrun with foreigners. Everybody seemed to be making a fête, to be visiting or receiving visits. At sunset the fiddle and the banjo began their melody. The young girls would gather at Barbeau's, or Le Compt's, or Penonneau's, — at any one of a dozen places, — and the young

men would follow. It was no trouble to have a dance every evening, and on feast days and great days there were balls, of course. The violin ran in my family. Celeste Barbeau would call across the hedge to my mother, —

"Manette, will Monsieur Le Compt play for us again to-night?"

And Monsieur Le Compt, or anybody who could handle a bow, would play for her. Celeste was the life of the place: she sang like a lark, she was like thistle-down in the dance, she talked well, and was so handsome that a stranger from New Orleans stopped in the street to gaze after her. At the auberge he said he was going au Pay,¹ but after he saw Celeste Barbeau he stayed in Cahó'. I have heard my mother tell — who often saw it combed out — that Celeste's long black hair hung below her knees, though it was so curly that half its length was taken up by the natural crêping of the locks.

The old Frenchwomen, especially about Pain Court and Cahó', loved to go into their children's bedrooms and sit on the side of the bed, telling stories half the night. It was part of the general good time. And thus they often found out what the girls were thinking about; for women of experience need only a hint. It is true old Madame Barbeau had never been even au Kaw;² but one may live and grow wise without crossing the rigolés north and south, or the bluffs and river east and west.

"Gra'mère, Manette is sleepy," Celeste would say, when my mother was with her.

"Well, I will go to my bed," the grandmother would promise. But still she sat and joined in the chatter. Sometimes the girls would doze, and wake in the middle of a long tale.

But Madame Barbeau heard more than she told, for she said to her husband, —

"It may come to pass that the widow Chartrant's Gabriel will be making proposals to Alexis for little Celeste."

¹ To Peoria.

² To Kaskaskia.

"Poor lad," said the grandfather, "he has nothing to back his proposals with. It will do him no good."

And so it proved. Gabriel Chartrant was the leader of the young men as Celeste was of the girls. But he only inherited the cedar house his mother lived in. Those cedar houses were built in Caho' without an ounce of iron; each cedar shingle was held to its place with cedar pegs, and the boards of the floors were fastened down in the same manner. They had their galleries, too, all tightly pegged to place. Gabriel was obliged to work, but he was so big he did not mind that. He was made very straight, with a high-lifted head and a full chest. He could throw any man in a wrestling match. And he was always first with a kindness, and would nurse the sick, and he was not afraid of contagious diseases or of anything. Gabriel could match Celeste as a dancer, but it was not likely Alexis Barbeau would find him a match in any other particular. And it grew more unlikely every day that the man from New Orleans spent in Caho'.

The stranger said his name was Claudis Beauvois, and he was interested in great mercantile houses both in Philadelphia and New Orleans, and had come up the river to see the country. He was about fifty, a handsome, easy man, with plenty of fine clothes and money; and before he had been at the tavern a fortnight the hospitable people were inviting him everywhere, and he danced with the youngest of them all. There was about him what the city alone gives a man, and the mothers, when they saw his jewels, considered that there was only one drawback to marrying their daughters to Claudis Beauvois: his bride must travel far from Caho'.

But it was plain whose daughter he had fixed his mind upon, and Alexis Barbeau would not make any difficulty about parting with Celeste. She had lived away from him so much since her childhood that he would scarcely miss her;

and it was better to have a daughter well settled in New Orleans than hampered by a poor match in her native village. And this was what Gabriel Chartrant was told when he made haste to propose for Celeste about the same time.

"I have already accepted for my daughter much more gratifying offers than any you can make. The banns will be put up next Sunday, and in three weeks she will be Madame Beauvois."

When Celeste heard this she was beside herself. She used to tell my mother that Monsieur Beauvois walked as if his natural gait was on all fours, and he still took to it when he was not watched. His shoulders were bent forward, his hands were in his pockets, and he studied the ground. She could not endure him. But the customs were very strict in the matter of marriage. No French girl in those days could be so bold as to reject the husband her father picked, and own that she preferred some one else. Celeste was taken home to get ready for her wedding. She hung on my mother's neck when choosing her for a bridesmaid, and neither of the girls could comfort the other. Madame Barbeau was a fat woman, who loved ease and never interfered with Alexis. She would be disturbed enough by settling her daughter, without meddling about bridegrooms. The grandfather and grandmother were sorry for Gabriel Chartrant, and tearful over Celeste; still, when you are forming an alliance for your child, it is very imprudent to disregard great wealth, and by preference give her to poverty. Their son Alexis convinced them of this; and he had always prospered.

So the banns were put up in church for three weeks, and all Cahokia was invited to the grand wedding. Alexis Barbeau regretted there was not time to send to New Orleans for much that he wanted to fit his daughter out and provide for his guests.

"If he had sent there a month ago for

some certainties about the bridegroom, it might be better," said Paul Le Page. "I have a cousin in New Orleans who could have told us if he really is the great man he pretends to be."

But the women said it was plain Paul Le Page was one of those who had wanted Celeste himself. The suspicious nature is a poison.

Gabriel Chartrant did not say anything for a week, but went along the streets haggard, though with his head up, and worked as if he meant to kill himself. The second week he spent his nights forming desperate plans. The young men followed him as they always did, and they held their meeting down the rigol  , clustered together on the bank. They could hear the frogs croak in the marais; it was dry, and the water was getting low. Gabriel used to say he never heard a frog croak afterwards without a sinking of the heart. It was the voice of misery. But Gabriel had strong partisans in this council. Le Maudit Penonneau offered with his own hand to kill that interloping stranger, whom he called the old devil, and argued the matter vehemently when his offer was declined. Le Maudit was a wild lad, so nervous that he stopped at nothing in his riding or his frolics, and so got the name of the bewitched.¹

But the third week Gabriel said he had decided on a plan which might break off this detestable marriage, if the others would help him. They all declared they would do anything for him; and he then told them he had privately sent word about it by Manette to Celeste, and Celeste was willing to have it or any plan attempted which would prevent the wedding.

"We will dress ourselves as Puants," said Gabriel, "and make a rush on the wedding party on the way to church, and carry off the bride."

Le Maudit Penonneau sprang up and danced with joy when he heard that.

¹ Cahokian softening of "cursed."

Nothing would please him better than to dress as a Puant and carry off a bride. The Cahokians were so used to being raided by the Puants that they would readily believe such an attack had been made. That very week the Puants had galloped at midnight, whooping, through the town, and swept off from the common fields a flock of Le Page's goats and two of Larue's cattle. One might expect they would hear of such a wedding as Celeste Barbeau's. Indeed, the people were so tired of the Puants that they had sent urgently to St. Ange de Bellerive, asking that soldiers be marched from Fort Chartres to give them military protection.

It would be easy enough for the young men to make themselves look like Indians. What one lacked another could supply.

"But two of us cannot take any part in the raid," said Gabriel. "Two must be ready at the river with a boat. And they must take Celeste, as fast as they can row up the river, to Pain Court, to my aunt Choutou. My aunt Choutou will keep her safely until I can make some terms with Alexis Barbeau. Maybe he will give me his daughter if I rescue her from the Puants. And if worst comes to worst, there is the missionary priest at Pain Court: he may be persuaded to marry us. But who is willing to be at the river?"

Paul and Jacques Le Page said they would undertake the boat. They were steady and trusty fellows and good river men; not so keen at riding and hunting as the others, but in better favor with the priest on account of their behavior.

So the scheme was very well laid out, and the wedding day came, clear and bright, as promising as any bride's day that ever was seen. Claudis Beauvois and a few of his friends galloped off to Prairie du Pont to bring the bride to church. The road from Cah   to Prairie du Pont was packed on both sides with dense thickets of black oak, honey locust,

and red haws. Here and there a habitant had cut out a patch and built his cabin, or a path broken by hunters trailed towards the Mississippi. You ride the same track to-day, my child, only it is not as shaggy and savage as the course then lay.

And as soon as Claudis Beauvois was out of sight Gabriel Chartrant followed with his dozen French Puants, in feathers and buckskin, all smeared with red and yellow ochre, well mounted and well armed. They rode along until they reached the last path which turns off to the river. At the end of that path, a mile away through the underbrush, Paul and Jacques Le Page were stationed with a boat. The young men with Gabriel dismounted, and led their horses into the thicket to wait for his signal.

The birds had begun to sing just after three o'clock that clear morning, for Celeste, lying awake, heard them, and they were keeping it up in the bushes. Gabriel leaned his feathered head over the road, listening for hoof-falls, and watching for the first puff of dust in the direction of Prairie du Pont. The road was not as well trodden as it is now, and a little ridge of weeds grew along the centre, high enough to rake the stirrup of a horseman.

But in the distance, instead of the pat-a-pat of iron hoofs, began a sudden uproar of cries and wild whoops. Then a cloud of dust came in earnest. Claudis Beauvois alone, without any hat, wild with fright, was galloping towards Cahokia. Gabriel understood that something had happened which ruined his own plan. He and his men sprang on their horses and headed off the fugitive. The bridegroom who had passed that way so lately with smiles yelled, and tried to wheel his horse into the brush, but Gabriel caught his bridle and demanded to know what was the matter. As soon as he heard the French tongue spoken he begged for his life, and to know what more they required of him, since the

rest of their band had already taken his bride. They made him tell them the facts. The real Puants had attacked the wedding procession before it was out of sight of Prairie du Pont, and had scattered it and carried off Celeste. He did not know what had become of anybody except himself, after she was taken.

Gabriel gave his horse a cut which was like a kick to its rider. Beauvois shot ahead, glad to pass what he had taken for a second body of Indians, and Le Maudit Penonneau hooted after him:

"The miserable coward! I wish I had taken his scalp. He makes me feel a very good Puant indeed."

"Who cares what becomes of him?" said Gabriel. "It is Celeste that we want. The real Puants have got ahead of us and kidnapped the bride. Will any of you go with me?"

The poor fellow was white as ashes. Not a man needed to ask him where he was going, but they all answered in a breath and dashed after him. They broke directly through the thicket on the opposite side of the road, and came out into the tall prairie grass. They knew every path, marais, and rigol   for miles around, and took their course eastward, correctly judging that the Indians would follow the line of the bluffs and go north. Splash went their horses among the reeds of sloughs and across sluggish creeks, and by this short cut they soon came on the fresh trail.

At Falling Spring they made a halt to rest the horses a few minutes, and wash the red and yellow paint off their hands and faces; then galloped on along the rocky bluffs up the Bottom lands. But after a few miles they saw they had lost the trail. Closely scouting in every direction, they had to go back to Falling Spring, and there at last they found that the Indians had left the Bottom, and by a winding path among rocks ascended to the uplands. Much time was lost. They had heard, while they galloped, the church bell tolling alarm in Cahokia, and they

knew how the excitable inhabitants were running together at Beauvois's story; the women weeping, and the men arming themselves, calling a council, and loading with contempt a runaway bridegroom.

Gabriel and his men, with their faces set north, hardly glanced aside to see the river shining along its distant bed. But one of them thought of saying, —

“Paul and Jacques will have a long wait with the boat.”

The sun passed over their heads, and sunk hour by hour, and set. The western sky was red, and night began to close in, and still they urged their tired horses on. There would be a moon a little past its full, and they counted on its light when it should rise.

The trail of the Puants descended to the Bottom again at the head of the Grand Marais. There was heavy timber here. The night shadow of trees and rocks covered them, and they began to move more cautiously, for all signs pointed to a camp. And sure enough, when they had passed an abutment of the ridge, far off through the woods they saw a fire.

My son (mon oncle Mathieu would say at this point of the story), will you do me the favor to bring me a coal for my pipe?

(The coal being brought in haste, he put it into the bowl with his finger and thumb, and seemed to doze while he drew at the stem. The smoke puffed deliberately from his lips, while all the time that mysterious fire was burning in the woods for my impatience to dance upon with hot feet, above the Grand Marais!)

Oh yes, Gabriel and his men were getting very close to the Puants. They dismounted, and tied their horses in a crab-apple thicket and crept forward on foot. He halted them, and crawled alone toward the light to reconnoitre, careful not to crack a twig or make the least noise. The nearer he crawled, the more his throat seemed to choke up and his ears to fill with buzzing sounds. The

camp fire showed him Celeste tied to a tree. She looked pale and dejected, and her head rested against the tree stem, but her eyes kept roving the darkness in every direction, as if she expected rescue. Her bridal finery had been torn by the bushes and her hair was loose, but Gabriel had never seen Celeste when she looked so beautiful.

Thirteen big Puants were sitting around the camp fire eating their supper of half-raw meat. Their horses were hobbled a little beyond, munching such picking as could be found among the fern. Gabriel went back as still as a snake and whispered his orders to his men.

Every Frenchman must pick the Puant directly in front of him, and be sure to hit that Puant. If the attack was half-hearted and the Indians gained time to rally, Celeste would suffer the consequences; they could kill her or escape with her. If you wish to gain an Indian's respect, you must make a neat job of shooting him down. He never forgives a bungler.

“And then,” said Gabriel, “we will rush in with our knives and hatchets. It must be all done in a moment.”

The men reprimed their flintlocks, and crawled forward abreast. Gabriel was at the extreme right. When they were near enough he gave his signal, the nasal singing of the rattlesnake. The guns cracked all together, and every Cahokian sprang up to finish the work with knife and hatchet. Nine of the Puants fell dead, and the rest were gone before the smoke cleared. They left their meat, their horses and arms. They were off like deer, straight through the woods to any place of safety. Every marksman had taken the Indian directly in front of him; but as they were abreast, and the Puants in a circle, the four on the opposite side of the fire had been sheltered. Le Maudit Personneau scalped the red heads by the fire, and hung the scalps in his belt. Our French people took up too easily, indeed, with savage ways; but Le

Maudit Pensonneau was always full of his pranks.

Oh yes, Gabriel himself untied Celeste. She was wild with joy, and cried on Gabriel's shoulder; and all the young men who had taken their first communion with Gabriel, and had played with this dear girl when she was a child, felt the tears come into their own eyes. All but Le Maudit Pensonneau. He was busy rounding up the horses.

"Here 's my uncle Larue's filly that was taken two weeks ago," said Le Maudit, calling from the hobbling-place. "And here are the blacks that Ferland lost, and Pierre's pony — half these horses are Caho' horses."

He tied them together so that they could be driven two or three abreast ahead of the party, and then he gathered up all the guns left by the Indians.

Gabriel now called a council, for it had to be decided directly what they should do next. Pain Court was seven miles in a straight line from the spot where they stood, while Cahokia was ten miles to the southwest.

"Would it not be best to go at once to Pain Court?" said Gabriel. "Celeste, after this frightful day, needs food and sleep as soon as she can get them, and my aunt Choutou is ready for her. And boats can always be found opposite Pain Court."

All the young men were ready to go to Pain Court. They really thought, even after all that had happened, that it would be wisest to deal with Alexis Barbeau at a distance. But Celeste herself decided the matter. Gabriel had not let go of her. He kept his hand on her as if afraid she might be kidnapped again.

"We will go home to my grandfather and grandmother au Caho'," said Celeste. "I will not go anywhere else."

"But you forget that Beauvois is au Caho'?" said one of the young men.

"Oh, I never can forget anything connected with this day," said Celeste, and the tears ran down her face. "I never

can forget how willingly I let those Puants take me, and I laughed as one of them flung me on the horse behind him. We were nearly to the bluffs before I spoke. He did not say anything, and the others all had eyes which made me shudder. I pressed my hands on his buckskin sides and said to him, 'Gabriel.' And he turned and looked at me. I never had seen a feature of his frightful face before. And then I understood that the real Puants had me. Do you think I will ever marry anybody but the man who took me away from them? No. If worst comes to worst, I will go before the high altar and the image of the Holy Virgin, and make a public vow never to marry anybody else."

The young men flung up their arms in the air and raised a hurrah. Hats they had none to swing. Their cheeks were burnt by the afternoon sun. They were hungry and thirsty, and so tired that any one of them could have flung himself on the old leaves and slept as soon as he stretched himself. But it put new heart in them to see how determined she was.

So the horses were brought up, and the captured guns were packed upon some of the recovered ponies. There were some new blankets strapped on the backs of these horses, and Gabriel took one of the blankets and secured it as a pillion behind his own saddle for Celeste to ride upon. As they rode out of the forest shadow, they could see the moon just coming up over the hills beyond the great Cahokian mound.

It was midnight when the party crossed the rigolé bridge and rode into Cahokia streets. The people were sleeping with one eye open. All day stragglers from the wedding procession had been coming in, and a company was organized for defense and pursuit. They had heard that the whole Pottawattamie nation had risen. And since Celeste Barbeau was kidnapped, anything might be expected. Gabriel and his men were

missed early, but the excitement was so great that their unexplained absence was added without question to the general calamity. Candles showed at once, and men with gun barrels shining in the moonlight gathered quickly from all directions.

"Friends! friends!" Celeste called out; for the young men in buckskin, with their booty of driven horses, were enough like Puants to be in danger of a volley. "It is Celeste. Gabriel Chartrant and his men have killed the Indians and brought me back."

"It is Celeste Barbeau! Gabriel Chartrant and his men have killed the Indians and brought her back!" the word was passed on.

Her grandfather hung to her hand on one side of the horse, and her grandmother embraced her knees on the other. The old father was in his red nightcap, and the old mother had pulled slippers on her bare feet. But without a thought of their appearance they wept aloud and fell on the neighbors' necks, and the neighbors fell upon each other's necks. Some kneeled down in the dust and returned thanks to the saints they had invoked. The auberge keeper and three old men who smoked their pipes steadily on his gallery every day took hold of hands and danced in a circle. Children who had waked to shriek with fear galloped the streets to proclaim at every window, "Celeste Barbeau is brought back!" The whole town was in a delirium of joy. Manette Le Compt, who had been brought home with the terrified bridesmaids, and laughed in her sleeve all day because she thought Gabriel and his men were the Puants, leaned against a wall and turned sick. I have heard her say she never was so confused in her life as when she saw the driven horses, and the firearms, and those coarse-haired scalps hanging to Le Maudit Penonneau's belt. The moon showed them all distinctly. Manette had thought it laughable when she heard that Alexis Barbeau was shut up in his brick house at Prairie du Pont,

with all the men and guns he could muster to protect his property; but now she wept indignantly about it.

The priest had been the first man in the street, having lain down in all his clothes except his cassock, and he heartily gave Celeste and the young men his blessing, and counseled everybody to go to bed again. But Celeste reminded them that she was hungry; and as for the rescuers, they had ridden hard all day, without a mouthful to eat. So the whole town made a feast, everybody bringing the best he had to Barbeau's house. They spread the table and crowded around, leaning over each other's shoulders to take up bits in their hands, and eat with and talk to the young people. Gabriel's mother sat beside him with her arm around him, and opposite was Celeste with her grandfather and grandmother, and all the party were ranged around. The feathers had been blown out of their hair by that long chase, but their buckskins were soiled, and the hastily washed colors yet smeared their ears and necks. Yet this supper was quite like a bridal feast. Ah, my child, we never know it when we are standing in the end of the rainbow. Gabriel and Celeste might live a hundred years, but they could never be quite as happy again.

Paul and Jacques Le Page sat down with the other young men, and the noise of tongues in Barbeau's house could be heard out by the rigol  . It was like the swarming of wild bees. Paul and Jacques had waited with the boat until nightfall. They heard the firing when the Puants took Celeste, and watched hour after hour for some one to appear from the path; but at last concluding that Gabriel had been obliged to change his plan, they rowed back to Cabo'.

Claudis Beauvois was the only person who did not sit up talking until dawn. And nobody thought about him until noon the next day, when Captain Jean Saucier, with a company of fusileers, rode into the village from Fort Chartres.

That was the first time my mother ever saw Captain Saucier. Your uncle François in Kaskaskia, he was also afterward Captain Saucier. I was not born until they had been married fifteen years. I was the last of their children. So Celeste Barbeau was kidnapped the day before my mother met my father.

Glad as the Cahokians were to see them, the troops were no longer needed, for the Puants had gone. They were frightened out of the country. Oh yes, all those Indians wanted was a good whipping, and they got it. Alexis Barbeau had come along with the soldiers from Prairie du Pont, and he was not the only man who had made use of military escort. Basil Le Page had come up from New Orleans in the last fleet of pirogues to Kaskaskia. There he heard so much about the Puants that he bought a swift horse and armed himself for the ride northward, and was glad, when he reached Fort Chartres, to ride into Cahokia with Captain Saucier.

You might say Basil Le Page came in at one end of Cahokia, and Claudis Beauvois went out at the other; for they knew one another directly, and it was noised in a minute that Basil said to his cousins Paul and Jacques:—

“What is that notorious swindler and

gambler doing here? He left New Orleans suddenly, or he would be in prison now; and you will see if he stops here long after recognizing me.”

Claudis Beauvois did not turn around in the street to look at any woman, rich or poor, when he left Cahokia, though how he left was not certainly known. Alexis Barbeau and his other associates knew better how their pockets were left.

Oh yes, Alexis Barbeau was very willing for Celeste to marry Gabriel after that. He provided for them handsomely, and gave presents to each of the young men who had helped to take his daughter from the Puants; and he was so ashamed of the son-in-law he had wanted that he never could endure to hear the man's name mentioned afterward. Alexis and the tavern keeper used—when they were taking a social cup together—to hug each other without a word. The fine guest who had lived so long at the auberge and drank so much good wine, which was as fine as any in New Orleans, without expense, was as sore a memory to the poor landlord as to the rich landowner. But Celeste and Gabriel,—my mother said that when they were married the dancing and fiddling and feasting were kept up an entire week in Caho’.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE RELIGION OF GOTAMA BUDDHA.

It is not the purpose of this article to give a detailed or formal account of the doctrines and observances of the Buddhist faith, but rather to illustrate its point of view, and to interpret the spirit of its teaching as set forth by its founder

according to the most authoritative records which have been transmitted to us.¹

It is supposed that Gotama, the Buddha, flourished four or five centuries before the Christian era. He was of princely origin. In the twenty-ninth year of

¹ To those who would wish to know more of the formal elements of Buddhism, a little manual entitled *Buddhism*, by Professor Rhys Davids, may be recommended, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,

New York, Young & Co. Many of the canonical books of Buddhism will be found translated in vols. x. and xi. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Professor F. Max Müller.

his age he abandoned his wife and child for the seclusions of a religious life; he subsequently assumed the character of religious teacher, and soon found a large following. His leading doctrines are well known, — those of *Karma* and of *Nirvâna*: the former of which is the result of life's action, good or bad, which must be expiated or rewarded in a subsequent existence, those who are tied by desire to the earthly existence having to pass from one form of life to another, until all mortal ties are dissolved and every form of attachment is destroyed, and the state of *Nirvâna* is entered upon. This state is purely negative, and one of which Buddhism does not attempt to give any account or description. It is simply the destruction of all we know of mundane life when its consequences as fruits or results have been neutralized, and the effects of all action exhausted.

Of the religions of the East, Buddhism is the best known and the most popularly appreciated amongst Western races. This may be accounted for in a measure by the circumstance of its being less transcendental than that of the *Vedânta*, of which it is the lineal descendant. It asks no distinct departure from received modes, no formal renunciations. It is not exacting in creed, is easily comprehensible; and being thus within the ordinary mental grasp, it makes fewer demands on the philosophical faculty, which is the gift of the few rather than the dower of the many. In this respect it must be considered a decadence from the sublime teaching of the *Vedânta*, as not expounding those lofty views which raise and stimulate the mind to the expansive survey of an infinite universe instinct with a divine vitality of which the human soul is a part equal in importance to every other part, emerging from order to order in progressive evolution by the gradual apperception of its exalted origin and its conscious absorption therein.

One of the special characteristics of Buddhism in its primitive form is that it

makes no distinctive recognition of Essential Being, or of any power, deity, or divinity outside of the individual mind. The soul has no outlook, but lives in and for itself. It does not discern any connection with the universe, nor is it a part of anything external to itself. The religion is a purely agnostic one; and perhaps that is the reason why its negative tenets have a special attraction for those to whom the higher vision of the soul's essential unity with Infinite Being is wanting or does not commend itself. It asks no questions, it looks no-whither out of itself, but seeks to sit, with closed eyes, controlled thinking, and crushed imagination, in utter inactivity and impassivity, striving to reach a condition in which all active or energizing faculties are suppressed to annihilation, and even moving or conscious thought itself is lulled to sleep in the unbroken peace of a dumb and motionless eternity.

But whilst the attainment of this end is its final aim and object, it must not be understood to offer inducements to the idle and vicious to resign themselves to a life of indifference and self-indulgence; on the contrary, it enforces the most strenuous efforts on the part of its votaries to free themselves from the ease and blandishments of the lower or earthly life, in order to raise themselves, by the destruction of all wants and desires, into the higher realms of spiritual freedom and moral purity. Indeed, one cannot but be impressed with the robust energy of mind and the vigorous activity it inculcates for the attainment of its object in crushing out all forms of want or desire, spiritual or material, so that there may remain no least tie to existence.

The following sentences, said to be from the mouth of the great teacher himself, may be considered a comprehensive embodiment of the Buddhistic practical doctrine: —

“Be ye lamps unto yourselves. Be ye a refuge to yourselves. Betake yourselves to no external refuge. Hold fast to the

truth as a lamp. Hold fast as a refuge to the truth. Look not for refuge to any one besides yourselves. And how is a brother to be a lamp unto himself, betaking himself to no external refuge, holding fast to the truth as a lamp, holding fast as a refuge to the truth, looking not for refuge to any one besides himself?

"Herein let a brother, as he dwells in the body, so regard the body that he, being strenuous, thoughtful, and mindful, may, whilst in the world, overcome the grief which arises from bodily craving; while subject to sensations, let him continue so to regard the sensations that he, being strenuous, thoughtful, and mindful, may, whilst in the world, overcome the grief which arises from the sensations; and so, also, as he thinks, or reasons, or feels, let him overcome the grief which arises from the craving due to ideas, or to reasoning, or to feeling.

"And whosoever, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto themselves, shall betake themselves to no external refuge, but, holding fast to the truth as their lamp, and holding fast as their refuge to the truth, shall look not for refuge to any one besides themselves, — it is they among my Bhikkhus who shall reach the very topmost Height. But they must be anxious to learn."¹

The spirit of Buddhism in its efficient determination is well illustrated in one of the Suttas, in which it is stated that the way to be traversed is not found, but must be *made* by the earnest devotee:

"He who, by the path he has himself made, has attained to perfect happiness, who has conquered doubt, who lives after having left behind both gain and goods, who has destroyed re-birth, he is a Bhikkhu."

His strength, also, must be born of exertion and victorious strife:—

"He who is disgusted in this world with all sins, is strong after conquering the pain of hell, is strong and powerful, such a one is called firm by being so."

¹ The Book of the Great Decease, ii. 33-35.

The Buddhist must be above all forms of sectarianism, all prejudice of every sort. In fact, he must live in a state of perfect freedom, emancipated from the shackles of convention, the slavery of custom, and (interpreting his religion in its highest form) beyond all ritualism and sacerdotal restrictions. But his freedom must be a trained and educated one. He can be made free only by having conquered every obstacle to freedom. It is only "he who, after examining all treasures, the divine and the human, and Brahman's treasure, is delivered from the radical bond of all treasures." In this teaching we have an indication of the great object and purpose of life, to grow through strife and suffering into the higher life, by self-denial and subjugation to rise into those higher regions where strife and suffering are no more: not definitely stated in Buddhism to the consciousness of fuller life, but at least to the destruction of all sorrow and evil in the annihilation of this.

One of the Buddhist canonical books is the Dhammapada. It was written probably early in the Christian era. It consists of short sentences of the proverbial order, some of them of a very happy and striking character. A sample of these may be given as illustrative of the Buddhist moral standpoint. The book begins analytically by establishing the kingdom of thought. It lays down the following:—

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

" 'He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,' — in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

" 'He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,' — in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will

cease. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time ; hatred ceases by love : this is an old rule."

The first of these sentences bears a remarkable similarity to one of the recorded reflections of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, who says : " Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind ; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it, then, with a continuous series of such thoughts as these, for instance : that where a man can live, there also he can live well."

One of the noblest traits of primitive Buddhism is the inculcation of a spirit of gentleness and tenderness towards every creature. Gentleness of manner and speech is continually insisted upon, whilst cruelty, unkindness, and injury to anything which lives are strictly forbidden. Great stress is laid upon this in the canonical writings ; indeed, it is stated that the qualifications of universal tenderness, forbearance, and compassion are in themselves sufficient for the attainment of the highest advantages of religion.

" He who, seeking his own happiness, punishes or kills beings who also long for happiness will not find happiness after death.

" He who, seeking his own happiness, does not punish or kill beings who also long for happiness will find happiness after death.

" Do not speak harshly to anybody ; those who are spoken to will answer thee in the same way. Angry speech is painful ; blows for blows will touch thee.

" As the bee collects nectar, and departs without injuring the flower, or its color, or its scent, so let a sage dwell in his village."

Of the last of these aphorisms the English priest-poet, George Herbert, in one of his poems gives so close a parallel that one might almost think he had borrowed the figure, if it were not impossible that he could have done so. He says : —

" Bees work for man ; and yet they never bruise

Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,

As fair as ever, and as fit to use ;

So both the flower doth stay and honey run."

The discipline of life must begin personally, and the teacher must first learn in the school of experience.

" Let each man direct himself first to what is proper, then let him teach others : thus a wise man will not suffer.

" Self is the lord of self ; who else could be the lord ? With self well subdued, a man finds a lord such as few can find."

We have a notable compendium of the religious life in the following : —

" Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, — this is the teaching of all the Awakened.

" Not to blame, not to strike, to live restrained under the law, to be moderate in eating, to sleep and sit alone, and to dwell on the highest thoughts, — this is the teaching of the Awakened.

" He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver ; other people are but holding the reins.

" Let a man overcome anger by love ; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

" Him I call indeed a Brâhmana who is tolerant with the intolerant, mild with fault-finders, and free from passion amongst the passionate."

A disputative or polemical spirit is to be avoided.

" Him I call indeed a Brâhmana who has no interests, and when he has understood the truth does not say, How, how ? and who has reached the depth of the Immortal."

The telepathic sympathy of accordant natures is thus illustrated : —

" If a fool be associated with a wise man even all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of the soup.

" If an intelligent man be associated for one minute only with a wise man, he

will soon perceive the truth, as the tongue perceives the taste of the soup."

The life of the Buddhist must be one of the highest moral purity and frankness of conduct; his course of life and action must be "like a straight shuttle;" his passions must be subdued or extinguished; he must be "always thoughtful, having left selfishness," happy, "calm like deep water," "just with the just, and far from the unjust;" he must be one "in whom there lives no deceit, no arrogance; he must be free from cupidity, selfishness, and desire, without anger or the taint of grief;" he must have overcome all perturbation, standing, as it were, in the immovable region of unimpassioned serenity, undisturbed with all things and attached to nothing.

The benevolent spirit of Buddhism is well illustrated in the following aphorisms:—

"Whatever living beings there are, either feeble or strong, all either long or great, middle sized, short, small, or large, either seen or which are not seen, and which live far or near, either born or seeking birth,—may all creatures be happy minded.

"Let no one deceive another; let him not despise another in any place; let him not, out of anger or resentment, wish harm to another.

"As a mother, at the risk of her life, watches over her own child, her only child, so also let every one cultivate a boundless friendly mind towards all beings.

"And let him cultivate good will towards all the world, a boundless friendly mind, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity."

A dry spirit of drollery would sometimes appear to be introduced in the teaching of Gotama, which is amusing, as, for instance, in the following, in answer to questions asked by his principal disciple, Ananda:—

"How are we to conduct ourselves, lord, with regard to womankind?"

"Don't see them, Ananda."

"But if we should see them, what are we to do?"

"Abstain from speech, Ananda."

"But if they should speak to us, lord, what are we to do?"

"Keep wide awake, Ananda."

In the following, also, a householder, having served the devotee Sudhamma with food, meets his dissatisfaction therewith in a very humorous manner:—

"Kitta the householder went up to the place where the venerable Sudhamma was; and after he had come there he saluted the venerable Sudhamma, and took his seat on one side. And when he was so seated, the venerable Sudhamma addressed Kitta the householder, and said: 'Though this great store of sweet food, both hard and soft, has been made ready by you, O householder, there is one thing yet wanting; that is to say, *tila* seed cake.' 'Though then, sir, there is so much treasure in the ward of the Buddhas, yet there is but one thing of which the venerable Sudhamma makes mention, and that is *tila* seed cake. Long ago, sir, certain merchants of Dakkhinâpatha went, for the sake of their traffic, to the country of the East, and thence they brought back a hen. Now, sir, that hen made acquaintance with a crow, and gave birth to a chicken. And, sir, whenever that chicken tried to utter the cry of a cock, it gave vent to a *caw*; and whenever it tried to utter the cry of a crow, it gave vent to a *cock-a-doodle-do*. Just even so, sir, though there is much treasure in the ward of the Buddhas, whenever the venerable Sudhamma speaks, the sound is — *tila* seed cake.'"

Claims have been made for an underlying esoteric sentiment in Buddhism, a sort of mystic element at the core of its teaching. There is certainly no such element traceable in its recorded canonical writings. Moreover, the clearly discernible spirit of the religion of Gotama Buddha is quite opposed to mysticism.

He himself disclaims it. In *The Book of the Great Decease* he is reported to have said to his most confidential disciple, Ananda, "I have preached the truth without making any distinction between exoteric and esoteric doctrine; for in respect of the truths, the Tathâgata has no such thing as the closed fist of a teacher who keeps some things back." Surely these words ought to be sufficient to show that all claims for occult meanings and practices must have been subsequent and spurious additions, and have no place in the religious teaching of Gotama. Indeed, one may understand that the Buddha was too serious and too much in earnest to encourage thaumaturgical aims and claims which tend to develop personality instead of suppressing it. Neither can one see what advantage can accrue from the acquisition of such powers. They cannot contribute to the soul's advancement in any respect, but must rather prove an obstacle to spiritual development. The truly wise will not desire such abnormal powers, but only wish to walk in the way of solid progress, by disentanglement from all lower attachments, to the high goal of spiritual freedom and elevation. The true Buddhist teaching undoubtedly enforces the principle that all progress towards the object it has in view must be gained by rigid steps of continuous procedure on the long since laid down lines of probity, unselfishness, and that interior sentiment of the soul which sees its own welfare in the well-being of all; which does not seek the development of abnormal powers, but to use well and faithfully those already in possession by the gift of a natural distribution. Surely this is reasonable, — to grow from one stage of spiritual elevation to another by the exercise of stern self-command, great watchfulness over the growth of character, and that temper of mind which is rooted and fixed in the permanent and undecaying; for nothing can be really our own or actually a part of ourselves

which is not chosen and fostered by force of will. Powers conferred on us by abnormal means, and not of our own attainment by the use of our natural faculties, must always remain a non-essential and accidental tenure, and can never grow into the proper nature of the soul's life.

If we make a comparison of Buddhism with Christianity, however great a similarity may appear in some of the elements of its teaching, its distinct inferiority in scope, purpose, and adaptability will become apparent. The religion of the Buddha could never be brought to combine with the advancement and progressive amelioration of society. It works by abandonment, leaving the world every way as it finds it. It lacks the helpful and actively loving spirit of Christianity; that noble altruism which gains by bestowing, and counts its wealth from the benefit and welfare of others, and not from an egoistical consideration of its own advantage. It is a high testimony to the superiority of Christianity that even in its lowest and least emphatic form it stimulates noble enterprise, and fosters the forward movements of social amendment and elevation, and even contributes in a subsidiary manner to the development of the arts and sciences. Its spirit is based upon the universal law of evolution, and, rightly understood, never stands still either in its spiritual or natural manifestations. This cannot certainly be said of Buddhism, which does not hold any close spiritual connection with universal religious growth, which is so marked a characteristic of the profounder and larger teaching of the Vedânta. There is a want of that dignity and nobility, also, in the personal traits and actions of Gotama which distinguished the Author of Christianity. The miracles attributed to the Buddha have neither the impressive character nor the touching significance of those narrated by the Evangelists of the New Testament. We may search in vain amongst

Buddhistic writings for such instances of moral sublimity as the answer given to the persecutors of the sinning woman, or the fine and silencing retort to the cavilers concerning the tribute money. Then, if we compare the death of Gotama from a surfeit of dried pork, and his lengthly discourses thereupon, with that of Christ on the cross, and his latest exclamation, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," how striking is the contrast! I am aware that a symbolical meaning has been attached by later followers to the manner of Gotama's death, but I know of no authority or reason for such an interpretation, excepting it may be the desire to cover an inconsiderable detail with a more impressive significance.

A very strange and notable circumstance, not perhaps generally known, is that Gotama Buddha should have been enrolled as a saint in the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church. I believe the date and circumstances of his canonization are not historically traceable. The story of his life, together with that of a disciple, is related in a christianized form in the narrative of Barlaam and Joasaph, a book well known in hagiology.¹

To those having no knowledge of Oriental tongues, who would study Buddhism, or indeed any other of the representative

religions of the East, seriously and profitably, a word of counsel may be directed. They should seek to acquire their knowledge through translations of the most literal and exact interpretation, and not by means of those appareled in the robes of an artificial poetic expression, whose appeal is from the æsthetic investiture rather than from the weight of the matter of utterance. In these dressed-up habiliments the moral force and intrinsic penetrative power of the instruction are sure to be obscured, if not totally lost. "The more sublime the gospel," says the German preacher Schleiermacher, "the more simple should the sermon be." The taste is surely more than questionable that would clothe the Sermon on the Mount in modern æsthetic trimming. The system of dealing with the large ideas, splendid outlook, and grand conceptions of these religions of the ancient world, as material to receive the smooth and easy polish which renders them better suited to the drawing-room table than for the study of the sincere and earnest searcher after truth, is every way to be deprecated and discountenanced. It can only tend to draw them down into the domain of the commonplace, to a depreciation of their intrinsic value, and, finally, to the indifference of neglect and apathetic unconcern.

William Davies.

FOR THEIR BRETHREN'S SAKE.

IMAGINE a cottage kitchen as it might have been two centuries ago, with a wide fireplace and spinning-wheel beside it, a high-backed settle, a dresser shining with pewter ware, and the room rather dark in spite of the little diamond-paned windows being set wide open; then complete the picture by putting in two figures, a

¹ See *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain*, January, 1890.

young man and a maid, as sole occupants of the kitchen, — a sturdy young farmer and a village girl of sixteen years or so.

"Thou must n't come any more, John. I'm afeard for thee. Thou'lt be getting the sickness."

"I'm not afeard."

"But think o' all thy folk at home that may take the plague through thee."

He was silent for a moment as if en-

deavoring to do her bidding; then fixed his eyes tenderly upon her, and said, with a roguish air, —

"I can think o' none but thee, Margery."

"Then that's wrong in thee, John, — very wrong indeed."

"Ay, so 'tis. The banns called a'ready, an' we to be married afore the month's out, — I'd ought to be thinkin' o' everybody but thee."

"Thou art a silly fellow!" she responded.

At that moment, a tall and vigorous-looking old woman entered the kitchen by the outer door.

"I've been telling John he ought n't to come here, granny."

"An' that's true," said the grandmother, "wi' the plague upon us, and nobody knowing who next. I heared but now how Anthony Skidmore was drinking ale o' Monday wi' two or three, an' all a-talking o' the plague, an' he says, 'Gi' me good ale enough an' I'll fear no plague,' says he. An' the next morning the red cross on his door, an' they say this night 'll be his last, for" —

A deep and solemn sound from the church tower near by, the passing-bell, broke in upon her words. One — two — three — the heart-thrilling strokes went on up to five-and-twenty, and there stopped. It was Anthony Skidmore's knell.

"God ha' mercy on his soul!" said Granny Hall. "But who next? The Thornleys buried this morning, and three more houses shut up! I doubt thy folk don't want thee to come here, John. They'll not be overglad o' the wedding. They'd like thee to give up Margery, I should n't wonder?"

"It's not what *they* 'd like, but what *I* like," returned the young man, in a tone which betrayed that this was not the first he had heard of the matter. "Them that's 'feard need n't come to the wedding. I don't care. So Margery's there, that's enough for me."

Margery rewarded him with her pret-

tiest smile, and clasped his arm, leaning her head against his shoulder.

"Well, well, a young man must have his way, for sure," said the grandmother, not at all ill pleased. "But, John, if thou shouldst take the plague, what 'u'd Margery do then? Come not again till thou com'st to fetch her for good and all."

But there, too, it seemed that a young man must have his way. Not come again? Ay, that would he! But there was Tideswell market next day, where he must get some furnishings for the new cottage, and then there was this and that, till at length "this day week" turned out to be the earliest time he could fix for another visit. He lived in the village of Middleton Dale, at some little distance from Eyam.

Much may happen in a week, however.

In September of the year 1665, when the Great Plague was raging in London, the seeds of the dread disease were conveyed to the village of Eyam, lying in peaceful remoteness from the world among the hills of Derbyshire. A box of clothing was sent to the village tailor, from a relative in London, it is said. It may have been a commission, or perhaps, at a time when everything was selling for a song on account of the pestilence, the tailor's kinsman thought it a good opportunity to do him a kindness at small cost. If so, he expended, at any rate, some time and trouble on the packing of the box, and doubtless breathed a sigh of relief when it started on its death-dealing career.

The tailor of Eyam received the box in due course of time, but on opening it found the contents very damp. — an unpleasant dampness, one would fancy, combined perhaps with a peculiar odor; at all events, he spread the clothing by the fire, and Black Death crept out of it. The tailor was the first victim; others followed in quick succession. Even the cold weather, which usually checks the disease for a time, could not suppress it at Eyam, where it seems to have been

singularly virulent. All through the winter months there were deaths from the plague here and there, and in the spring the numbers began to increase.

The Rev. William Mompesson, the rector of Eyam, who had been presented to the living by Sir George Savile only a year before the calamity, devoted himself from the first to his stricken flock, going in and out among them not only as a priest, to minister to the sick and dying, but in the place of a physician; fighting the pestilence as best he could, and devising measures to control it. He had sent his two little children away to a relative in Yorkshire, and besought his wife to accompany them; but if his duty was to his people, hers was to him; she would not leave him. So together they faced what inevitably must come.

In June there was a sudden outburst of the disease. House after house was closed, sealed against ingress or egress by a red cross of warning on the door. The devoted priest was the only person who entered there, and the first thing that came out was a coffin.

The village was panic-stricken. Men had no heart for work, and women folded their hands; only the carpenter plied his trade as never before, the tap-tap of his hammer beginning at dawn, and sounding late into the summer night, as he fashioned the last habitation for many and many a one of his neighbors. But he, too, came to loathe his work.

One evening he carried a coffin to its destination, leaned it up against the door, rapped loudly, and started away in terror at the sound of footsteps approaching from within.

"That's the last I'll make in this pest-hole," he muttered to himself as he sped home. "Come this time to-morrow night, I'll be far from here, please God. Sure 't is tempting Providence to stay."

"Who goes there?" cried a woman's voice from a cottage window. Then, when there was no reply, only the sound of hastening steps, "Whoever it is, go, in pity's

name, and tell the carpenter to make a coffin for the children. They're both dead — both dead!" wailed the voice.

A little farther on, and a man called, "Is it thou, Tim Buxton? And where is our coffin? Stop, man! stop! We must have the coffin. Dost thou hear?"

He heard, and quickened his pace to a run, as if Black Death were after him.

"I'll get away from Eyam!" he murmured to himself again.

He was not the only one who thought of flight. As if the idea of escape were in the air, on a sudden the whole village was astir with it. To be free from the daily, nightly terror of the pestilence! To leave everything, to go anywhere, so only they might save themselves alive!

"'T is lucky we've Middleton Dale to go to, seeing we've no kin in these parts," said Dame Hall to Margery, as they hastily collected such clothing as must be taken on their flight. "They'll be thinking we're bringing 'em the plague, — John's folk, — but we can't help that. There's no staying here. An' there's the new cottage an' all. An' John'll be willing, for thy sake. He to come here in a week's time! Who'd ha' dreamed we'd all be going to him afore then, thou an' me an' the children!"

"Goin' to John, be ye?" said a sharp voice at the cottage door. An old woman, leaning on a cane, stood there, and forthwith stepped in and seated herself. The village gossip, and living just over the way, she was as much at home in the Halls' kitchen as in her own. "Well, I doubt his folk won't want ye," she observed, after glancing around the room to take in the preparations for the flitting.

"I was just a-saying it," returned Granny Hall calmly. "But what can we do? An' where are ye going yerself, dame?"

"Where would I go but to Tideswell? Is n't my Peter and Mary there? One o' them'll take their old mother in. When ye've brought up children 't is the least they can do; an' they well off."

"How ever ye'll get so far wi' yer old bones passes me," remarked Dame Hall.

"I'll get there!" said the gossip, handling the knob of her cane with a confident air. "Abel Archdale'll take my bundle in his cart: they can make room for that, surely. When Sarah was born I nursed his wife day an' night, an' she like to die. One good turn deserves another."

"But that's twenty year ago!"

"Never mind how many year it is; they'll take my bundle," said the old woman, with decision. "An' how do ye think to get sheltered in Middleton Dale, the five o' ye? 'T is a terrible thing to be so many. God be praised, there's only one o' me!"

"Why, we're going to the new cottage, an' there'll be plenty o' room. 'T is fine an' large, by what John says."

"O-o-oh, to the new cottage!" repeated the visitor. If its size at all impressed her, she kept that to herself, while with unerring acumen she instantly touched upon the tender point in the arrangement. "An' so all the fine new things'll be used afore ever Margery's married! What does she say to that?"

Margery said only that it could not be helped, and looked a little rueful.

"An' ye're thinkin' to take all that stuff with ye?" continued Dame Lowe, her eyes fixed upon some piles of snowy linen, Margery's precious contribution to the young housekeeping, and which she could not bear to leave behind.

"Why, Joel an' me are strong; we can each carry a good big bundle," the girl protested, though with a lurking perturbation in her voice.

"I hope I'll see ye start, that's all!" said the gossip, and betook herself to her own bundle, declaring there was no time to lose.

The excitement naturally attendant on such an exodus prevailed everywhere alike, and in the midst of it all came a message from the rector, delivered in the stentorian tones of the village crier. The adult members of the parish were

invited to repair to the church when summoned by the bell.

Why? Well, his reverence had heard they were all going away. "And belike he'll want to give us some advice," said the crier.

That was a good hearing. Advice was precisely what they all needed, especially those who had no kindred in the neighborhood and little or no money in hand. Accordingly they gathered at the appointed time, full of the momentousness of a near departure, inquiring one of another as they met outside the church, "Are ye ready?" "When are ye going?" Those whose way was short meant to start after the meeting, others on the morrow. Some gave ambiguous replies about their plans, and showed no disposition to converse; they, perhaps, had left a child at home hanging its head languidly, and what that portended — if it was merely some harmless ailment or the initial stage of the dread disease — the next few hours would reveal; meanwhile, the less said the better, if they did not care to be shut up on suspicion.

When all were assembled, there were some of the familiar prayers; but after the common devotions were ended the priest still knelt, until, in the long silence, all eyes were fixed on the motionless figure. Finally he rose and turned towards them; but even then it was to look around lingeringly on his simple flock, as if he were loath to begin.

Yet it was a magnificent address he was prepared to utter.

From the meagre records left of the rector of Eyam, it would not seem that he was a man of great gifts as the world counts them, but he had certainly the one supreme gift belonging to his holy office, which enabled him to work a miracle in Christ's name. And so of that gathering in a little country church some account will be handed on to future generations as long as the English tongue is spoken; but at the moment — when they all sat expectant — there was only

one man who realized the full import of the occasion, who knew that the fate of thousands hung in the balance, and that on his words depended the turning of the scale.

The villagers, meanwhile, though troubled enough in their way, were yet amenable to the calming influence of the place. They were in haste, it is true, to be gone; the fear that each one felt of the horrible, stealthy disease which might be creeping upon them at any moment had been doubled and trebled by the terror of others, until, like a herd of frightened cattle, they were ready for a wild stampede; but yet, in that quiet haven the strain relaxed a little.

They listened with an almost pathetic eagerness when the rector spoke of their intended flight, and dwelt upon the preciousness of life, for which a man would give all that he had, and described (what they knew but too well) the devastation of the pestilence,—the little children swept away, the strong men lying down to die, the homes left desolate. Only by degrees, as it dawned upon them that it was not *their* homes and *their* children he was talking of, that his concern was not for Eyam, his own charge, but for the neighboring villages, for the whole countryside, for the adjacent counties, their faces darkened, their attitude towards him changed. He felt it, the silent, indignant protest; but past all faltering then, his message flowed from his lips in urgent exhortation, in burning appeal, most of all in gentle, pastoral entreaty that they would spare to their brethren in Christ the horrors of their own calamity. The plague had come to Eyam, he said, by God's permission, through the inadvertence of man; but if it went forth from Eyam, it would be because they, in the full knowledge of what they were doing, carried it out to spread death, no human being could say how far, how wide. Some of them were going to their kinsfolk, to parents, brothers, sisters, who perforce must

take them in, and the plague with them; others would wander among strangers, entering peaceful, happy homes, sitting unsuspected by the fireside, and then, warmed and fed, would go away, leaving the pestilence behind in return for a kindly hospitality. "O my spiritual children," he cried, "I have taught you ill if you have so learned the law of love!"

He implored them to believe that this seemingly greater care for others than for them, with which perhaps they were ready to reproach him, was in truth the proof of his love to his own flock; that indeed his heart ached for them; and that by every means in his power he would save them from the pestilence, were it possible. But some of them were already infected, and would have the disease wherever they might go; others, with almost equal certainty, would eventually fall victims to it in the new centres of infection that would thus be formed; some—he would speak truth with them—some would probably escape by flight, but at what a cost! He had shown them how, for every death there might be at Eyam, there would, if they carried out their design, be twenty, fifty, a hundred, elsewhere.

And yet he could save their life, if they would hear him! He and they, here in poor, wretched Eyam, could save to themselves forever the only life that was worth living, the life eternal, which, if it is to be lived at all, must be begun here on earth in love to God and love to one's neighbor: a love to their neighbor that would make them bury the pestilence in their own graves rather than sow it broadcast through the land; a love to God which was trust in Him, so that they could sit quietly down and wait his will, knowing indeed that one would be taken and another left, but knowing too that, whether left or taken, they were all in God's good keeping.

Gradually, while he spoke, there had come another change over the faces that had kept steadily turned to him, first

with anxious, and then with angry gaze ; they were calm now. The sun shone in at a western window, and down in a long beam of light to the floor, shedding a glory through the darkening church, and looking like that "path of the just" to which he had been pointing them, — the path "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

There was again a stillness, a long silence. Then, in a voice low and trembling with emotion, the rector asked those who would leave Eyam to rise and go out.

No one stirred.

They had gathered there in wild alarm and frantic to escape ; they went quietly back to their already deserted homes, a band of self-devoted martyrs, by far the larger part of whom were to be martyrs in deed as well as in will.

Before the congregation dispersed, the people had given their solemn promise to keep within the limits to be prescribed, beyond which no inhabitant of Eyam was to pass, nor any one from without to penetrate ; and the rector, on his part, assured them that nothing he could do to alleviate their condition should be wanting. Cut off as they would be from the markets, he would write at once to influential persons in the neighborhood, and obtain that provisions and all things needful should be brought regularly and deposited at certain points at a safe distance from any house, and whence they could be fetched by the villagers.

Probably there were many among those simple cottagers who felt the renunciation more for those who were dear to them than for themselves.

After the return home, Margery silently set about her accustomed duties, and her grandmother as silently watched her going to and fro, until she could refrain herself no longer.

"'Tis hard on thee, Margery !" she burst forth tremulously.

To that no reply was needed. It was hard.

"I think mayhap the parson would

let thee go, if I asked him," pursued the grandmother, after another silence, "seeing 't is only one, an' thou wast to be married so soon. An' there 's naught the matter wi' thee. He could see that plain enough."

"Nay, granny, he could n't let me go more than another. An' besides, I might take the sickness in my clothes. We've told John ourselves how *he* ought n't to come. All the people in Middleton Dale might get it through me. Nay, I could n't go now after what the parson said. I've no right. I'd feel wicked."

Dame Hall relaxed into mournful meditations, until Margery renewed the subject with, —

"Thou 'dst want me, too, granny, if the sickness should come to us."

"An' wherefore should it come?" said the old woman, rousing herself suddenly, and with a flash in her eyes. "'Tis a filthy disease, — why should it come to us? The parson says to be very clean with ourselves, an' have nothing lying about the house that should n't; but I'm thinking he's no need to tell me that!"

If there was one thing on which Dame Hall prided herself, it was the neatness and purity of all her belongings, whether animate or inanimate, and she glanced now, in the consciousness of rectitude, around her well-scrubbed kitchen, and on the fresh-faced, healthy children who were awaiting the evening meal. Rather disappointed young faces they were, to be sure, just then, at finding there was to be no flitting, after all.

There was Joel, a well-grown lad, next to Margery in age, and already doing no small amount of work on the little farm ; then Emmot, a slip of a child of seven, who did not hesitate to call herself a big girl, and propose to help granny when Margery was married ; and finally little Willy, on whom the grandmother's eyes lingered, as she added, —

"An' we come o' strong folk, too. Your father 'd 'a' been living now, an' for forty year yet, if it had n't been for the

accident; an' your mother 'd never 'a' died when Willy was born but for the grief and fright."

A little later and Dame Lowe came in, apparently to talk over the new aspect of affairs, although as it turned out she had really very little to say on the matter.

"So here we are, an' here we stay," she observed, with a sigh. "Well, 't is right. Why should I, old woman, be takin' them the plague? Nay, I 've lived my life." As she sat with her eyes steadily fixed, and her thoughts on her children and children's children, there came a grand look over the hard old face. It was the token of her part and share in that splendid sacrifice, even though in a moment or two she might seem to be nothing more than her usual self, brimming over with the latest information she had collected.

Superstition was rife among the country people of England in those days, and nowhere more so than at Eyam during that time of calamity. The dame, accordingly, was full of portents and signs and wonders.

"Did ye hear about Ann Townsend seein' the white cricket?" she inquired. "Well, then, 't was Saturday — Nay, what am I sayin'? Saturday! She was in her grave by then! It was o' Wednesday, an' Mary an' she a-comin' home together. They 'd been a-talkin' o' Ruth Martin, — rest her soul! — an' Ann, she was just a-settin' foot on the doorstep, an' she caught Mary's arm, an' says she, 'Dost see it?' 'See what?' says Mary, all of a tremble. 'The white cricket!' says Ann. 'There! there!' an' she pointed; but Mary could n't see it, an' the creature ran into a crack. So they knowed it was for Ann; an' sure enough, she took to bed next day, an' come that time two days after, she was underground."

But there was better than that. James Mower had heard the mournful barking of the Gabriel hounds in notice of his near departure.

"'T was gettin' late, an' they thinkin' o' goin' to bed; he was just a-finishin' his

pipe, an' on a sudden he says, 'Wife, is the puppies in?' An' she says, 'There they be in the corner;' an' there they were, fast asleep. 'Well, I hear puppies whinin' an' barkin',' says he; 'where can they be?' An' she says, 'It can't be puppies.' An' he says, 'Yes, it is puppies; I hear 'em as plain as ever I heard anything.' So then one o' the children goes out o' door an' looks all about, but there 's no puppies. 'Well,' says he, 'if I don't know dogs when I hear 'em, my name 's not James Mower.' An' wi' that he leans forward and listens, an' 'Sure as I live,' he says, 'there be dogs up the chimney.' An' then all in a minute they knowed what it was, — 't was the Gabriel hounds a-barkin' above the house. So to bed he went, an' never got up again till they carried him out."

The Gabriel hounds, according to popular tradition, were the souls of unbaptized infants, constrained to wander in realms of air, and notify death to their kindred by a whining or moaning sound like dogs in pain. This was the sort of thing in which Dame Lowe reveled, and to which her auditors, especially the children, listened with shudders, while they grudged losing a syllable of her gruesome tales.

Mr. Mompesson's regulations were carried out, and the village cut off completely from human communication. John's "folk" might have had to take their chances with him; but after public sentiment came in play and public execration threatened, or rather, when, from the seriousness of the measures adopted, it was finally impressed upon his mind that the fate of the whole countryside hung on his action, even a lover's boldness gave place to counsel, and he dared not cross the fatal line.

But at one of the points where provisions for the pest-beleaguered village were deposited, beside a rivulet that goes to-day by the name of "Mompesson's Brook," there was often a parcel containing some special delicacies, and

marked, "*for My Deer Margery from jon.*" He would rather have ploughed a field than have written more than that. Margery, being uncommonly well instructed for a village girl of that time, might have poured out her heart on paper with some ease, in return for those offerings, but it was not allowed her. Only Mr. Mompesson himself, taking due precautions, sent a letter occasionally, if necessity required.

The months wore on, — June, July, August. It was a burning summer. Day after day the sun looked down on the doomed village in its unnatural stillness, for no one stirred but those who must. Men had been known to fall down helpless in the fields, and all labor was abandoned. The pestilence alone kept steadily at work, sowing and reaping a plenteous harvest.

As a precautionary measure, services were no longer held in the church, but twice in the week and on Sundays the fast-diminishing flock gathered in a little green dell, still called "Cucklet Church," and there the petitions of the Litany went up with the continual refrain, "Good Lord, deliver us," "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord;" and the priest, from a mossy rock, spoke words of comfort, and sent them away with a blessing, — "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding." And always some who took that blessing with them were to come that way no more.

Early in July the churchyard was closed and the passing-bell ceased to toll. Thereafter, as soon as the plague-stricken breathed their last, a grave was dug in field or garden, the nearest place at hand, and the poor disfigured semblance of humanity, uncoffined and unshrouded, was quickly removed from among the living, and so much of the pestilence buried with it. A visitor at Eyam to-day may be stepping anywhere on ground hallowed by the dust of those who laid down their lives for their brethren and were hurried into nameless graves.

As soon as possible Mr. Mompesson had a pest-house erected on the village green, and daily he crossed that awful threshold, or entered the cottages where any lay sick, with the apostolic salutation, "Peace be to this house!"

Dame Hall had reckoned ill in accounting that natural strength, or even what some of her neighbors perhaps considered unnatural tidiness, could keep the enemy at bay; for where the plague rages it creates an atmosphere of its own, and penetrates anywhere at will; acting, however, even so, with a strange capriciousness, taking and leaving according to some unfathomed law which wears an air of chance.

The black-winged pestilence settled down upon the Hall cottage very soon after the village was isolated, and the grandmother was the first to go. The struggle in her case was fierce, but short, so that, as it sometimes happened, the worst features of the disease had no time to develop; and it was the same with those who followed her.

On his second visit the rector found a young soul sore troubled to take its flight. Emmot did not want to be put in the ground with granny. All the teaching of happier days had faded from the poor little beclouded mind; and even when she had accepted the idea that, through the mercy of Christ, granny was in a good place, how she herself was to get there was another matter.

"I'm 'feard o' they dogs," she wailed. "They 'll chase me and bite me afore I can get where granny is."

"'T is the Gabriel hounds she means, sir," whispered Joel. "She says she hears 'em."

"Who has been talking such cruel folly to the child?" exclaimed the rector indignantly. "Dame Lowe? So much for a wagging tongue! Although, poor body, she little thinks the mischief she may do," he added quickly, used as he was, even in small matters, to discriminate between the offense and the offender.

"But, my child, it is the neighbors' dogs thou hearest."

"Nay, in the air! — in the air!"

"Well, then, dear little heart, if thou hearest aught in the air, it can only be good dogs that are barking to keep every evil thing away from Christ's little flock. For thou knowest, when our dear Lord was here on earth He called little children to Him, and laid his hands upon them and blessed them; and so He is calling the children of Eyam, — Joan Ashland and Anne Glover, Tommy Wood and many more, and now thee. And thou must not fear to go to Him, for He will ease thee of all thy pain."

So the good pastor comforted the lambs of his fold, commending each to the Great Shepherd as they passed one by one out of his own keeping; and after that, the child's little moan, growing ever fainter and fainter, was only, "I want to go to Him! He'll make my head well. I want to go!"

So they laid her beside her grandmother; but still the call went on. Only a few days and little Willy had been taken into the other flock. Then the two who were left drew closer together than ever before.

One morning, after the long seclusion was at an end, Joel came out of the cottage, and went to the village spring to get water.

Dame Lowe, at her gate, was ready for a little conversation on his return; but when he set his burden down before replying to some remark of hers, she extended her cane warningly.

"Don't come nigh me!"

"I worn't coming nigh ye," he returned, rather indignantly. "But the parson told us we could go out to-day, if we were well. An' he said that's folly about the Gabriel hounds." The latter observation sounded inconsequent, but, as a matter of fact, it corresponded very neatly in Joel's own mind to Dame Lowe's injurious suspicions of him. And though he did not venture to mention a

wagging tongue to his ancient neighbor, anything which suggested doubt of her prescriptive right to interpret the marvelous for the benefit of the community was quite sufficient to anger her.

"Said he so?" she replied, with asperity. "Well, his reverence does n't know everything. Them knows that hears 'em. And" — she fixed her piercing eyes upon Joel — "they may be barkin' for thee next."

With that she turned about and gat herself silently into the house. She could be a very terrible old woman at times. The poor boy felt his legs tremble under him, and looked at the pails with a sudden sensation of powerlessness, as if he should never have strength to lift them again. It was not until Margery called to him to bring the water that he took them up and went in.

"What was Dame Lowe saying to thee?" asked the young housekeeper, in almost a cheery tone. She had been thinking, while Joel was gone, that she would try to be bright for his sake. And what cause for thankfulness it was that they had each other still! There were instances already where whole families had been swept away, or perhaps only one left. "What was she saying to thee?"

"She said" — He stopped.

"Well, what?"

"She said — his reverence does n't know everything."

"What ever made her say that?" inquired Margery, after pondering the statement for a while. And when there was no reply, she was at his side in a moment. "Oh, Joel, is aught the matter wi' thee?"

He was seated by the hearth, and looked up in her face, smiling a little feebly.

"Nay, there is naught. 'Tis only that I'm tired wi' carrying the water. I've not done it for so long." He was trying to convince himself as well as her.

"I'll make thee a posset," said Margery. "It'll strengthen thee."

After that, silence ; both thinking their own thoughts.

Joel had never before had a posset made for himself alone ; it was an event in his experience. But somehow he did not care for it ; if it strengthened him it would be well, but his mind was on other things. He wondered if Dame Lowe really knew. There was no barking up the chimney. And his reverence had said, "I think you have escaped infection, my children (praise be to God !), and to-morrow, if you are well" — He had felt a little dizzy in the morning, but only for a minute. And he had been out, so it could n't be *that*. But he did feel ill now ! He would n't say so, though, because of Margery. She was afraid. She kept looking at him. But he did n't want the posset. There was something he wanted.

He looked helplessly about the room, which seemed to wear a strange aspect ; all the familiar things were there, and yet it was different. Just to see it made him feel worse. And then, on a sudden, he could bear up no longer, and his head sank on his hands.

"Oh, Joel ! Joel !" cried Margery in anguish. Then, with the calmness of despair, "Put thy arm around my neck, an' I'll help thee to bed."

It was in June that Margery was left alone. The plague had passed her by, as if it could get no hold on her sound healthiness, and as she went back and forth along the village street, looking as fair as ever in her fresh English beauty, she came to be almost as familiar a figure as the rector himself. She was Mrs. Mompesson's right hand in arranging for the distribution of provisions at the infected cottages, and in the parceling out of medicaments for the sick at the plague-barracks or at their homes. She had, too, now and then, something of her own to dispose of. In the parcels marked for her, and left beside the brook, there would often be this or that

evidently meant by John, in his kindness, for "granny" or the children ; then she would put the toy, or whatever it might be, into some little hand, and turn away with tears, while the things for "granny," and indeed the greater part always of what was intended especially for herself, went, if appropriate, to the few among the sick who were recovering, or else to some of her grandmother's old friends, — to Dame Lowe as often as any.

There grew up a rather singular sympathy between the old gossip and her young neighbor, in those days. The dame, cut off from her ordinary occupation of general visiting, watched Margery's comings and goings rather wistfully, trying, at a distance, to get a word or two with her at every chance, until at last, one day, when Margery returned from her self-imposed labors, the old woman called to her : "Come in, girl, an' take a bit o' somethin' wi' me ! Thy fire'll be out." And as Margery hesitated, "Come, then ! I'm not afeard o' thee."

She was still shy of the cottage where death had been such a frequent guest, though finally, when Margery either would not or could not accept all the invitations given her, the old woman crossed the road, and settled herself once more in her favorite corner.

"Why should I fear ?" she said, encouraging herself in her boldness. "It has been fumed, an', by the smoke that poured forth, everything bad must 'a' gone out o' window."

She found a sense of companionship in merely watching her old crony's grandchild moving about the kitchen ; and once when Margery, in forgetfulness, called her "granny," and then burst into sudden tears, the gossip developed an all-unexpected tenderness in soothing and comforting her.

"There ! there ! don't 'ee take on an' break thy heart. Thou hast John still, an' I'm thinkin' thou'lt win through safe an' sound."

The rector, his wife, and Margery seemed to bear a charmed life, the more singular in Mr. Mompesson's case because otherwise, as he says of himself in one of his letters, he was "always an ailing man." But the charm was to be broken.

One morning in August, when the plague was at the height of its devastating career, Mr. and Mrs. Mompesson crossed the fields together, going towards the rectory, and the latter suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of pleased surprise, "Oh, the air! how sweet it smells!"

Very innocent words, it would seem, with which to strike a man to the heart; but the rector, in the course of his varied experience, had discovered this sensation to be one of the signs that the destroyer was at hand.

He was not mistaken, and no devoted nursing, no agony of prayer, could save her; in her twenty-sixth year, the beautiful, delicate, noble-hearted woman fell a martyr to her loving courage. Then the churchyard was opened once more, and the villagers hastened to make a return for the sympathy that had so unstintingly been given them in their distress. All who could be afoot gathered about her grave, while the rector repeated, in trembling tones, the words that committed earth to earth and dust to dust, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.

"The Lord comfort your reverence," they said to him shyly, as they turned away, or, "God preserve ye to us." And perhaps to such a prayer as the last he would have found it hard to say "Amen." For, standing by that grave, an intense weariness may well have come over him, and a longing to lay his burden down.

September brought a decrease in the number of deaths, and October, with cooler weather, opened hopefully. The plague-barracks were still occupied, but at least the sick could all be accommodated there.

It was on a fine October afternoon that Margery mounted the church tower, as she had often done before, to look in the direction of Middleton Dale. Two or three of the houses could be seen from that elevation, with the church spire just peering above the trees, and it was a solace to gaze from afar upon even thus much of the place where a happy home and a faithful heart were waiting for her.

When she descended, it was to meet the rector coming from the churchyard. He greeted her kindly, and, after a word or two, looked at her standing there, and smiled as if at a pleasant thought. "The plague is abating," he said, "there is little doubt of that, and with cold weather we shall see the end of it. So, please God, I shall wed thee to John yet, my child. Thou must think of that and begin to hope again, as young folk should."

"I do, your reverence, — I can't help it," she answered simply; then, with an almost ecstatic glance around at earth and sky, and drawing a deep breath, she added, "The day's so fair, and *the air so sweet!*"

She did not see the expression that crossed his face, for she was looking along the road which led to Middleton Dale, nor did she notice any change in his tone when he said, —

"Go home now, Margery, and rest thyself. Thou hast done all there is for thee to do to-day. Go home and rest."

He could not bear to send her to the gloomy pest-house, and went in search of some one who could care for her at her cottage; but the quest was vain, and he took the way thither himself with a heavy heart, thinking that if he had not haply been mistaken, and if it were not yet too late, he might persuade the poor child to walk with him to the village green, and pass that horrid portal with his aid. So, at least, the danger of a later transportation would be avoided.

But the plague was before him, — the plague and another.

"I'll not have her taken to the pest-house," said Dame Lowe. "If I get the sickness myself? Well, 't will be God's will, then; for I found her lyin' along the floor, an' what could I do but care for her? I've heard about it an' how 't is done. She shall not be carried to the pest-house!"

On the 11th of October the wind changed to the east, and swept the pestilence away. It was as if an angel had come down with a drawn sword to stand between the dead and the living, and "so the plague was stayed." The invisible sentinels which had kept guard around the devoted place through all those long months stole away; but where that heroic line was drawn there lingers a sort of halo yet, after more than two hundred years.

In the latter part of November, after a final and thorough purification of the village, it was officially pronounced free to ingress, and the old life might be taken up once more.

The first person to enter Eyam was a young man who had thought his feet would not take him there fast enough, though he drew rein and paced his horse slowly along the grass-grown village street, dreading to reach his destination when he looked about on cottages closed, silent, wearing already a ruinous aspect. Even the dwellings where life had lingered were very still: the men were away in the fields where the harvest lay rotted, and the women were busy within doors; only here and there were a few children playing, at whom he looked searchingly, but in vain. No Emmot, no Willy! And he passed them by with an unasked question on his lips, fearing the answer that might come in their little shrill tones.

So on he went to the bend in the road

that brought him close upon the Hall cottage: that, too, silent, doors and windows shut, the little plot of ground a wilderness, — though even so it looked neater than the desolated homesteads he had seen. It had always been neat.

Slowly he dismounted and fastened his horse, — very slowly, to give her time to appear. But his heart sank within him, for surely she would have heard, she would have come to the window or opened the door.

"Eh, John! thou'rt come for thy Margery," said a quavering old voice from across the way, as Dame Lowe advanced to her garden gate. "Thou'lt find her in the churchyard. An' it wanted little — Why, man, what's the matter wi' thee? Thou'rt as white as a kerchief! Dost think she's *dead*? Nay, nay! She's gone to look to the graves o' her granny and the children. But it wanted little an' she had been lyin' there herself wi' them that come back no more. Eh, John, it's been a weary, weary time."

But Dame Lowe could hardly wonder if John had no mind just then to listen to her accumulated chronicles. He strode on to the churchyard and entered at the open gate, pausing for a moment, amazed at the sea of mounds.

Close by, a girl was bending and rising as she laid on a row of graves pale autumn flowers that had lingered on in a neglected garden.

"Margery!" he cried, with a sob in his voice.

She turned, and sprang to him.

"Oh, John! I've none but thee! In all the wide world, I've none but thee!"

Then he bent his head tenderly on hers, and they stood there among the graves, the two young figures in a close embrace, — an emblem of the triumph of life over death.

Grace Howard Peirce.

UP CHEVEDALE AND DOWN AGAIN.

IN 1872, the best way to get from the Baths of Bormio to Meran was to cross the Stelvio in a carriage. It may be the best way still, for aught I know to the contrary; but there is one variance which I introduced not mentioned in the guide-books, nor recommended by the more conservative tourists.

As you cross the head of the pass, and the narrow and precipitous Trafoierthal twists and winds down before you, the masses of the Ortler lie off to your right, with the long Lavine track, a streak of fresh, broken snow, stretching down diagonally in front along the rocky slopes of the opposite side of the valley. Other than these remnants of avalanches that have spent their force, the immediate surroundings consist of a wilderness of rock in all directions, strewn with fragments of every shape and size, extending from the road up to where the snow line begins; varied, of course, by occasional patches of ice and of crusted snow still clinging in the more protected depressions.

Intending to do some mountaineering a little later, I left the carriage before it reached the head of the pass, and for the sake of practice, abandoning the windings of the road, — which makes a long loop to the left, — went straight up over the ridge and down the opposite face, with the idea of meeting the road below on the other side.

On the way down this opposite face lay one of these ice patches I have mentioned: a lake of ice with a margin of broken rock, lying at a steep angle, and perhaps three hundred feet long by a hundred feet wide. Judged from the upper edge, it appeared to be entirely of crusted snow. Not stopping to examine it with sufficient care to notice the icy character of the greater portion, I thought to save time by that old resource

in coming down steep snow fields, a *Schnee-Parti*. With this idea in mind, I sat down on the snow, braced my alpenstock under one arm, and, giving a couple of hitches, began sliding down the slope. The speed became almost immediately so excessive that I put on the brakes, — that is, bore down on my alpenstock, — and thereupon discovered that it was no longer snow, but glare ice, that I was sliding on. An instant later some irregularity in the ice carried my alpenstock from my hands, and it pursued an independent course far in the rear, rattling and banging after me. With its loss I was quite “at sea,” a rudderless ship on a trackless if limited ocean. My only chance to avoid disaster below was to diminish speed by lying flat on my back, and bearing down upon the ice with hand and heel and shoulder. This I did instantly, and with partial good result. Unfortunately, the effect of the bump in which the alpenstock was lost had been to turn me partly round, and I continued the balance of the descent sometimes sideways and sometimes head first, finally landing in a heap on the rocks below.

Ascertaining that there were no broken bones to regret, but feeling that I had added fifty years to my age in less than a second, I crawled slowly and reluctantly over and between the broken rocks down to the road, and sat there nursing my bruises until the carriage arrived, when, concluding that I had had enough mountaineering to last until next time, I gratefully resumed my place. Neither did I say much concerning my fortunately unobserved experiment with the more simple laws of physics, which had resulted in such complete if unexpected proof.

Since then I have examined with most critical eye every snow field down which

it was proposed to glissade before embarking on the journey. Doubtless no more exhilarating, easier, or more satisfactory way of abolishing time and space in the descent of a mountain exists than sliding down a steep snow field; but it must be pursued with due caution. Some weeks later, when invited by Pinggera to adopt this method at one point on the way down the Zufall Spitze, I declined with earnestness and certainty, and with a lively recollection of the battered condition in which I found myself on the previous occasion.

The Zufall Spitze (or Chevedale, as it is generally called) is, by the way, a mountain by no means difficult except in one particular. The experiences of the ascent I made developed strikingly both the ease and the difficulty. I had passed under the mountain in coming to the Sulden-Thal, some days before, over the Maderatsch glaciers, from the Martell-Thal. For the ascent, Pinggera and I started from "the Herr Curat" Eller's house at Sulden. The mountain is wholly a snow peak, and, if I remember rightly, lies somewhat back from the valley, to the southwest. The greater part of the ascent was comparatively uninteresting, — up over the snow fields, across a few ice-bridges, where the glaciers were badly broken, compelling us sometimes to skirt a crevasse for a little distance, and again up over the snow fields. The last few hundred feet alone presented any difficulty. The main peak (11,939'), being narrow and somewhat long, consists, roughly speaking, of two flat sides, or faces, and two sharp edges. One edge looks toward Ortler, and is far too steep for human ascent; the other partly slopes and partly curves, so as to make it possible to gain the summit by following it.

The only real question of doubt as to reaching the top is as to the condition in which you may find the "Berg-Schrund" (the last great crevasse), which, in this as in so many cases where a peak is

wholly snow and ice, completely encircles the highest point of the mountain.

We came up about the centre of one of the two flat sides to the lower lip of the crevasse. There, any idea of crossing was out of the question. The upper edge hung threateningly full ten feet above our heads, and as we crouched on the lower edge its depths were by no means inviting. Pale sea-green may be a beautiful color in silk, but it is an extremely cheerless one when you peer into a crevasse, and wonder how many feet down the sides will pinch together enough to prevent your falling farther. Neither is it exactly cheerful to contemplate, in such event, being preserved for future use as a curious specimen of the prehistoric vertebrate, for the delectation of the Sunday museum visitor of, say, the year 4002.

Our only resource was to skirt the crevasse, if necessary, entirely round the mountain, to find an ice-bridge, or see if it narrowed sufficiently at any spot to make it possible to cross. By the same token, it is marvelous how slight a snow wreath will become dignified with the title "an ice-bridge," in the enthusiasm of an ascent. We backed down a few feet from the lip, and followed the mountain round to the left and south. Nowhere along that face could we find anything like the ghost of a chance, but at the southerly edge, the one which sloped the more, a slight projection up from the lower lip seemed to promise a foothold at least within reach of the upper edge.

Pinggera climbed up on this ice pinnacle, while I sat below, so that if he fell into the crevasse, the rope, running from me up over the lip and down to where he might be dangling, would make it possible for me to haul him out, and not get dragged in too. He found that by standing on the exact point (which was broad enough for secure foothold) and allowing his body to fall forward (the upper edge of the crevasse being withdrawn a little beyond the lower), he

could get his arms as far as the elbows upon the ice above. The next thing was to cut two hand-holes in the ice where his hands reached conveniently, and two more some six or eight inches beyond them, in order that he might get a second hold above when he drew himself up.

I watched him chipping out the ice, in eager expectancy at the prospect of passing this last obstacle, and without a thought for that which afterwards concerned me much more greatly, — how we were to get down again.

The hand-holds completed, Pinggera stuck the hatchet in his belt, reached up, gave a half spring, half struggle, in the air, clutched at and caught first one and then the other of the upper hand-holds, and got half his body on the ice above. Then, with a couple of earnest but ludicrous wavings of his legs in the air, he scrambled up, and, cutting a step or two, crawled on his hands and knees to the end of the rope, some six or eight feet above the edge, and, as we had lengthened out the rope, perhaps thirty to forty feet in all from where I sat below.

Reaching this limit, he dug two deep holes for his heels, turned cautiously round, and lay back against the ice, with the rope, leading from his waist down to me, held in both hands, and as I came up to the top of the ice pinnacle gathered it slowly in.

Gaining the top of the pinnacle and getting a firm foothold there, I threw up to him along the ice, first his alpenstock, and then my own, both of which he methodically secured under one leg, and resumed his hold on the rope. There remained then nothing for me to do but repeat his process of falling forward against the ice, grasping the first hand-holds, and floundering up as best I might, while he gathered in the rope, so that if I slipped my fall could be checked at once, and before my falling body should gather sufficient momentum to drag him out of his foot-holds. No such untoward event as a slip occurred, however, and a

moment later I had crept up to where he was.

For the next hundred feet or so it was a matter of nicking holes in the ice, to serve alternately as hand and foot holds as we crept up the edge. After that, the slope was first somewhat less considerable, then distinctly so, and in perhaps fifteen minutes the summit was reached.

There are few more pleasurable sensations than to sit down on the summit of a mountain up which you have crawled and toiled, and from that vantage post survey the peaks and clouds below you.

This entire group, — the most important, in the heights attained, of the Tyrol, — from any of its major peaks, of which there are a dozen, presents on all sides a wilderness of ice and snow, of fantastic pinnacle, smooth snow field, and broken glacier, with but little rock in view. Seen under a summer sun, it is a sea of spotless, dazzling white almost as far as the eye can reach in every direction.

The day was as nearly perfect as one could readily be made. At that height, and with such breeze as there was coming to you over surrounding peaks and snow fields, the warmth of the noonday sun was by no means objectionable, while black bread, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and red wine made a most acceptable lunch.

These disposed of, we sought refuge in the contemplative porcelain pipe of government tobacco, — stretched at full length on the snow, and enjoying the pleasurable sensation known as “feeling the tiredness go out of your bones.”

Presently Pinggera suggested that it was time to begin our descent. Now, there had been creeping into my mind, during the preceding few minutes of contemplation, a certain doubt as to whether the Berg-Schrund might not be even less attractive approached from above than it had appeared on the ascent. This doubt — bred of dyspepsia — had been so rapidly concreting that I was not inclined to put off its solution. Plead-

ing, therefore, a fatigue which I hardly felt, I suggested a second pipe of tobacco. We smoked for perhaps ten minutes more in silence, when Pinggera again urged our beginning the descent. Again I could see no special reason for haste. Pinggera's answer was practical and conclusive: "Stay here, and the ice-bridges, having had the full afternoon's sun, will be rotten, and we shall be lost crossing them; wait when we reach them until they freeze, and we shall be lost among the lower crevasses in the darkness." This seemed unanswerable argument, so we gathered up our few belongings and made ready. I re-tied the rope around my waist, Pinggera did the same, and we started down the southerly edge of the mountain, at first stepping in the foot-tracks we had made in the snow on the way up. The first hundred feet, while fairly steep, were not specially objectionable. But soon, following the edge, we reached the steeper and therefore icy portion of the slope which led sharply down to where we had crossed the Berg-Schrund.

It is one thing to come up an ice slope step by step, cutting foot and hand holds, resting your body forward against the mountain, and quite a different matter to creep down, facing half outwards, each heel catching perhaps an inch to an inch and a half of hold in a nick in the ice, leaning backwards with one hand against the ice, and getting a more or less untrustworthy brace for your body from your alpenstock set below you and a little to one side. On very steep slopes even this is impossible, and you must turn round and back down as you came up, feeling below with the toe of your boot, each foot alternately, for each new foot-hold. The descent to the great crevasse was not quite steep enough to make this latter mode necessary, except for the last few feet; so we crept down, half sideways, Pinggera first, I following, with the rope stretched nearly taut between us. We had gone perhaps half the dis-

tance from where the steeper portion of the slope began to the crevasse, when, taking momentary counsel with my fears, I said to Pinggera, "If we slip here, what then?" I suppose it was more the tone of my voice than what I said that affected him. He evidently thought that now for the first time, and belying twenty experiences during the past few weeks, of almost every conceivable combination of difficulties on ice and rock, I was about to lose my head, or, to put it in plain English, my "courage." He turned back on me a face of ashy whiteness, and, announcing what he thought the fact rather than answering my question, said simply, in tones of quiet, despairing conviction, "Wir sind verloren." As often happens, a recognition of the effect on another person of a momentary loss of confidence removed the actuating doubt. Whatever of pride I had came to my immediate assistance. But more than that, instant appreciation arose that, should any lack of confidence on my part infect Pinggera so that he also lost confidence, we were indeed, as he succinctly put it, "verloren." Therefore I laughed, and said, "Well, go on; you can slip if you like; I shall not;" and we methodically resumed our descent. Nevertheless, that exercise of care usually expressed by the conventional phrase "walking on eggs" bore but slight comparison or relation to the excess of caution which I used for the next few minutes.

After all, it is more a question of stomach than of sure-footedness, under circumstances such as ours were then. If one can avoid the deathly faintness apt to come with gazing down into "comparative eternity," there is no great difficulty in going anywhere on an ice slope which even so much as *looks* possible.

In perhaps five minutes more we reached the upper lip of the crevasse; and now our respective duties in ascending were practically reversed. I lay stretched out above, with my feet in the last pair of foot-holds, and paid the rope

out slowly as Pinggera slid and crawled down to the actual edge. He let his body slide as far over the edge as was compatible with still retaining control of his movements and a hold in the lowest pair of hand-holds, and felt in the air with his feet to see if he could reach the lower lip. Naturally he could not, for his body, hanging straight down, brought his feet within the outer edge of the crevasse, some inches above and perhaps a foot inside the lower lip. Looking over his shoulder, he marked the exact spot he must reach with his feet, and judged the amount of outward swing he must give to his body when he let go his hold upon the ice above. This determined, he called up to me, and I paid him out about four feet of loose rope, as much as I could afford if he were to miss his footing on the lower lip; for if he fell either inside or outside the crevasse he could do nothing to check the momentum of his body, and I wanted no such tug at my waist as that of a body dropping, say, fifteen feet or so without a check. I had had one experience of that kind about a week before, on another mountain, when, fortunately, I had a moment's notice before the strain came, and also was in a situation where I both could and most promptly did get a firm hold. But here even a moderate jerk on the rope would bring me up in my foot-holds past the perpendicular. If that happened, whether we both went inside the crevasse or outside would be a matter of absolutely no materiality.

Pinggera called to me that he was going to make his jump, steadied himself, glanced again over his shoulder, swung his feet, at the same time pushing his body out from the ice, and dropped. For just half a second he swayed and balanced himself on the top of the pinnacle, and then stood firm. There was a sense of definite relief in seeing that thus much, at least, was successfully accomplished. Again I paid him out rope,

and he crawled down to where I had formerly perched below the lower lip, going a little to one side, that if I should slip in my descent I might not strike him, and send us both rolling down the mountain. There, bracing himself as firmly as he could, with feet below and back against the mountain, he called to me that he was ready, and to come on. If I now fell, there were two possibilities: one of my going inside the crevasse, in which case the rope would lead from Pinggera on the outside over the edge to myself inside, and I could be hauled out. On the other hand, if I overshot the lip, I should half roll, half tumble, past him; and if he did not succeed in grabbing me as I went by, he could at least shorten up on the rope and check my momentum so that he could stop my fall. Following his procedure, I turned round, lowered myself along the ice to the lowest set of hand-holds, hung there for a moment, looked down over my shoulder, swung my feet steadily back, and dropped on the top of the ice pinnacle. My calculation had been accurate, and I found myself standing there in a half-crouching posture, but firmly and solidly.

Having had quite enough of the ridge, we abandoned it for the side face of the mountain which we had come up, and which was somewhat less steep. From here on the descent was easy, and, after a little, most of the slopes were in fact gradual.

Our extra delay at the top warned us that we must hurry, and, coming to a wide, gently sloping snow field, we started down it on a run. It was really the sloping face of a glacier covered with perhaps a foot or eighteen inches of snow (fallen during the nights of the past few weeks), and now lying in a smooth, unbroken field hanging across the small crevasses which from time to time broke the face of the glacier, their presence indicated only by slight waves or depressions in the surface. These were, nevertheless,

readily perceptible to even a partly experienced eye, and merely necessitated a jump of perhaps six or eight feet as we reached them successively. We raced along nearly parallel, but some distance apart, to keep the rope up off the snow.

It may have been, indeed probably was, exuberance of spirits, arising from the successful negotiation of the great crevasse, coupled with contempt for the relatively insignificant dangers of the lower snow fields and glaciers, or perhaps mere exultation in the safety now substituted for the former peril, which led to the trying of a foolhardy experiment on my part.

It seemed so unnecessary to go to the extra exertion of a jump every time the surface line of the snow waved a little, and it seemed so reasonable to suppose that the snow might bear over the crevasses, and the crevasses, if a crevasse underlay every depression in the snow, were so irritatingly numerous, and the jumps therefore so annoyingly frequent, that I determined to dispose definitely of all these questions at once.

Some gleam of reason remaining, I took the precaution of slackening my pace, thus dropping back a little, so that we were no longer running on parallel lines. This accomplished, instead of jumping at the next depression in the snow, — a wave of at most three inches, and perhaps five feet wide, — I stepped squarely into the middle of it. My doubts were all resolved. Every question involved was settled. To all intents and purposes, the snow offered no more resistance to my body than the air. In less than one second of actual time I was hanging under the snow at the end of six or seven feet of rope, with a wall of ice on each side, a round hole above my head where I had come through, and a soft, diffused green light all about which shaded off into darkness in the depths of the crevasse.

I had barely time to realize my surroundings, and absolutely no time to take

notice of any details, when I began coming up out of the crevasse with a rapidity which seemed to equal my descent. In fact, I was pulled and scraped up over the edge so fast that my best endeavors and all my attention were needed to protect my face and keep it away from the ice. In an instant my head was again above the snow, and there, about fifteen feet off, sat Pinggera hauling away on the rope with a resolute earnestness that was almost laughable. Once my shoulders were above the edge of the crevasse he stopped pulling, and I scrambled up, explaining to him breathlessly that I had wanted to make sure whether the snow would not bear, and save us the trouble of jumping.

Pinggera was a very silent man. It took either a direct question or absolute necessity to induce speech on his part. Indeed, Julius Payer, the Austrian explorer, has left on record that, after a fall of some six hundred feet in a miniature avalanche of detached snow, when he and Pinggera were on their way up a mountain in this same vicinity, some years before, Pinggera, after they found each other (the rope having broken, and they become separated in the fall), had shaken hands, laughed, tied the broken rope together, and started again up the mountain without speaking. This quality of silence I knew by experience, having not infrequently toiled up behind him for as much as two hours without a word being interchanged. I therefore neither expected nor received other reply to my explanation than a brief grunt and a resumption of the downward journey.

From that point on I tried no further experiments, and anything that could be taken as indicating the absence of under-supporting ice received the same treatment which would have been accorded to an open and undisguised fissure.

The remainder of the descent was without incident. In due time we reached the rocks and fields which led to the chapel of St. Gerdraut and the three

houses which constituted the alleged village of Sulden. At the curé's house, hot supper, the peaceful pipe, and a comfortable bed were full repayment for the day's adventures.

I think, however, that the Berg-Schrund left its effect, for I regarded the König Spitze, which it was proposed we should

ascend on the next day but one, and which, as a future enemy, I had carefully scrutinized a few days before from the adjacent Ortler, with a lurking suspicion that perhaps it might furnish, so far as I was concerned, the demonstration of the old proverb concerning the pitcher that goes often to the well.

Charles Stewart Davison.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

FAREWELL, my Youth! for now we needs must part,
For here the paths divide;
Here hand from hand must sever, heart from heart, —
Divergence deep and wide.

You'll wear no withered roses for my sake,
Though I go mourning for you all day long,
Finding no magic more in bower or brake,
No melody in song.

Gray Eld must travel in my company
To seal this severance more fast and sure.
A joyless fellowship, i' faith, 't will be,
Yet must we fare together, I and he,
Till I shall tread the footpath way no more.

But when a blackbird pipes among the boughs,
On some dim, iridescent day in spring,
Then I may dream you are remembering
Our ancient vows.

Or when some joy foregone, some fate forsworn,
Looks through the dark eyes of the violet,
I may re-cross the set, forbidden bourne,
I may forget
Our long, long parting for a little while,
Dream of the golden splendors of your smile,
Dream you remember yet.

Graham R. Tomson.

FROM THE REPORTS OF THE PLATO CLUB.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

DURING a recent winter, a company of from half a dozen to a dozen gentlemen met together once a week to read the Dialogues of Plato in English. Plato was chosen for many reasons, — his influence upon all subsequent thought, his distance from modern controversies, his grace of expression, his clearness, and his depth; the English text was used because a comprehensive view of the author's thought was desired rather than a minute knowledge of one or two pieces. At each meeting some member of the company read what he regarded as the most important passages of a Dialogue, and gave an account of the parts omitted; then there was a free discussion of whatever topics the reading suggested. In this way, not only all of Plato's writings except *The Laws*, but several volumes of Aristotle and the later Stoics were read in the course of six or seven months, though sometimes the discussion was cut short, in order that the evening might end with selections from a Greek drama. The conversation which followed the readings proved of so much interest to those who took part in it that, after the first two or three weeks, one of the company was asked to write a little account of what was said at each meeting, and read it at the next. The reports naturally took the form of the Dialogues discussed. A few of them are now published, with very little alteration beyond the substitution of pseudonyms for proper names, not for the sake of proving anything in particular, but in the hope that they may help to stimulate a healthy interest in the problems discussed.

THE PROTAGORAS. (November 28.)

When Red Cap had aroused Socrates, and got the indolent Hippias out of

bed, and followed with ordered tread the steps of the stately Protagoras, and then outraged the distinguished stranger's dignity by setting Socrates on him with his villainous questions about the One and the Many, he tried to atone for his lack of courtesy by saying: "It seems to me that Protagoras is a much more exact debater and much more logical than Socrates, though perhaps he is not so bold. There are several examples of very bad reasoning on the part of Socrates. But are the virtues really one? and can we be overcome by evil, knowing it to be evil? These are the questions I should like to have discussed."

The Dominie. "Do you doubt the fact? We find bright men becoming drunkards, though they know better, as they show by their regrets. How can such a question as that be a real, practical question for us?"

Red Cap. "But I do not think, really, that Plato has *proved* the point that we do evil when we know that it is evil."

The Timekeeper. "For my part, I have often done wrong knowing it to be wrong; but there is one very peculiar thing about it, — we don't think it is wrong when we are doing it, yet if any one else were to do it we should."

The Doctor. "The answer to Socrates' question depends upon what is meant by wrong, — wrong in itself, or productive of evil consequences. I should be willing to admit that no one does what he knows is going to lead to more pain than pleasure for himself, and I think that is what Socrates meant. As to what is wrong in itself, some people take a positive delight in it, it is so much less tiresome. A little 'devilment' gives a pleasant variety and spice to life."

The Parson. "Like the French lady

who had poured out a glass of water for herself, and was raising it to her lips, when she was suddenly struck by its limpid beauty, and cried, 'Oh, if it were only a sin to drink this, how I should enjoy it!' But in spite of this I have been convinced by my pastoral experience that cases of absolute vicious wrong are very rare; though, to be sure, some people have such erroneous ideas of the Atonement that they think they can attain a balance of pleasure by sinning, and adjusting the matter with the Deity afterwards."

Then the Prophet and the Deacon and the Visitor each added a little to the following: There can be no doubt that we often do wrong knowing that the punishment will be greater than the pleasure. But all the Greeks were trained to temperance and self-restraint by the most severe discipline, and even among the Greeks Socrates was recognized as a man of iron will. It would therefore be hard for him to realize the weakness out of which so much sin grows. Nevertheless, Shakespeare and Hawthorne and George Eliot could see it, and we too see it and feel it, for we sympathize with the Macbeths and Donnithorne and Dimmesdale. It may be that in some of these cases our sympathy is aroused by the really noble traits of character which the sinner possesses along with his meaner qualities; yet this is certainly not the case with Donnithorne. In him there is nothing noble. He is only a "good fellow," and there is often nothing good about a good fellow but good health and good nature.

Then Red Cap took hold of the scattered threads and began to weave them together: "The Timekeeper has said that when we do wrong we do not realize at the moment that it is wrong. But what is this moral weakness of which the last speakers have been talking? Is it not just this failure to *realize* the consequences of our acts at the time of acting, even though they be perfectly known to us? We often hear young ladies say,

'This is the most beautiful thing I ever saw!' Now it is not so; but when they are looking at it they forget the other beautiful things they have seen. If they could keep them vividly in mind they would not speak so, and if we could keep the consequences vividly in mind we should not act so; but other ideas, other emotions, fill momentarily all our consciousness and make us blind."

The Dominie. "There are some people who can recall visual images with all, or nearly all, the intensity of the first sensation. Your idea, if I understand you aright, is, that if we could only visualize the consequences of our acts and our remorse for sin in some such sensuous way we should be saved. But this is just the opposite of Plato's idea, for his saving knowledge was rational and non-sensuous."

The Professor. "It seems to me that the standpoint of such modern psychologists as Pflüger and Janet, with their views of multiple personality, might help us here. Each personality has command of but a portion of the whole field of consciousness; and so in hypnosis the field becomes limited to a few suggested ideas. Now, it seems to me that we live most of the time in a kind of ethical sleep, and only at very rare intervals attain to a full moral consciousness. Thus it is that we often do wrong knowingly."

The Dominie. "Then what are we to do? Is one personality tempted, and does another repent? And must we practice a kind of classical temperance, in order, if possible, to weed out the multiplex personality?"

The Professor. "I think that what you say is what I would have tried to say. In virtue one feels complete; he is at home in himself."

The Dominie. "Yes, it is wholeness, — holiness, in the good old Bible sense. When we are weak we fall apart, and the black horse of the Phædrus takes the bit in its mouth. It is a throwing out of function of the association fibres, —

the last to be developed; it is dissociation. And so in morality we say that we 'pull ourselves together.' Perhaps this expression has a real physiological justification. If so, is it not a question of fatigue? We cannot always be at our best, as Emerson tells us to be."

Then we roused ourselves, and some of us changed our seats; but we had not long to rest, for the Theologian hurried us off to the palestra to learn from Socrates how to talk to boys about such things as temperance and friendship. As we listened to Charmides and Lysis, we felt stealing over us a strange reverence for youth with its *naïveté* and enthusiasm, and a growing love for the old philosopher who could talk to boys with such genial banter and interest; he seemed so much finer-grained and nobler than when he was lost in admiration of Protagoras' eloquence, and had but one little question to ask. But when Socrates tried to explain the impossibility of the love of the good, in so far as good, for the bad, in so far as bad, and of the neither good nor bad, in so far as neither good nor bad, for the neither good nor bad, we could follow him no longer, and went home. How bright the Greek boys must have been!

THE GORGIAS. (December 5.)

The Parson read from the Gorgias; and when he had finished he wished to talk about rhetoric, for it did not seem to him that Socrates should have taken it for granted that every rhetorician was a Sophist. But the discussion was to take another turn, for some one asked, "What do you think, Parson, of Socrates' paradox, that a sinner punished is happier than a sinner unpunished, and that all evil doers would therefore seek punishment if they were only wise enough?"

The Parson. "It seems to me quite true; and many law-breakers have sought punishment. They have confessed their crimes, and submitted to imprisonment or even death, and have been happier for it."

The Dominie. "Do not all the cases of flagellation and conscience-money bear out this view? What is the psychological *motif* underlying all this?"

Red Cap. "I never shall believe that physical pain can take away the sting of conscience. It is the repentance of the confessing criminal, not the punishment, that gives him relief; and, as Victor Hugo shows in his beautiful story of Jean Valjean and the bishop, kindness may lead to this repentance, as well as punishment. It is through an illusion that the cessation of remorse and the advent of peace are attributed to the merit of the physical pain; for the relief comes only when the punishment is looked upon as deserved, and this already involves repentance."

The Deacon. "Would n't it help to explain the puzzle if we were to distinguish between two things? The escaped criminal confesses and takes his punishment, not because he wishes to suffer for his original crime, but because he wishes to avoid the additional wrong of defeating the ends of the law. And so with the man who pays conscience-money: he is trying, not to suffer for the wrong he has done, but to undo it. Is it not true, also, that the whole system of sacrifices, found among so many peoples, results from their effort to *avoid* personal punishment, though they know they deserve it, by satisfying the gods with the blood of a sheep?"

The Pilgrim. "Is not the Christian doctrine generally preached just a statement of how we are to avoid punishment for our sins? But according to what you say, we should all wish to go to hell."

The Parson said he should not like to go so far as that, and when we had ceased laughing the Pilgrim continued: "Martineau says this doctrine of remedial punishment is Pagan, not Christian ethics. I should like to know how that is; for I had supposed myself to be a Christian, but if Martineau is right I am afraid I am a Pagan."

Then some one appealed to the Doctor for a solution of Socrates' riddle; but he said that he should like to know first whether it were true that the wicked are miserable; for the Scripture says their cheeks hang down with fatness, and he thought the Scripture was right, and that the unjust and wicked could be happy.

The Theologian. "What do you mean by happiness?"

The Doctor. "I mean, to enjoy life and have a good time, and no pangs of conscience withal. What do you say?"

But the Theologian did not answer.

The Timekeeper said that when his baby felt guilty she demanded kisses from her mother; Hillbrook thought that our conceptions of guilt and the punishment it deserved depended largely upon paternal castigations in early life, though he would not deny that we had a real sense of guilt; and the Doctor asked whether these fatherly offices were not of great educational value, since physical pain inhibits disagreeable moods, and makes the surly child sweet and reasonable.

The Dominie. "That there is an innate sense of justice seems sure. We find ourselves getting into discord with the deeper notes of our being, and we call this conscience. We may not perhaps recognize that there is such a discord; yet it is there, and the sooner we find it out and try to overcome it, the better. It may result from a whole education at variance with the deeper law of our being, and it may show itself more in small things than in great. It is very likely that some persons are born with an abnormal twist towards evil, and that for them to do wrong does not involve this discord; but with the rest of us, when we do wrong, even if it be in secret, and if it leave no mark upon our body, do we not feel that we have got off the track, and that we must get on again, that there must be some atonement or at-one-ment, — I am not using the word in any theological sense; and

do we not wish to endure some self-imposed penalty to aid us in this atonement?"

THE SOPHIST. (December 12.)

When the scribe arrived, this evening, the Timekeeper was already reading from the Sophist. When he had finished, the Dominie said: "I see you must have a very valuable discussion in mind for us, since you have made the reading so short. What questions have you to suggest?"

The Timekeeper. "Well, it is hard for us to separate ourselves from our profession; so I should like to have a little talk about methods of teaching. Let us make a study of Socrates' method of questioning, — he succeeded so well in showing his hearers that they knew nothing; and till you can teach a pupil this you can teach him nothing else."

The Dominie. "Can we find any resemblance between Socrates' method and Descartes's way of doubting everything? Or shall we say that it bears an analogy to the theological way of starting with the conviction of sin, the conviction that all one's righteousness is as filthy rags? To be sure, Descartes's doubt was more universal than Socrates', and he slapped his own face, not other people's; so perhaps they were not the same. But in this country, particularly, where there is so much cocksureness and precociousness, resulting more or less from our political institutions, is not this Socratic way of taking the conceit out of a young man a good thing? Of course there is a kind of skepticism that makes a man conceited, — he can doubt so many things the vulgar herd never thought of doubting; but then there is another kind, — the kind the young man has when he says to himself, 'I thought I knew everything, but, hang it all, I don't, I really don't.' It is this consciousness of ignorance that may perhaps be compared to the conviction of sin."

The Prophet. "What do you think of

a professor of philosophy plunging his pupils into doubt in order that they may afterwards have a firmer faith? I know of a college where this is done, and the men are noted for the horrible, blood-curdling stories they tell of the terrible doubts, the throes of skepticism, they have suffered. But apparently they are all pulled safely through the deep waters before they leave college. Is not this rush through the various phases of thought just a little too rapid to do much good or to be very healthful?"

The Theologian. "Does not this cold skeptical plunge sometimes lead to a real collapse?"

The Dominie. "Yes, I have seen some very sad cases indeed,—one or two almost too sad to speak about. But in such cases the doubt was not merely philosophical, and the minds were more or less morbid. A healthy mind cannot be led to such despair by suggested doubt; the instincts of action and belief are too strong. But this humbling of the young man's conceit is a different thing. Let him go on talking till you can prove to him that he does not know what he is talking about. Theologian, suppose you try it on us here some time, and see what comes of it?"

The Visitor. "Is there not an immense amount of so-called Socratic method which is not Socratic at all? Can we blame Socrates for all the crimes committed in his name?"

The Dominie. "You are quite right. This pseudo-Socratic method generally takes one of two forms. First, there is the bulldozing teacher, who stops thought rather than quickens it; and the pupil acquiesces too readily—his only problem is one in mind-reading—to find out what the teacher wants said. Then there is the other form,—questioning for an answer. The teacher will go all around Robin Hood's barn to get just the answer he wants; and when some pupil happens to hit upon it, in spite of his clumsy, blind questioning, he will turn

to you and say, 'See what the method will do!'"

Red Cap. "I have seen some schools in this country where a child can't take up its pencil without waiting for a bell to ring. If I had any children, I should rather send them to the woods than to such schools!"

The Dominie. "Some time ago an effort was made to tabulate the *ignorance* of Boston schoolchildren. They were asked where their noses, chins, ribs, thighs, hips, were; and how many of them had ever seen growing corn or wheat, or cows. When they were asked the size of a cow, they gave all sorts of answers; but if you put them all together, you find the average size to be actually smaller than one's thumb-nail! Yet most of the stories in the school-books had to do with the country. What can a child understand about milking and milkmaids, and cows with crumpled horns, who thinks a cow is the size of its finger-nail? Yet it is exactly so in philosophy. Metaphysics is taught by those for whom it is a mere abstraction, who cannot see the body of which it is the soul."

The Deacon. "Perhaps, if philosophy does so much harm, it would be better not to teach it in college at all."

The Dominie. "I should not like to say that, though to be sure there *is* danger of pulling the milk tooth too soon, or perhaps it may turn out not to have been a milk tooth, after all. It is easy to pull down; but to build up, and give one's pupils something they can cling to and live by, is very hard. There are different kinds of doubt. Among certain classes it is the fashion to have no strong convictions or deep interests. (This is not so common in some of our colleges as it used to be. Perhaps the modern athletic spirit may have helped it away.) There is another class of people who affect positive disbelief. Where this is genuine, they have generally been bitten; the old creed has proved a broken

reed, and they throw it off with violence. There is a third class, who really hold opinions and live by them, and then they are all of a sudden convinced, by their teacher or some one else, that they are wrong; and the problem works riot with some of them. There is a state of very great mental ferment; there is a tremendous task to be performed, and some minds break down under it."

The Prophet. "Do you not think it is safest to begin the teaching of philosophy with psychology, and to leave out the metaphysics? Is there not danger in getting into Berkeley too soon?"

The Dominie. "I should think that to plunge a class into Berkeley or Hume would be about the worst beginning; but surely no harm can be done by showing them experiments in psychology. There is no danger of making any one subjective by it, and no one could object to such practical things. Why not throw all the textbooks to the wind, and stand your class up in a row and make them 'pass on' a touch? From this experiment in reaction time you can get into psychology. If you have a class in ethics, why not begin with hygiene? This will introduce the general subject of body-keeping and its relation to ethics, then the general relations of mind and body, then conscience-cases; and the whole field is open. I once had a Sunday-school class in the penitentiary. There were six murderers in it! I began by teaching the Bible, but it would not do. They would say right out, 'I don't believe that damned stuff;' and if they did not believe it, it was so much the worse for the Bible. When I found the whole class was going to pieces, I tried a new tack: I told the men I was interested in medicine, and asked them how they kept well there in the prison. I got right down where they lived, and when they saw I was really interested in them I heard some experiences! It is a great thing to begin with the boys where they live. Show them the moral

aspect of athletic training. Then the *ancient philosophy* is good. It has a completeness about it which the modern lacks. Of course Plato has his limitations, but they can be pointed out sympathetically. I do *not* believe in starting with these modern teachers, Hegel and Kant, or Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. This is a bad beginning. What young men need is a person or a cause to admire. They must have faith, and faith is courage, and courage is the great thing. It is that which tells in even a bit of literary work: plunge right into it, however difficult it may seem, and keep up your heart; *do* something, and teach the young man to do something. A young man must be either an enthusiast, or self-indulgent, or dead."

When the clock struck, the Dominie was still speaking about the possibility of treating every author sympathetically, so as to leave a positive rather than a negative impression on the mind of the pupil, and not only make him a logical machine, but give him some real "sweetness and light" to live by. We would gladly have listened to him longer; but the Timekeeper was inexorable, so we adjourned.

THE EUTHYPHRO. (December 19.)

The Pilgrim read from the Euthyphro. You all remember the story. Socrates is sauntering about near the court where his fatal trial is soon to take place, and he stumbles across the young priest Euthyphro hastening to the court to prosecute his own father for the murder of a slave. Socrates stops him, and when he learns his business tries to get from him a definition of piety; for it is in the name of this virtue that the young man is proceeding. But he can give no definition that withstands Socrates' criticism, and at last finds it necessary to attend to business elsewhere.

The Pilgrim. "The Socratic irony seems to go very well here; but still Plato is driving after scientific ethics,

and he worries poor Euthyphro for a definition of piety; yet he does not appear to know any more about it than Euthyphro. It is like our own craze for scientific ethics. But plenty of people who have no scientific ethics are doing lots of good in the world, and they know in a general way what they mean by piety. It may be largely feeling, but at any rate it leads to good actions, while the craze for scientific ethics often paralyzes action. When Plato proves, in the *Meno*, that knowledge is remembrance, from the fact that the slave knows that the square on a given base is four times as large as the square on half the base, he forgets that the boy had been learning geometry all his life; and the people nowadays seem to think that both church and press have failed, and so they want to put scientific ethics into the schools."

The Dominie. "Then you perhaps agree with Adler and Lavissee, who would teach ethics all by example, by fairy tales and Bible stories; but do you think Socrates would have agreed with you?"

The Pilgrim. "Probably not; for he leaves no room for the influence of the feelings,—he wants to get it all out and skin it and stuff it. Euthyphro was a good example of what the popular religion of feeling can do. There are some people to-day who can't stand scientific ethics; and it was a good healthy kick that the Athenians made against Socrates. From their point of view something was going wrong. All felt it, and all knew that quibbling did not help matters. Socrates thought the remedy was to be found in knowledge, and he was wrong. True, he lived the life; yet he did not say 'I am the way,' but 'I do not know the way.' He failed to put his side plainly, and so they failed to see how to dovetail life and theory. There is something similar to-day in the study of comparative religions, which makes men disinclined to active missionary work. Socrates was undermining

the Athenians' religion, and it would have been a good thing if they could have got him and all the other Sophists out of the way."

The Parson. "Was it not a high stand that Euthyphro took?"

The Pilgrim. "He thought he had oceans of piety, and he did not know anything about it."

The Parson. "I think he was the real hero; and it was a grand opportunity for Socrates to take the ground of humanity. To-day I would not speak to a young man as Socrates did, for the young man would be taking a grand stand. It strikes me it is quite noble."

The Visitor. "Euthyphro seems to me to be straining for effect, palming himself off as possessing a virtue which he really has not. I can't but feel that it smacked a little of insincerity."

The Pilgrim. "I have seen men just like him."

Red Cap. "He was like a man who has been taught ethics by rules; coldly he followed them in their crudity, without allowing his moral sense to guide his application of them."

The Parson's praise of Euthyphro had been so warm that it had carried our minds away from the case in hand to the general principle he defended so well. But now the Theologian called us back, and reviewed the facts. The slave had been guilty of murder, and Euthyphro's father, naturally indignant, had caught and bound him and thrown him into a ditch, while he went to find a magistrate. Before he could return, the slave had died of exposure. His death was therefore quite unintended; it was not a case of murder at all; and Euthyphro was a contemptible Pharisee.

The Pilgrim. "No, he was not. There are plenty more like him to-day, brought up in orthodox churches as Euthyphro had been, and trying like him to do what is right, though they have lost the feeling that should guide them.

Does not Plato want to contrast real genuine piety, which tries to make others happier, with a blind conformity to rules?"

The Dominie. "Is not Euthyphro a man who makes a virtue of insisting upon the dictates of a rather unenlightened conscience, — one of those people who make their conscience an excuse for mere crankiness and stubbornness? and do not these men need a Socrates to educate their conscience?"

The Pilgrim. "If you call a perverted conscience an educated conscience, yes. It is not wise to argue the question with such people. The best way to treat them is to leave them alone, and let the light come to them from within. Discussion only makes them worse."

Then the Parson returned to the rescue of Euthyphro, and pictured the scene as it might well be conceived: the cruel, passionate father; the defenseless slave; and Euthyphro, trembling with conflicting emotions, yet hastening to see justice done for the poor wretch who had met such an end after a life of toil and misery. He was obeying the voice of duty, which called him to protect the oppressed. But in spite of the Parson's generous defense of Euthyphro, and of the Timekeeper's warning not to be carried too far by our prepossession in Socrates' favor, most of us still inclined to cast our beans against the exponent of piety and the rights of humanity.

The Dominie. "The broader question involved in the Euthyphro grows out of the conflict between institutional and natural morality, — the conflict that is seen in the story of Jephthah's daughter, in the story of Iphigenia, and in Christ's discussions with the Pharisees about the Sabbath. Literature is full of it. It is this conflict that causes so much moral difficulty, and it was to regulate it that the Roman Catholic Church made its books of casuistry and its hierarchy of virtues."

Then the Pilgrim led us back to the

practical field by asking how virtue was to be taught in the public schools. If we leave out scientific ethics, shall we teach morality by history or by literature? The Timekeeper thought an example should be found for children among their own companions rather than in the musty pages of school readers; the Deacon suggested that Bible stories, now that we are beginning to understand their real significance, should be given a large place, for if the Hebrews can teach us anything it is righteousness; and the Pilgrim thought the miraculous element of the Bible gave it a great power. Even the impossible miracles in such books as Ryan's *Star Dollars* are good, for they give the emotions plenty of play, and children like to be humbugged. "Why, dear me," he said, "I suppose that every bachelor here expects to marry a pretty wife, but most of us won't; and if *we* cling to such romantic imaginings, how about children?"

THE THEÆTETUS. (January 9.)

This evening it was the Deacon's turn to read, and his selections were from the *Theætetus*. When he had spent an hour on Plato's struggle with the problem of knowledge, he tried to get the company to devote the rest of the evening to some of his own questions on the subject; so he jumbled up a great many of them, and asked them all at once. What he wanted to say was perhaps something like this: —

"Our question is, What is knowledge, and what does it imply? The most natural answer is, that we know when our thought copies things. But then physics teaches that things are not at all like our mental pictures of them. We see red and blue, not the long and short vibrations that are really in the object. Not a single sense, perhaps, gives a true image of reality. So how can we say that to know is to copy things in thought?"

"If we say that to know is to have

ideas, not copying, but corresponding with things, what do we mean by this correspondence? There is a sense in which every thought corresponds with the thing that caused it; but some of these caused thoughts are supposed to be true, and others false. Is the true thought the one that corresponds with its object, not in the sense that it actually *is* caused by that object, but in the sense that it *ought* to be caused by it, so that the true idea of a thing is the idea we ought to have of it? But, granting that the true idea is the idea we ought to have, is the fact that we ought to have it the essence of its truth, or only a consequence of it? Further, if truth or knowledge means the thought we ought to have about reality, what is to become of the idea of obligation or design implied by the word 'ought'?

"Shall we try another line of thought, and define truth as the idea of reality possessed by a normal mind? Very good; but what do we mean by a normal mind? The Divine Mind, as Green and Royce maintain, or the average mind, or the mind as it ought to be? Is not the existence of a Divine Thinker a tremendous inference to draw from the belief in a truth? To make the average mind or the majority of minds a measure of all things, to make truth by popular vote, is absurd; for we try to *find* the truth, not to make it. To define knowledge as the notion of reality possessed by a mind constituted as it ought to be constituted is to introduce again the conceptions of *worth* and all that they imply. Evolution cannot aid us. For if we say the true conception is the one that survives, the one that will be held in the future, have we not taken it for granted that that which will survive is that which ought to survive, or is fitted to survive; and it is fitted to survive because — it is true?

"Possibly some light may be thrown on this question, what is truth? if we try to answer two simpler questions:

first, what is our criterion of particular truths? — that is, what do we believe, — and second, what is belief?

"Professor James says that, of two equally possible hypotheses, we accept that which is most interesting and which best satisfies the needs of the heart; and writers as much opposed to each other as David Hume and John Henry Newman give the same emphasis to the influence of vivid conceptions and strong emotions on belief. I once heard a professor of philosophy say that to read In Memoriam to a skeptic would do infinitely more towards giving him religious convictions than all the metaphysical arguments he could be made to listen to. Is not Lotze right when he maintains that the strong ethical and aesthetic conviction that something is good and *worthy* to be, that it *ought* to be, is often the strongest proof that it is? Is emotional value, then, the ultimate test of truth, or at any rate one ultimate test?

"But what is belief? Hume defines it as vivid conception, and Professor Bain says, I think, that it is vivid conception due to indissoluble association and *leading to action*. It is this connection between belief and action that I want you to tell me about. Is the action the result of the belief, or the belief of the action, or are they both the mental aspect of the same physiological facts? What is the motor activity involved in belief? We certainly do know that men of action are men of conviction, and that idlers are often without convictions. Descartes did his thinking in bed, and Hume tells us that he was a skeptic in his study only, not when playing backgammon or making merry with his friends.

"There seems also to be a connection between truth and morality. You remember that in this very dialogue Plato makes bad men hate the truth, but adds that if they hear it and think about it, it makes them strangely discontented with themselves. Moreover, those who have lived the best lives, who have best

acted, seem to have had the strongest convictions about transcendental things. Socrates tried again and again to prove the resurrection for the comfort of his friends, and when he failed he fell back with unabated confidence on the myth; and Christ was so sure of it that proof seemed unnecessary. 'If it were not so, I would have told you.' Must there not be a 'faith that comes of self-control'? But what is this strange connection between conviction and action, between the true and the good and the beautiful? What is truth?"

The Parson. "'The greatest thing in the world' is truth, and truth is moral truth."

The Pilgrim. "Truth is what we can tie to in practical life. When the flatboats float down the Mississippi, they always tie up at night to a snubbing-post, and the crew go to sleep. If the night is too dark to see the post, they can still feel that it is there. If what they have tied to begins to give way in the dark, it is not the post. Truth is the snubbing-post that we can tie up to."

The Parson. "And go to sleep by."

The Timekeeper. "Truth is the experience of the age. But the trouble about it is that every once in a while somebody

comes along and shows that the age is wrong."

The Prophet. "Truth and reality are synonymous, and both are incapable of definition. The more healthy a man is, the more truth he gets; and it is not necessary to ask what the feeling is by which we recognize it."

The Deacon had ventured to suggest that truth might be defined as that which is in accordance with the deepest impulses of our whole nature, and the belief in which leads to the best life; but Red Cap objected to this definition on the ground that it assumed that human nature is uniform, and Hillbrook on the ground that ethical and æsthetic feelings are often a matter of habit.

The Dominie. "We have outgrown the days when truth was defined in a single sentence. The definition must depend upon the kind of truth that is meant. As to what we believe, the first step in the grammar of assent is where our nature goes out in an immediate feeling: 'That is beautiful,' or 'That is true.' When we have this feeling, and it is reinforced by that of others and forms a good basis of action, I do not see how we can get back of it in regard to ultimate truth."

Herbert Austin Atkins.

TANTE CAT'RINETTE.

It happened just as every one had predicted. Tante Cat'rinette was beside herself with rage and indignation when she learned that the town authorities had for some reason condemned her house, and intended to demolish it.

"Dat house w'at Vieumaite gi' me his own se'f, out his own mout', w'en he gi' me my freedom! All wrote down en règle befo' de cote! Bon Dieu Seigneur, w'at dey talkin' 'bout!"

Tante Cat'rinette stood in the door-

way of her home, resting a gaunt black hand against the jamb. In the other hand she held her corn-cob pipe. She was a tall, large-boned woman of a pronounced Congo type. The house in question had been substantial enough in its time. It contained four rooms: the lower two of brick, the upper ones of adobe. A dilapidated gallery projected from the upper story and slanted over the narrow banquette, to the peril of passers-by.

"I don't think I ever heard why the property was given to you in the first place, Tante Cat'rinette," observed Lawyer Paxton, who had stopped in passing, as so many others did, to talk the matter over with the old negress. The affair was attracting some attention in town, and its development was being watched with a good deal of interest. Tante Cat'rinette asked nothing better than to satisfy the lawyer's curiosity.

"Vieumaite all time say Cat'rinette wort' gole to 'im; de way I make dem nigga walk chalk. But," she continued, with recovered seriousness, "w'en I nuss 'is li'le gal w'at all de doctor 'low it 's goin' die, an' I make it well, me, den Vieumaite, he can't do 'nough, him. He name' dat li'le gal Cat'rine fo' me. Das Miss Kitty w'at marry Miché Raymond yon' by Gran' Eco'. Den he gi' me my freedom: he got plenty slave', him; one don' count in his pocket. An' he gi' me dat house w'at I 'm stan'in' in de do'; he got plenty house' an' lan', him. Now dey want pay me t'ousan' dolla', w'at I don' axen' fo', an' tu'n me out dat house! I waitin' fo' 'em, Miché Paxtone," and a wicked gleam shot into the woman's small, dusky eyes. "I got my axe grine fine. Fus' man w'at touch Cat'rinette fo' tu'n her out dat house, he git 'is head bus' like I bus' a gode.

"Dat's nice day, ainty, Miché Paxtone? Fine wedda fo' dry my close." Upon the gallery above hung an array of shirts, which gleamed white in the sunshine, and flapped in the rippling breeze.

The spectacle of Tante Cat'rinette defying the authorities was one which offered much diversion to the children of the neighborhood. They played numberless pranks at her expense; daily serving upon her fictitious notices purporting to be to the last degree official. One youngster, in a moment of inspiration, composed a couplet, which they recited, sang, shouted, at all hours, beneath her windows.

"Tante Cat'rinette, she go in town;
W'en she come back, her house pull' down."

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So ran the production. She heard it many times during the day, but, far from offending her, she accepted it as a warning, — a prediction as it were, — and she took heed not to offer to fate the conditions for its fulfillment. She no longer quitted her house even for a moment, so great was her fear and so firm her belief that the town authorities were lying in wait to possess themselves of it. She would not cross the street to visit a neighbor. She waylaid passers-by and pressed them into service to do her errands and small shopping. She grew distrustful and suspicious, ever on the alert to scent a plot in the most innocent endeavor to induce her to leave the house.

One morning, as Tante Cat'rinette was hanging out her latest batch of washing, Eusèbe, a "free mulatto" from Red River, stopped his pony beneath her gallery.

"Hé, Tante Cat'rinette!" he called up to her.

She turned to the railing just as she was, in her bare arms and neck that gleamed ebony-like against the unbleached cotton of her chemise. A coarse skirt was fastened about her waist, and a string of many-colored beads knotted around her throat. She held her smoking pipe between her yellow teeth.

"How you all come on, Miché Eusèbe?" she questioned pleasantly.

"We all middlin', Tante Cat'rinette. But Miss Kitty, she putty bad off out yon'a. I see Mista Raymond dis mo'n-in' w'en I pass by his house; he say look like de feva don' wan' to quit 'er. She been axen' fo' you all t'rough de night. He 'low he reckon I betta tell you. Nice wedda we got fo' plantin', Tante Cat'rinette."

"Nice wedda fo' lies, Miché Eusèbe," and she spat contemptuously down upon the banquette. She turned away without noticing the man further, and proceeded to hang one of Lawyer Paxton's fine linen shirts upon the line.

"She been axen' fo' you all t'rough de night."

Somehow Tante Cat'rinette could not get that refrain out of her head. She would not willingly believe that Eusèbe had spoken the truth, but — "She been axen' fo' you all t'rough de night — all t'rough de night." The words kept ringing in her ears, as she came and went about her daily tasks. But by degrees she dismissed Eusèbe and his message from her mind. It was Miss Kitty's voice that she could hear in fancy following her, calling out through the night, "W'ere Tante Cat'rinette? W'y Tante Cat'rinette don' come? W'y she don' come — w'y she don' come?"

All day the woman muttered and mumbled to herself in her creole patois; invoking council of "Vieumaite," as she always did in her troubles. Tante Cat'rinette's religion was peculiarly her own: she turned to Heaven with her grievances, it is true, but she felt there was no one in paradise with whom she was quite so well acquainted as with "Vieumaite."

Late in the afternoon she went and stood on her doorstep, and looked uneasily and anxiously out upon the almost deserted street. When a little girl came walking by, — a sweet child with a frank and innocent face, upon whose word she knew she could rely, — Tante Cat'rinette invited her to enter.

"Come yere see Tante Cat'rinette, Lolo. It's long time you ent come see Tante Cat'rine; you gittin' proud." She made the little one sit down, and offered her a couple of cookies, which the child accepted with pretty avidity.

"You putty good li'le gal, you, Lolo. You keep on go confession all de time?"

"Oh yes. I'm goin' make my firs' communion firs' of May, Tante Cat'rinette." A dog-eared catechism was sticking out of Lolo's apron pocket.

"Das right; be good li'le gal. Mine yo' maman ev't'ing she say; an' neva tell no story. It's nuttin' bad in dis worl' like tellin' lies. You know Eusèbe?"

"Eusèbe?"

"Yas; dat li'le ole Red River free m'latta. Uh, uh! dat one man w'at kin tell lies, yas! He come tell me Miss Kitty down sick yon'a. You ev' yeard such big story like dat, Lolo?"

The child looked a little bewildered, but she answered promptly, "'T ain't no story, Tante Cat'rinette. I yeard papa sayin', dinner time, Mr. Raymond sen' fo' Dr. Chalon. An' Dr. Chalon says he ain't got time to go yonda. An' papa says it's because Dr. Chalon on'y want to go w'ere it's rich people; an' he's 'fraid Mista Raymond ain' goin' pay 'im."

Tante Cat'rinette admired the little girl's pretty gingham dress, and asked her who had ironed it. She stroked her brown curls, and talked of all manner of things quite foreign to the subject of Eusèbe and his wicked propensity for telling lies.

She was not restless as she had been during the early part of the day, and she no longer mumbled and muttered as she had been doing over her work. At night she lighted her coal-oil lamp, and placed it near a window where its light could be seen from the street through the half-closed shutters. Then she sat herself down, erect and motionless, in a chair.

When it was near upon midnight, Tante Cat'rinette arose, and looked cautiously, very cautiously, out of the door. Her house lay in the line of deep shadow that extended along the street. The other side was bathed in the pale light of the declining moon. The night was agreeably mild, profoundly still, but pregnant with the subtle quivering life of early spring. The earth seemed asleep and breathing, — a scent-laden breath that blew in soft puffs against Tante Cat'rinette's face as she emerged from the house. She closed and locked her door noiselessly; then she crept slowly away, treading softly, stealthily as a cat, in the deep shadow.

There were but few people abroad at that hour. Once she ran upon a gay

party of ladies and gentlemen who had been spending the evening over cards and anisette. They did not notice Tante Cat'rinette almost effacing herself against the black wall of the cathedral. She breathed freely and ventured from her retreat only when they had disappeared from view. Once a man saw her quite plainly, as she darted across a narrow strip of moonlight. But Tante Cat'rinette need not have gasped with fright as she did. He was too drunk to know if she were a thing of flesh, or only one of the fantastic, maddening shadows that the moon was casting across his path to bewilder him. When she reached the outskirts of the town, and had to cross the broad piece of open country which stretched out toward the pine wood, an almost paralyzing terror came over her. But she crouched low, and hurried through the marsh and weeds, avoiding the open road. She could have been mistaken for one of the beasts browsing there where she passed.

But once in the Grand Ecure road that lay through the pine wood, she felt secure and free to move as she pleased. Tante Cat'rinette straightened herself, stiffened herself in fact, and unconsciously assuming the attitude of the professional sprinter, she sped rapidly beneath the Gothic interlacing branches of the pines. She talked constantly to herself as she went, and to the animate and inanimate objects around her. But her speech, far from intelligent, was hardly intelligible.

She addressed herself to the moon, which she apostrophized as an impertinent busybody spying upon her actions. She pictured all manner of troublesome animals, snakes, rabbits, frogs, pursuing her, but she defied them to catch Cat'rinette, who was hurrying toward Miss Kitty. "Pa capab trapé Cat'rinette, vousot ; mo pé couri vite coté Miss Kitty." She called up to a mocking-bird warbling upon a lofty limb of a pine-tree, asking why it cried out so, and

threatening to secure it and put it into a cage. "Ça to pé crié comme ça, ti célera ? Arete, mo trapé zozos la, mo mété li dan ain bon lacage." Indeed, Tante Cat'rinette seemed on very familiar terms with the night, with the forest, and with all the flying, creeping, crawling things that inhabit it. At the speed with which she traveled she had soon covered the few miles of wooded road, and before long had reached her destination.

The sleeping-room of Miss Kitty opened upon the long outside gallery, as did all the rooms of the unpretentious frame house which was her home. The place could hardly be called a plantation ; it was too small for that. Nevertheless Raymond was trying to plant ; trying to teach school between times, in the end room ; and sometimes, when he found himself in a tight place, trying to clerk for Mr. Jacobs over in Campte, across Red River.

Tante Cat'rinette mounted the creaking steps, crossed the gallery, and entered Miss Kitty's room as though she were returning to it after a few moments' absence. There was a lamp burning dimly upon the high mantelpiece. Raymond had evidently not been to bed ; he was in shirt sleeves, rocking the baby's cradle. It was the same mahogany cradle which had held Miss Kitty thirty-five years before, when Tante Cat'rinette had rocked it. The cradle had been bought then to match the bed, — that big, beautiful bed on which Miss Kitty lay now in a restless half slumber. There was a fine French clock on the mantel, still telling the hours as it had told them years ago. But there were no carpets or rugs on the floors. There was no servant in the house.

Raymond uttered an exclamation of amazement when he saw Tante Cat'rinette enter.

"How you do, Miché Raymond ?" she said quietly. "I yeard Miss Kitty been sick ; Eusèbe tell me dat dis mo'nin'."

She moved toward the bed as lightly as though shod with velvet, and seated herself there. Miss Kitty's hand lay outside the coverlid ; a shapely hand, which her few days of illness and rest had not yet softened. The negress laid her own black hand upon it. At the touch Miss Kitty instinctively turned her palm upward.

"It's Tante Cat'rinette!" she exclaimed, with a note of satisfaction in her feeble voice. "W'en did you come, Tante Cat'rinette? They all said you would n' come."

"I'm goin' come ev'y night, cher cœur, ev'y night tell you be well. Tante Cat'rinette can't come daytime no mo'."

"Raymond tole me about it. They doin' you mighty mean in town, Tante Cat'rinette."

"Nev' mine, ti chou; I know how take care dat w'at Vieumaite gi' me. You go sleep now. Cat'rinette goin' set yere an' mine you. She goin' make you well like she all time do. We don' wan' no célera doctor. We drive 'em out wid a stick, dey come roun' yere."

Miss Kitty was soon sleeping more restfully than she had done since her illness began. Raymond had finally succeeded in quieting the baby, and he tiptoed into the adjoining room, where the other children lay, to snatch a few hours of much-needed rest for himself. Cat'rinette sat faithfully beside her charge, administering at intervals to the sick woman's wants.

But the thought of regaining her home before daybreak, and of the urgent necessity for doing so, did not leave Tante Cat'rinette's mind in an instant.

In the profound darkness, the deep stillness of the night that comes before dawn, she was walking again through the woods, on her way back to town.

The mocking-birds were asleep, and so were the frogs and the snakes; and the moon was gone, and so was the breeze. She walked now in utter silence but for the heavy guttural breathing

that accompanied her rapid footsteps. She walked with a desperate determination along the road, every foot of which was familiar to her.

When she at last emerged from the woods, the earth about her was faintly, very faintly, beginning to reveal itself in the tremulous, gray, uncertain light of approaching day. She staggered and plunged onward with beating pulses quickened by fear.

A sudden turn, and Tante Cat'rinette stood facing the river. She stopped abruptly, as if at command of some unseen power that forced her. For an instant she pressed a black hand against her tired, burning eyes, and stared fixedly ahead of her.

Tante Cat'rinette had always believed that paradise was up there overhead where the sun and stars and moon are, and that "Vieumaite" inhabited that region of splendor. She never for a moment doubted this. It would be difficult, perhaps unsatisfying, to explain why Tante Cat'rinette, on that particular morning, when a vision of the rising day broke suddenly upon her, should have believed that she stood in face of a heavenly revelation. But why not, after all? Since she talked so familiarly herself to the unseen, why should it not respond to her when the time came?

Across the narrow, quivering line of water, the delicate budding branches of young trees were limned black against the gold, red, orange, — what word is there to tell the color of that morning sky! And steeped in the splendor of it hung one pale star; there was not another in the whole heaven.

Tante Cat'rinette stood with her eyes fixed intently upon that star, which held her like a hypnotic spell. She stammered breathlessly: —

"Mo pé conté vou, Vieumaite. Cat'rinette pé couté." (I am listening, Vieumaite. Cat'rinette hears you.)

She stayed there motionless upon the brink of the river till the star melted

into the brightness of the day and became part of it.

When Tante Cat'rinette entered Miss Kitty's room for the second time, the aspect of things had changed somewhat. Miss Kitty was with difficulty holding the baby while Raymond mixed a saucer of food for the little one. Their oldest daughter, a child of twelve, had come into the room with an apronful of chips from the woodpile, and was striving to start a fire on the hearth, to make the morning coffee. The room seemed bare and almost squalid in the daylight.

"Well, yere Tante Cat'rinette come back," she said, quietly announcing herself.

They could not well understand why she was back; but it was good to have her there, and they did not question.

She took the baby from its mother, and, seating herself, began to feed it from the saucer which Raymond placed beside her on a chair.

"Yas," she said, "Cat'rinette goin' stay; dis time she ent nev' goin' 'way no mo'."

Husband and wife looked at each other with surprised, questioning eyes.

"Miché Raymond," remarked the woman, turning her head up to him with a certain comical shrewdness in her glance, "if somebody want len' you t'ousan' dolla', w'at you goin' say? Even if it's ole nigga 'oman?"

The man's face flushed with sudden emotion. "I would say that person was our bes' frien', Tante Cat'rinette. An'," he added, with a smile, "I would give her a mortgage on the place, of co'se, to secu' her f'om loss."

"Das right," agreed the woman practically. "Den Cat'rinette goin' len' you t'ousan' dolla'. Dat w'at Vieumaite give her, dat b'long to her; don' b'long to nobody else. An' we go yon'a to town, Miché Raymond, you an' me. You care me befo' Miché Paxtone. I want 'im fo' put down in writin' befo' de cote dat w'at Cat'rinette got, it fo' Miss Kitty w'en I be dead."

Miss Kitty was crying softly in the depths of her pillow.

"I ent got no head fo' all dat, me," laughed Tante Cat'rinette good humoredly as she held a spoonful of pap up to the baby's eager lips. "It's Vieumaite tell me all dat clair an' plain dis mo'nin', w'en I comin' 'long de Gran' Eco' road."

Kate Chopin.

A MORNING AT THE OLD SUGAR MILL.¹

ON the third or fourth day of my sojourn at the Live Oak Inn, the lady of the house, noticing my peripatetic hab-

its, I suppose, asked whether I had been to the old sugar mill. The ruin is mentioned in the guidebooks as one of the

¹ I have called the ruin here spoken of a "sugar mill" for no better reason than because that is the name commonly applied to it by the residents of the town. When this sketch was written, I had never heard of a theory since broached in some of our Northern newspapers, — I know not by whom, — that the edifice in question was built as a chapel, perhaps by Columbus himself! I should be glad to believe it, and can only add my hope that he will be shown to have built also the so-called sugar

mill a few miles north of New Smyrna, in the Dunlawton hammock behind Port Orange. In that, to be sure, there is still much old machinery, but perhaps its presence would prove no insuperable objection to a theory so pleasing. In matters of this kind, much depends upon subjective considerations; in one sense, at least, "all things are possible to him that believeth." For my own part, I profess no opinion. I am neither an archaeologist nor an ecclesiastic, and speak simply as a chance observer.

historic features of the ancient settlement of New Smyrna, but I had forgotten the fact, and was thankful to receive a description of the place, as well as of the road thither, — a rather blind road, my informant said, with no houses at which to inquire the way.

Two or three mornings afterward, I set out in the direction indicated. If the route proved to be half as vague as my good lady's account of it had sounded, I should probably never find the mill; but the walk would be pleasant, and that, after all, was the principal consideration, especially to a man who just then cared more, or thought he did, for a new bird or a new song than for an indefinite number of eighteenth-century relics.

For the first half mile the road follows one of the old Turnbull canals dug through the coquina stone which underlies the soil hereabout; then, after crossing the railway, it strikes to the left through a piece of truly magnificent wood, known as the cottonshed hammock, because, during the war, cotton was stored here in readiness for the blockade runners of Mosquito Inlet. Better than anything I had yet seen, this wood answered to my idea of a semi-tropical forest: live oaks, magnolias, palmettos, sweet gums, maples, and hickories, with here and there a long-leaved pine overtopping all the rest. The palmettos, most distinctively Southern of them all, had been badly used by their hardier neighbors; they looked stunted, and almost without exception had been forced out of their normal perpendicular attitude. The live oaks, on the other hand, were noble specimens, lofty and wide-spreading, elmlike in habit, it seemed to me, though not without the sturdiness which belongs as by right to all oaks, and seldom or never to the American elm.

What gave its peculiar tropical character to the wood, however, was not so much the trees as the profusion of plants that covered them and depended from

them: air plants (*Tillandsia*), large and small, — like pineapples, with which they claim a family relationship, — the exuberant hanging moss, itself another air plant, ferns, and vines. The ferns, a species of polypody ("resurrection ferns," I heard them called), completely covered the upper surface of many of the larger branches, while the huge vines twisted about the trunks, or, quite as often, dropped straight from the treetops to the ground.

In the very heart of this dense, dark forest (a forest primeval, I should have said, but I was assured that the ground had been under cultivation so recently that, to a practiced eye, the cotton-rows were still visible) stood a grove of wild orange-trees, the handsome fruit glowing like lamps amid the deep green foliage. There was little other brightness. Here and there in the undergrowth were yellow jessamine vines, but already — March 11 — they were past flowering. Almost or quite the only blossom just now in sight was the faithful round-leaved houstonia, growing in small, flat patches in the sand on the edge of the road, with budding partridge berry — a Yankee in Florida — to keep it company. Warblers and titmice twittered in the leafy treetops, and butterflies of several kinds, notably one gorgeous creature in yellow and black, like a larger and more resplendent Turnus, went fluttering through the under-woods. I could have believed myself in the heart of a limitless forest; but Florida hammocks, so far as I have seen, are seldom of great extent, and the road presently crossed another railway track, and then, in a few rods more, came out into the sunny pine-woods, as one might emerge from a cathedral into the open day. Two men were approaching in a wagon (except on Sunday, I am not certain that I ever met a foot passenger in the flat-woods), and I improved the opportunity to make sure of my course. "Go about fifty yards," said one of them, "and turn to the right; then

about fifty yards more, and turn to the left. *That* road will take you to the mill." Here was a man who had traveled in the pine-lands,—where, of all places, it is easy to get lost, and hard to find yourself,—and not only appreciated the value of explicit instructions, but, being a Southerner, had leisure enough and politeness enough to give them. I thanked him, and sauntered on. The day was before me, and the place was lively with birds. Pine-wood sparrows, pine warblers, and red-winged blackbirds were in song, two red-shouldered hawks were screaming, a flicker was shouting, a red-bellied woodpecker cried *kur-r-r-r*, brown-headed nuthatches were gossiping in the distance, and suddenly I heard, what I never thought to hear in a pinery, the croak of a green heron. I turned quickly and saw him. It was indeed he. What a friend is ignorance, mother of all those happy surprises which brighten existence as they pass, like the butterflies of the wood! The heron was at home, and I was the stranger. For there was water near, as there is everywhere in Florida; and subsequently, in this very place, I met not only the green heron, but three of his relatives,—the great blue, the little blue, and the dainty Louisiana, more poetically known (and worthy to wear the name) as the "Lady of the Waters."

On this first occasion, however, the green heron was speedily forgotten; for just then I heard another note, unlike anything I had ever heard before,—as if a great Northern shrike had been struck with preternatural hoarseness, and, like so many other victims of the Northern winter, had betaken himself to a sunnier clime. I looked up. In the leafy top of a pine sat a boat-tailed grackle, splendidly iridescent, engaged in a musical performance which afterward became almost too familiar to me, but which now, as a novelty, was as interesting as it was grotesque. This, as well as I can describe it, is what the bird was doing:

he opened his bill,—*set* it, as it were, wide apart,—and, holding it thus, emitted four or five rather long and very loud, grating, shriekish notes; then instantly shook his wings with an extraordinary flapping noise, and followed that with several highly curious and startling cries, the concluding one of which sometimes suggested the cackle of a robin. All this he repeated again and again with the utmost fervor. He could not have been more enthusiastic if he had been making the sweetest music in the world. And I confess that I thought he had reason to be proud of his work. The introduction of wing-made sounds in the middle of a vocal performance was of itself a stroke of something like genius. It put me in mind of the firing of cannons as an accompaniment to the Anvil Chorus. Why should a creature of such gifts be named for his bodily dimensions or the shape of his tail? Why not *Quiscalus gilmorei*, Gilmore's grackle?

That the sounds *were* wing-made I had no thought of questioning. I had seen the thing done,—seen it and heard it; and what shall a man trust if not his own eyes and ears, especially when each confirms the other? Two days afterward, nevertheless, I began to doubt. I heard a grackle "sing" in the manner just described, wing-beats and all, while flying from one tree to another; and later still, in a country where boat-tailed grackles were an every-day sight near the heart of the village, I more than once saw them produce the sounds in question without any perceptible movement of the wings, and furthermore their mandibles could be seen moving in time with the beats. So hard is it to be sure of a thing, even when you see it and hear it.

"Oh yes," some sharp-witted reader will say, "you saw the wings flapping,—beating time,—and so you imagined that the sounds were like wing-beats." But for once the sharp-witted reader is in the wrong. The resemblance is not imaginary. Mr. F. M. Chapman, in

A List of Birds Observed at Gainesville, Florida,¹ says of the boat-tailed grackle (*Quiscalus major*), "A singular note of this species greatly resembles the flapping of wings, as of a coot tripping over the water; this sound was very familiar to me, but so excellent is the imitation that for a long time I attributed it to one of the numerous coots which abound in most places favored by *Q. major*."

If the sounds are not produced by the wings, the question returns, of course, why the wings are shaken just at the right instant. To that I must respond with the time-honored formula, "Not prepared." The reader may believe, if he will, that the bird is aware of the imitative quality of the notes, and amuses itself by heightening the delusion of the looker-on. My own more commonplace conjecture is that the sounds are produced by snappings and gratings of the big mandibles ("He is gritting his teeth," said a shrewd unornithological Yankee, whose opinion I had solicited), and that the wing movements may be nothing but involuntary accompaniments of this almost convulsive action of the beak. But perhaps the sounds *are* wing-made, after all.

On the day of which I am writing, at any rate, I was troubled by no misgivings. I had seen something new, and was only desirous to see more of it. Who does not love an original character? For at least half an hour the old mill was forgotten, while I chased the grackle about, as he flew hither and thither, sometimes with a loggerhead shrike in furious pursuit. Once I had gone a few rods into the palmetto scrub, partly to be nearer the bird, but still more to enjoy the shadow of a pine, and was standing under the tree, motionless, when a man came along the road in a gig. "Surveying?" he asked, reining in his horse. "No, sir; I am looking at a bird in the tree yonder." I wished him

to go on, and thought it best to gratify his curiosity at once. He was silent a moment; then he said, "Looking at the old sugar house from there?" That was too preposterous, and I answered with more voice, and perhaps with a touch of impatience, "No, no; I am trying to see a bird in that pine-tree." He was silent again. Then he gathered up the reins. "I'm so deaf I can't hear you," he said, and drove on. "Good-by," I remarked, in a needless undertone; "you're a good man, I've no doubt, but deaf people should n't be inquisitive at long range."

The advice was sound enough, in itself considered; properly understood, it might be held to contain, or at least to suggest, one of the profoundest, and at the same time one of the most practical truths of all devout philosophy; but the testiness of its tone was little to my credit. He *was* a good man, — and the village doctor, — and more than once afterward put me under obligation. One of his best appreciated favors was unintended and indirect. I was driving with him through the hammock, and we passed a bit of swamp. "There are some pretty flowers!" he exclaimed. "I think I must get them." At the word he jumped out of the gig, bade me do the same, hitched his horse, a half-broken stallion, to a sapling, and plunged into the thicket. I strolled elsewhere; and by and by he came back, a bunch of common blue iris in one hand, and his shoes and stockings in the other. "They are very pretty," he explained (he spoke of the flowers), "and it is early for them." After that I had no doubt of his goodness, and in case of need would certainly have called him rather than his younger rival at the opposite end of the village.

When I tired of chasing the grackle, or the shrike had driven him away (I do not remember now how the matter ended), I started again toward the old sugar mill. Presently a lone cabin came into sight. The grass-grown road led

¹ The Auk, vol. v. p. 267.

straight to it, and stopped at the gate. Two women and a brood of children stood in the door, and in answer to my inquiry one of the women (the children had already scampered out of sight) invited me to enter the yard. "Go round the house," she said, "and you will find a road that runs right down to the mill."

The mill, as it stands, is not much to look at: some fragments of wall built of coquina stone, with two or three arched windows and an arched door, the whole surrounded by a modern plantation of orange-trees, now almost as much a ruin as the mill itself. But the mill was built more than a hundred years ago, and serves well enough the principal use of abandoned and decaying things,—to touch the imagination. For myself, I am bound to say it was a precious two hours that I passed beside it, seated on a crumbling stone in the shade of a dying orange-tree.

Behind me a redbird was whistling (cardinal grosbeak, I have been accustomed to call him, but I like the Southern name better, in spite of its ambiguity), now in eager, rapid tones, now slowly and with a dying fall. Now his voice fell almost to a whisper, now it rang out again; but always it was sweet and golden, and always the bird was out of sight in the shrubbery. The orange-trees were in bloom; the air was full of their fragrance, full also of the murmur of bees. All at once a deeper note struck in, and I turned to look. A humming-bird was hovering amid the white blossoms and glossy leaves. I saw his flaming throat, and the next instant he was gone, like a flash of light,—the first hummer of the year. I was far from home, and expectant of new things. That, I dare say, was the reason why I took the sound at first for the boom of a bumble-bee; some strange Floridian bee, with a deeper and more melodious bass than any Northern insect is master of.

It is good to be here, I say to myself,

and we need no tabernacle. All things are in harmony. A crow in the distance says *caw, caw*, in a meditative voice, as if he too were thinking of days past; and not even the scream of a hen hawk, off in the pine-woods, breaks the spell that is upon us. A quail whistles,—a true Yankee Bob White, to judge him by his voice,—and the white-eyed chewink (he is *not* a Yankee) whistles and sings by turns. The bluebird's warble and the pine warbler's trill could never be disturbing to the quietest mood. Only one voice seems out of tune: the white-eyed vireo, even to-day, cannot forget his saucy accent. But he soon falls silent. Perhaps after all he feels himself an intruder.

The morning is cloudless and warm, till suddenly, as if a door had been opened eastward, the sea breeze strikes me. Henceforth the temperature is perfect as I sit in the shadow. I think neither of heat nor of cold. I catch a glimpse of a beautiful leaf-green lizard on the gray trunk of an orange-tree, but it is gone (I wonder where) almost before I can say I saw it. Presently a brown one, with light-colored stripes and a bluish tail, is seen traveling over the crumbling wall, running into crannies and out again. Now it stops to look at me with its jewel of an eye. And there, on the rustic arbor, is a third one, matching the unpainted wood in hue. Its throat is white, but when it is inflated, as happens every few seconds, it turns to the loveliest rose color. This inflated membrane should be a vocal sac, I think, but I hear no sound. Possibly the chameleon's voice is too fine for dull human sense.

On two sides of me, beyond the orange-trees, is a thicket of small oaks and cabbage palmettos,—hammock, I suppose it is called. In all other directions are the pine-woods, with their undergrowth of saw palmetto. The cardinal sings from the hammock, and so does the Carolina wren. The chewinks, the blackbirds (a

grackle just now flies over, and a fish hawk, also), with the bluebirds and the pine warblers, are in the pinery. From the same place comes the song of a Maryland yellowthroat. There, too, the hen hawks are screaming.

At my feet are blue violets and white houstonia. Vines thinly covered with fresh leaves straggle over the walls, — Virginia creeper, poison ivy, grapevine, and at least one other, the name of which I do not know. A clump of tall blackberry vines is full of white blossoms, "bramble roses faint and pale," and in one corner is a tuft of scarlet blooms, — sage, perhaps, or something akin to it. For the moment I feel no curiosity. But withal the place is unkempt, as becomes a ruin. "Winter's ragged hand" has been rather heavy upon it. Withered palmetto leaves and leaf stalks litter the ground, and of course, being in Florida, there is no lack of orange peel lying about. Ever since I entered the State a new Scripture text has been running in my head: In the place where the orange peel falleth, there shall it lie.

The mill, as I said, is now the centre of an orange grove. There must be hundreds of trees. All of them are small, but the greater part are already dead, and the rest are dying. Those nearest the walls are fullest of leaves, as if the walls somehow gave them protection. The forest is creeping into the inclosure. Here and there the graceful palmlike tassel of a young long-leaved pine rises above the tall winter-killed grass. It is not the worst thing about the world that it tends to run wild.

Now the quail sings again, this time in two notes, and now the hummer is again in the orange-tree. And all the while the redbird whistles in the shrubbery. He feels the beauty of the day. If I were a bird, I would sing with him. From far away comes the chant of a pine-wood sparrow. I can just hear it.

This is a place for dreams and quietness. Nothing else seems worth the

having. Let us feel no more the fever of life. Surely they are the wise who seek Nirvāna; who insist not upon themselves, but wait absorption — reabsorption — into the infinite. The dead have the better part. I think of the stirring, adventurous man who built these walls and dug these canals. His life was full of action, full of journeyings and fightings. Now he is at peace, and his works do follow him — into the land of forgetfulness. Blessed are the dead. Blessed, too, are the bees, the birds, the butterflies, and the lizards. Next to the dead, perhaps, they are happy. And I also am happy, for I too am under the spell. To me also the sun and the air are sweet, and I too, for to-day at least, am careless of the world and all its doings.

So I sat dreaming, when suddenly there was a stir in the grass at my feet. A snake was coming straight toward me. Only the evening before, a cracker had filled my ears with stories of "rattlers" and "moccasins." He seemed to have seen them everywhere, and to have killed them as one kills mosquitoes. I looked a second time at the moving thing in the grass. It was clothed in innocent black; but, being a son of Adam, I rose with involuntary politeness to let it pass. An instant more, and it slipped into the masonry at my side, and I sat down again. It had been out taking the sun, and had come back to its hole in the wall. How like the story of my own day, — of my whole winter vacation! Nay, if we choose to view it so, how like the story of human life itself!

As I started homeward, leaving the mill and the cabin behind me, some cattle were feeding in the grassy road. At sight of my umbrella (there are few places where a sunshade is more welcome than in a Florida pine-wood) they scampered away into the scrub. Poor, wild-eyed, hungry-looking things! I thought of Pharaoh's lean kine. They were like the country itself, I was ready to say. But possibly I misjudged both, seeing

both, as I did, in the winter season. With the mercury at 80°, or thereabout, it is hard for the Northern tourist to remember that he is looking at a winter landscape. He compares a Florida winter with a New England summer, and can hardly find words to tell you how barren and poverty-stricken the country looks.

After this I went more than once to the sugar mill. Morning and afternoon I visited it, but somehow I could never renew the joy of my first visit. Moods are not to be had for the asking, nor

earned by a walk. The place was still interesting, the birds were there, the sunshine was pleasant, and the sea breeze fanned me. The orange blossoms were still sweet, and the bees still hummed about them; but it was another day, or I was another man. In memory, none the less, all my visits blend in one, and the ruined mill in the dying orchard remains one of the bright spots in that strange Southern world which, almost from the moment I left it behind me, began to fade into indistinctness, like the landscape of a dream.

Bradford Torrey.

IN A WASHINGTON HOP FIELD.

THE thought of autumn and of harvest brings to the mind an image of burdened wealth, — vines heavy with rich fruitage tugging at strained stems, the limbs of overladen trees braced to the season's increase, grain fields glowing and restless with perfected sunshine. It is the bringing forth of the year; radiant yet serious with hopes fulfilled.

The harvest of the hop is in sharp contrast to this ripe spirit of autumn: there is a flippancy in the name and nature of the vine, as, gay and debonair to the end, it tosses its light sprays, strung with myriads of tiny green cones, over the poles that yield support. Before harvest time the undulations of the hop fields stretch for many a cool green mile of waving vine along the valleys, in whose troughs run the swift snow-fed rivers of western Washington. Just at the last, the hops take on a faint tinge of yellow that distinguishes them, by this shade's difference, from the green of the figlike leaves.

On a September morning, during the first week of "picking," we took the dusty road that winds out from the little village of Kent, which exists for the remainder of the year on the few busy

weeks of hop-gathering time. As we followed the grassy side tracks out of the flour-fine dust of the way, great woolly clouds were heaped in dazzling masses against the dark blue of the sky; the sides of the valley of the White River lifted gently to the fir-bordered crests of sombre green, and all the cup of the valley foamed high with vines of frothing hops. The river — not white, but the color of soapstone, opaque and swift, with a surface smoothness as though the atoms moved as one in pouring outward to the sea — parted its silent way through the world of green. Although the vines are set in accurate rows, they climb upon a slender cord from one pole to the next, and form a rolling canopy. Only now and then, when you fall into line with the well-drilled ranks, does the confusion resolve itself into long, shadowy vistas, just as a chaos of city street lights, seen from some high tower, becomes a system of parallel illumination.

"Order is here," says the philosopher who plods the Kentish road, "if we but know how to bring ourselves into relation with its steadfast ranks." This

was not, however, a philosopher's walk, but the highway to the hop pickers' encampment, where four or five hundred harvesters were earning a holiday of sunshine. We soon realized this. Through the powder of the road four cayuse ponies dashed by, abreast, ridden by broad-hatted young fellows, singing and shouting to urge on the ugly little brutes. We still breathed their dust, when from the same direction came the deep rumble of a heavy farm wagon drawn by stout work horses. A farmer drove, with several children beside him on the seat; between his knees a pale, sweet-faced baby steadied itself against the father's strong legs, and threw out ineffectual cluckings upon the broad haunches of the plodding horses. The back of the wagon was piled high with mattresses, lumpy bags of potatoes, and clattering kitchen tins. A woman sat on a bundle of bedding, and struggled to hold in place the jolting plunder of the little farmhouse, rifled now at hop-picking time, and all its wealth set forth in the unkind glare of day. Down the road from Kent to the hop fields streamed men, teams, and cayuses. The baker's cart, an unvarnished cedar box on wheels, drawn by one horse, spun briskly along, the smooth sides of fresh wood making it seem a cheerful little pink hearse. Ahead, for goal, reached up the four big square chimneys of the hop kilns against the radiant sky. A flexion of the road led us among the vines themselves, and from beyond came the sound of voices. A long, narrow shanty, or "shack," in the language of the country, with rooms cut through from front to back, like slices through a long loaf, was the first part of the settlement to show itself. Each compartment had a door in front, and a window opposite, at the back, insuring a fine current of air through the little boarded pen that served as a shelter to a family of hop pickers. In the dust of the roadway, on which all the doors opened, played a crowd of very dirty little children, giving to the place

the familiar air of Shantytown. Beyond this building we came upon a large group of white tents, their faces fronting on circles of fire-blackened grass, where dingy cranes made of forked saplings supported the family pot. Several of the tents bore on their sides facetious inscriptions in charcoal. One was festooned with hops, and marked "Home, Sweet Home." Upon a fence near by leaned rows of the craziest haphazard shelters, built without nails, and of any material that offered, chiefly of fence rails, shingles, and mismatched boards. Inside, one could see heaps of hay and heavy bed comforts. The whole string of hovels had been thrown into place during odd moments of the past week, and the first heavy breeze threatened to demolish them in an instant.

Except for the children and a few half-grown girls left "at home" in charge, the camp was nearly deserted; so we pushed on to the field where the pickers were at work, and reached there in time for the nooning. Detached groups of men, women, and a few children sat upon boxes and baskets about an inverted hop box, eating as a stoker fires his engine; wooding up, stopping only in favor of watering when a long, brown bottle gurgled tea or some other dark liquid down throats lifted as a bird's in drinking. By way of contrast, the scene recalled an idyllic midday in the fields by Jules Breton. The women were of the nervous American type, thin-featured and bright-eyed; their animated gestures and high voices out of key with the spirit of autumn abroad in the fields. Among them were faces that had been pretty in that brief moment of bloom vouchsafed our working women; but these, even more than the others, seemed alien to the heart of tranquil nature. A cheerful business activity pervaded the various groups. The talk, of which there was much, turned entirely on the morning's work. A man near us pushed back the box that had served his party as table,

got up, stretched himself, and then wiped on a hop leaf an immense clasp knife he had been using. As he thrust the knife into his pocket, he called to a woman in the next group, "Well, Mrs. Leefever, how many boxes you got?"

"Four."

"Oh, come off!"

This was the signal for some rough joking, which, out in the open air, shouted in hearty voices, seemed not entirely pointless. The women cleared the scraps of the meal into bag and basket, and five minutes later every one was at work.

Back of the scattered army of pickers, long rows of hop vines were stripped of every festoon of leaf and hop; only the main stems were left, wrapped loosely about the poles; sometimes they had sunk upon themselves, collapsed spirals, oozing slow sap. The trampled ground was matted with withered and withering branches that had been thrown down after being cleared of hops. The workers moved like a broad, deliberate scythe across the field, each group pushing forward the destruction of one row, the quicker pickers slightly ahead, but on the whole the advance line even.

When we showed our passport, the field boss apportioned us a row among the pickers, and drew up one of the large, light cedar boxes for us to fill. Most of the workers picked in groups of from four to six members; but, as we stood studying their methods of work, we noticed a man and woman behind the others, who seemed trying to accomplish by eagerness what their companions were doing by force of numbers. The woman's face was pale and earnest; she kept her eyes fixed upon the barrel they were filling, and her hands were hurried, but inefficient, as she took the branches that the man beside her cut from the vine. She tore away the leaves from the spray with a snatching movement, leaving the hops, which she stripped off later by a downward action not unlike that of milking. After I had watched her for some time, she

looked up with a deprecatory smile, and said, "My husband and I are slow pickers. We don't make much at this."

"How many boxes do you get a day?" I asked.

"One box each, by working from five in the morning till seven at night. Some nights we're here till dark."

"Two dollars for twenty-eight hours of work," I commented.

She did not answer, but moved aside for the man to carry the barrel and empty it into the large hop box standing near. This addition filled their box; and they stood together leveling the hops lightly, picking out a leaf as the stirring brought one to the surface.

"Tick-et!" called the man, straightening himself up.

The woman went back to her work, and presently the field boss came hurrying through the vines.

"Don't mean to say you want me before one o'clock?" he exclaimed. Then running his hand through the light, pungent mass, he examined the hops. "They are good and clean," he said, as he drew a form-book from his pocket, and filled in and tore off a cardboard slip. The woman reached out a hand, shapeless from each finger being encased in a finger-stall of heavy cotton cloth deeply dyed with black hop stains, and eagerly took the ticket "Good for One Dollar."

A shrill blast from the whistle of the field boss brought two carriers, men detailed for the work, who seized the full box by its long, stretcher-like handles, and trotted off toward the roadway, where it would be taken up with others and hauled on long-bodied wagons to the kilns.

Now the cry of "Tick-et" came from another part of the field, and yet another, and the field boss scurried about, scolding, admonishing, encouraging; here refusing a ticket because of short measure; there suggesting to new pickers the needlessness of heaping. And still the bottom of our box showed through a light layer of pale green hops.

"I should think some of the pickers would fill the bottom with something else," I said to the woman, who was moving to the pole ahead of ours on the next row.

"Yes; they tell about a feller who worked on the edge of a field by himself, and near to a punkin patch," volunteered the man, "and he picked ten boxes that day, cashed his tickets, and took the train that night." He laughed slightly. "They did n't care for punkins with their hops."

The woman did not smile. "Well, I call that a mean trick," she said, stripping a long branch of hops into her barrel. "I'd be ashamed to do that."

"Oh, I dun' know," said the man impartially, reaching up with his knife and slashing off a fresh spray. "The boss had oughter suspected the feller; no mortal man can pick ten boxes a day."

This, then, was a point in hop pickers' ethics.

The afternoon sun was strong on our faces in the wide field. The voices of the other pickers seemed far off, for they had pushed steadily forward their lines of work. We could hear the sound of the distant whistle and the call of "Tick-et" coming heavy through the sleepy aroma of the sun-steeped hops. Our neighbors were four, then six poles ahead; and as we worked on in dull abstraction, the thread of our green row appeared to lengthen across the bare field, and the sun burned upon us, unobstructed by the arbor of vines among which the body of pickers worked. We shifted wearily from foot to foot, as the long hours of standing made themselves felt, speaking in monosyllables, and only of the work. We saw the glorious day and the stretches of the vine as other tired workers saw them; the first keen sense of piquancy flattened into dull fatigue; we not only picked hops, we were hop pickers.

"You'll never get that box full if you leave it uncovered like that!" called a

man on his way from the river with a pail full of water. "The sun wilts them hops down faster 'n you two pick 'em."

We drew our box behind the slight shelter of our isolated row.

Soon the boss made us a flying visit. "Slow work," he said good naturedly. "The man that picks a box of hops earns his dollar, that's sure. If you all did n't pick into the box, but filled a lot of little boxes and poured 'em in, you'd fill up quicker."

After that we were lucky enough to find a barrel to pick into, and were making slow progress, when a woman on her way from the field stopped, her hands on her hips. "You don't use your hands right," she commented. "It's all a knack in pickin' hops, and you can't afford to waste no time." Then stepping nearer and examining our half-filled measure, "Them hops are packed down from lay-in' in the sun; they'd oughter be loosened up."

Here was a suggestion. We looked at each other hopefully. An empty hop box lay near; so we lifted ours — it was very heavy — and carefully jolted the hops from it into the other, and then back again into our own. Attracted by this curious manœuvre, a man had joined the woman. "My experience," he drawled, as we saw the hops sink back to even a lower level than before, "is, the only way to fill a box of hops is to pick 'em."

"Yes," said the young woman perfidiously; "the more you handle 'em, the flatter they lay."

At five o'clock our box was still unfilled, but, too weary for another hour of work, we went back to camp.

In front of the line of doors that opened upon the road stretched an elongated woodpile. Its original purpose was to serve as fuel for the pickers, but secondarily it had found favor as a resting-place, where one commanded an interior view of the shanty's compartments while recovering from the fatigues of the day. My comrade cut wood for our fire, and

I found on the pile a smooth-bodied maple log with a branch that served well for a back-rest. In the room next to ours, a young girl, with a new tin plate held firmly between her knees at a convenient angle for reflection, was frizzing her hair on curling-tongs, while she sang in a loud, flat voice, with strong emphasis on the *r*'s, —

“‘Art thou weary? Art thou heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Je—sus a—lone’—

You Emmy! if you don't come out of that, I'll shake you good.

“‘Art thou weary? Art thou heavy-hearted?’”

A barefooted child tried to split wood with an axe she could just lift, and a group of very dirty, very happy-looking youngsters coaxed a blaze from the bonfire they were kindling in the roadway. A pleasant coolness was creeping into the air, the sky warmed for sunset, and the women began to come in from the fields, some carrying babies on their hips, and others leading stumbling, drowsy children by the hand. Around their broad sun-hats many had wound sprays of the hop vine, and as they came they stopped for a moment's noisy gossip at the doors of the fast-filling shack. The one salutation, “How many boxes?” was answered with promptness or evasion, according to the number to be reported. In the course of nature the question came to us.

“Oh well,” the woman said, “you'll catch on after a while. You oughten ter count the first day's work.” Then she added, “Come for your health, ain't you? It's awfully healthy here. I thought I would n't keep my little baby through the summer till I came here, and now she's splendid.”

I looked at the tiny mite of splendor, a frail, winning little creature, who rested easily on the young mother's arm, and laid her cheek close against the hard chest.

Soon the men came in from work, and the encampment stirred with clamorous

life. All along the woodpile saws and axes were brought into play, and the little children trotted with armfuls of wood across the roadway to the shanty. The slender black throats above the roof breathed smoke against the sunset, and the women called to one another through the wide cracks between the rooms. Other women went from door to door to borrow a wash-tub, a frying-pan, or a broom. The girl who, earlier in the afternoon, had indulged in hymnody squeaked about near me in a pair of new slippers, while her mother, who had returned late from work, scrubbed the floor in the intervals of cooking supper. The young woman who had spoken to me unlocked the door next to ours, and threatened to “clean up the baby,” at the same time making extravagant love to her victim. She interrupted herself, when her husband came in, to tell him how “the little toad” had picked two hops and stuffed them through a knot-hole in the barrel. The baby laughed and capered, as the father, a picturesque young fellow, lifted her, with boisterous caresses, to his shoulder, and called her “the damndest little hop picker in the country.”

Driven in at last by hunger from the gay animation of the outdoor spectacle, we found that, during the supper hour, the essence of fried onions had come through the inch-cracks between our room and the next, and taken entire possession of our domain. There was nothing for it but to set up an opposition odor of fried bacon. The wood stove, the only piece of furniture in the room, was of an energetic and fiery temper, and wanted only the excuse of wood and a match to become red-hot. It cooked us a brave little supper in half an hour, but of this and the making of a deep pallet of fresh hay from the barn there is no need to speak; it would be but an offense to the home-stayer, who knows none of the joys of trampdom; and for the man of the road, we need only the mystic sign of our common call-

ing. Then we shut the door, stretched ourselves on the great heap of hay, our wood fire snapping in explosions of liberated zeal, while upward through the slight rafters, to the god of comfort, curled the incense of a pipe. Our neighbor's lamplight sent slender rays of yellow through the bluish twilight of our room; laughter, swearing, and the clatter of dishes came in as freely. Another world lay there: a world of coarseness and swift emotions; a world where life and life's experience, stated in the English of Shakespeare's clowns, were canvassed with no reserves. But was it another world? The jests seemed half familiar. We rested, listening; our dark little room the one quiet division of that swarming shell, where life seemed a battle even at twilight. Along the road outside clattered carts of butcher, milkman, grocer; each by his coming throwing the colony into renewed excitement of chaffering, laughter, and dispute.

"Say!" called out the young woman in the next room. "Less have a dance to-night. Those fellers got most of the platform done for to-morrow night. Come on, old man; get your fiddle. I'll friz my hair."

Talk of the dance flew through the settlement and out among the tenters. Two pairs of curling-irons went hot from hand, curling dozens of heads.

"Goin' to the dance?" called a girl to me, as she returned a comb she had borrowed from my next neighbor.

After the younger people had gone the place grew much quieter: the voice of a fretful child being put to bed, an old picker yawning wearily, or some one counting in lowered tones the day's gains, — these were the only sounds.

When we opened the door to go out, we found the night dark and cool, with clear starlight overhead; but as we turned the angle of the long shanty, we came into the glare of scores of camp fires among the tents. Men and women

sat together about their outdoor hearths, making gorgeous effects of color with their sun-browned faces in the orange light. The dramatic pose and gesture of figures brilliantly lit and darkly shadowed were painted boldly against the canvas of the night. An old man, with lifted haranguing hand, was cut in black profile against the fire: all in his group, with faces in the full light and heat, leaned forward, listening. By a knot of seated men a girl in red stood laughing, poised with an action of flight about her garments, — her teeth shining as no man would dare paint them. Her dress, toward the fire, was brilliant, throwing a glow upward over her throat and face; while out of the direct light the color lost itself completely in the night. Lamps burned in many of the tents, turning them palely luminous, and transmitted exaggerated outlines of face and form that flitted and hovered unsteadily. As we stood silent, there came to us the distant tramp of feet, and then the squeal of a fiddle, and we remembered the dancers.

On a platform of unplanned boards, raised a foot or two from the ground, they were dancing, — a tangle of figures, seen indistinctly by the glimmer of a few lanterns that stood near the rough benches running around the four sides of the floor. These seats were given over to the women; and the men stood on the ground, pressing, four or five rows deep, about the platform. As we worked our way in among the spectators, a man in shirt sleeves was calling the figures of the square dance with great energy. He seemed to be master of ceremonies, and took the most unselfish delight in finding partners for the unmated. Now and then, when the banjo and fiddle rose into a particularly irresistible tune, a man would break through the crowd, leap upon the platform, and search out a partner from among the women. It mattered little, in the dim light, whether she had simply added a

white apron to her working dress, or if she were one of the young girls in cashmere and cotton lace finery.

In the fiddler I recognized the father of the baby hop picker. I had divined that there was something of the artist in the young fellow; and now, as he sat with his hat pushed back, legs crossed, and cheek laid on the fiddle, playing for himself and to the others, he made a delightful figure of happy abandon. Close at his knee sat the baby, perfectly erect, a thin black shawl drawn tightly over its head and wrapped around the body, bambino-wise, holding the arms down. The tiny pale face and large eyes turned always toward the mother, who danced unceasingly. At my elbow, an elderly woman, in a broad brown sunshade hat and calico dress, watched the dance with shining eyes; her comfortable, well-cushioned shoulders moved with short breaths in time to the music.

"Do you want to dance?" asked the man in shirt sleeves, as he threw the light of his lantern on her.

"Well," she said, in smiling embarrassment, "I don't care if I do."

"What's your name?"

"Mrs. Smith." (It may have been an alias, but she said Mrs. Smith.)

"All right. You stay here, and I'll find some feller that'll dance with you;" and he dived among the dancers and across the platform. In a few minutes he returned with a man whom he halted in front of Mrs. Smith.

"What's your name?" he asked him.

"Thompson."

"Mrs. Smith, Mr. Thompson;" and Mrs. Smith danced away with the lightness of a girl in the arms of Thompson.

The music changed, and the master of ceremonies called aloud, "Take your partners for a quad—rille!"

The square dance was really a dance as the hop pickers conceived it. The men, their broad soft hats tipped over one ear, took the hands of their partners, and went through a series of bewildering side steps and flourishes that varied in the different dancers from grace to clownish grotesquerie.

The terpsichorean director had called the figures alone, in a powerful voice; but suddenly all the dancers took up the refrain in a chanting measure:—

"Lady 'round the gent, and the gent so-lo;

Lady 'round the lady, and the gent don't go."

This figure continued long enough to fasten the sing-song in the memory for a lifetime.

Dance followed dance; the women lifted their aprons and wiped their faces, to the wonder of chill bystanders, and danced again. The boards of the floor creaked, the fiddle and banjo thrilled and screamed, a few fell away from the press about the platform; but the tramp of feet beat with a ceaseless pulse. The little black figure at the fiddler's knee sat silent, with wide eyes. A young fellow, who had not missed a dance since our coming, threw up his head and cried, "What's the matter with the roof?" Then, as all eyes turned up to the solemn dark of the star-pierced sky, "Why, the roof's all right!"

It was pleasant, in the quiet of our little room in the shanty, to drowse upon the hay, and let the aroma of the day float back to us: the bouquet of a coarse draught, perhaps, and yet from nature's source.

Louise Herrick Wall.

AN ENTERPRISING SCHOLAR.

WHOEVER has had the curiosity to turn over a pile of sallow Latin books in a second-hand English bookshop, on a Parisian quay, or beside an Italian barrow has probably said, in his haste, that the learned writers of the sixteenth century produced nothing which has a permanent interest for any but the religious historian. So summary a judgment is of course quite wrong: great names presently arise in the memory to refute it, — Erasmus first of all, whose writings have an intense and undying human significance over and above their connection with the controversies of their day. Meanwhile, even among the supposed literary refuse of that memorable time one sometimes discovers a treasure. What can be more piquant, for example, than to open at haphazard a very small and black-looking octavo, modestly entitled *Nic. Clenardi, Epistolarum Libri Duo*, and to light upon a sentence like the following at the close of a long letter: “My desire is — if your Majesty will but deign to consider it favorably — that the books which are being burned up by wholesale all over Spain may henceforth be allowed to further my studies. For although this scheme of mine for helping on the cause of religion may appear novel to some, there should be nothing in it repugnant to an Emperor who is perpetually at war with Mahomet. This, then, is what I have felt bound to write your Majesty, partly because, when I was in the palace of the king of Fez, I stoutly declared that I would complain to you of the ill treatment I had received, and partly because the Emperor is one who can assist a pious cause without any inconvenience to himself. Farewell, most fortunate Cæsar, and consider whether there be anything unreasonable in the request of a man who has been drawn by the love of learning from Louvain

to Mauritania. Granada, January 17, 1542.”

The Cæsar was of course the Emperor Charles V., but who was Nicolaus Clenardus? Well, it seems impossible to find out much more about him than may be gathered from this same small volume of his letters. His name was properly Cleynaerts. He was born at the high noon of the revival of humanistic learning, in the small town of Diest, in South Brabant, December 5, 1495: three and a half years, therefore, after the April day when Lorenzo the Magnificent died at Careggi, in the arms of Pico and Poliziano, one year after the untimely death of these two, three years before Marsilio Ficino followed his friends into the unknown; when Erasmus and Colet were in the prime of middle life, and Thomas More in the flower of his brilliant youth. Nicolas Cleynaerts was sent, when very young, to the excellent University of Louvain, less than twenty miles from his birthplace, and he soon became a proficient in the classic languages. He possessed himself of a Latin style which was quite his own, useful, flowing, and even picturesque, though by no means Ciceronian, and he did his best, in after life, to make his pupils use the stiffened speech of the Romans freely and colloquially; but his main strength was spent upon Greek and Hebrew. In 1529 he published a treatise on the Hebrew language, and in the following year a Greek grammar. Both these books found a ready sale at Paris, “insomuch,” he observes gayly to his friend Hoverius, “that I shall not starve *this* winter,” and the Greek grammar remained in favor for two centuries.

He had at this time already taken orders, and while waiting for preferment was studying theology at Louvain, — “though I was never,” he admits, “a

grandis theologus ;” and he was also giving lessons in Greek and Hebrew. Louvain lives in the memory of the nineteenth-century tourist for two things : its Hôtel de Ville, a perfect gem of civic architecture, in ornate yet exquisite Gothic, and its very flat and unpalatable beer. Cleynaerts, or Clenardus, as he preferred to call himself, remembered the beer with fond regret, during the long years of his exile ; but of the building, though he must have seen it in the freshness of its beauty, he speaks not at all. His mind was upon other, and in his own estimation more important things.

The letter to Charles V. from which we have already quoted begins with a short sketch of his own life, in the course of which he says :—

“Ten years ago, when I was studying theology at Louvain, and, having plenty of leisure, had also acquired enough Greek and Hebrew to lecture on them in public, I began to have a great desire to learn the Arabic tongue ; having noticed in the Jewish commentaries how like it was to Hebrew, and feeling sure that either language would help in the acquisition of the other. But there was not a soul in all Flanders who knew a word of Arabic, or could satisfy in the least my Arabic cravings” (*me Arabicaturientem*).

He plodded on by himself, however, with great perseverance and some profit, and was even beginning to compile a rude sort of Arabic lexicon, when there appeared on the scene one Ferdinand Colon, or Columbus, the son of the great Christopher, in search of a man to assist him in setting in order the collection of books he was forming, and which he proposed to present to the city of Seville. “At that time,” says Clenardus, “I was publicly expounding Chrysostom on the Dignity of the Priesthood, for the benefit of the Greek students, and I had a very big attendance ; of which when Colon heard, and when he had presently learned something more

about me and my ambitions from the Spaniards, he proposed that I should go to Spain. I acceded readily enough : first because the casuists were already beginning to make so much trouble for me that I longed to get away where I might pass my days in peace, and be rid of those makers of controversy and masters of strife ; and then because I thought I should have special advantages there for learning Arabic.”

So in 1532, at the age of thirty-seven, Clenardus departed for Spain, stopping for a night or two in Paris on the way. We hear little, after his arrival, about the Columbian library, though much for a time concerning his relations with Don Fernando, who finally granted him permission to stay awhile at Salamanca and deliver a course of lectures there. His success at the Spanish university was as great as that which he had formerly obtained in Belgium, and for a little he was charmed by the idea of taking a permanent chair at Salamanca and lecturing on Greek, while he pursued his Arabic studies. He thought it would be a fine plan, also, if his accomplished friend Vaseus, to whom there are some very lively letters, would qualify himself for a Latin professorship in the same place. “And have done with your compliments,” he entreats, “and all that nonsense about being my client ! We will have all things in common.” This pleasing plan was never realized. Vaseus, who had also been engaged by Don Fernando, and was now at Seville, came later to Salamanca, lectured for many years, and, at an advanced age, died there ; but before the end of 1533 Clenardus himself had moved on to Portugal, having accepted from the king, João III., the place of tutor to his younger brother, Dom Henrique.

From Evora, where his royal pupil lived, Clenardus wrote back on Christmas Eve a long and warm letter to Vaseus ; pleading the prudential motives which had constrained him to accept the

Portuguese offer, describing his new installation, and prognosticating great success as a lecturer at Salamanca for the friend whom he had left behind.

"Methinks," he says, "I see some such notice as this put up on the door: *Johannes Vasæus of Bruges will lecture to-morrow on Plato's De Legibus, which he proposes later carefully to expound for the benefit of those interested.* Presently a crowd collects. 'Vasæus, — who is he?' 'Oh, don't you know? He is a young man who is tremendously learned in both Latin and Greek. We had here, not long ago, one Clenardus, of whom we expected great things at first; but he had nothing to give us beside grammatical rules and stuff out of Chrysostom, which he expounded as if it had been a sermon instead of a professorial discourse. As if we had n't preachers enough already! But this Vasæus is going to tell us about Plato, — Plato, do you hear? What do we care for Chrysostom on the method of prayer? If Clenardus wants to pray, he can read his breviary; Vasæus and Plato are the men for us.'"

Dom Henrique was ten years younger than the reigning king of Portugal, and had attained the respectable age of twenty-three before Clenardus came to put the finishing touches to his education. He was already titular Archbishop of Braga, and was destined to be both Grand Inquisitor and Cardinal before he himself ascended the throne of Portugal, forty-five years later. When Clenardus first came to Evora, he lodged in the house of some excellent people, who, he assures us, became very fond of him. Afterwards he had a house of his own, where he remained during the rest of his five years' stay. The decaying little Portuguese town, situated some fifty miles inland from Lisbon, still contains, beside the indestructible relics of its Roman occupation, some interesting memorials of the years of Clenardus' residence. The great Church of San

Francesco, architecturally very curious, was just completed at the time of his arrival, and King João was busy repairing the Roman aqueduct, in the rough but serviceable fashion which may still be noted. It was Clenardus' pupil who founded the university of Evora, and the ruins of the palace where they pursued their studies still constitute one of the ornaments of the pretty public garden.

In March, 1535, Clenardus sends from Evora two long letters to his former professor of theology at Louvain, Jacobus Latomus, a celebrated controversialist, whom he seems rather to have neglected up to this time. He beseeches his old master not to think that he is losing sight of the main object of his exile, — the study, namely, of the Arabic language, with a view to the ultimate conversion to Christianity of the Mohammedan world. He has taken this place in the royal household at Evora precisely because it affords him so much more leisure for his own studies than he could ever have compassed at Salamanca. Here his duties as a pedagogue do not begin before two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and for the rest of the day his time is his own. He has found a learned physician at Evora who can speak Arabic, and in his society he feels that he makes rapid progress in that tongue. And at all events, he declares, he is glad to have quitted Salamanca, "where one must live always in broad daylight, and either make, or pretend to make, no end of those vulgar friendships which consist entirely in mutual salutations; and which, as they are conciliated by a single pull of the cap, are broken forever if you neglect to return a salutation."

Clenardus, however, does not care much for the manners and customs of the people of Evora, concerning which he soon rambles off into gossip details, as it is his amusing wont to do. He finds living very dear in Portugal. Na-

tive workmen are scarce, and it is not considered the thing for a merchant to expose his wares. "You have fairly to wring your meat out of the butcher, . . . and if you want to be shaved, this is the process: You send your servant to beg that the barber will come to you. And what next? Why, after keeping you waiting a long while he arrives, but not by any means bringing his basin and ewer, as with us. No decent, self-respecting man would carry anything in his hands! Your servant—your own servant, I tell you—must fetch both ewer and basin, and carry them back, too; else you remain an unshorn Apollo. For we are all noblemen here, and to practice any kind of craft is a deep disgrace! Do you fancy that the mistress of a house goes to market, buys fish, makes a stew? I assure you she can use nothing but her tongue; and I could not get for the quarter part of my income a tidy little maid, such as we have at home, to look after me and my house-keeping. But how, then, you ask, do I exist here? Why, the place is overrun with slaves, Ethiopian and Moorish captives,¹ and they turn their hands to anything. . . . I should say that at Lisbon there are more slaves, male and female, than free-born Lusitanians. You can hardly find a house without a girl of this description, who does the marketing, washes the linen, scrubs the pavement, etc.; in short, a drudge, who has nothing but her form to distinguish her from the brute beasts. The rich have crowds of such, both men and women."

"If ever I take to writing dialogues," he breaks out, further on, "I mean to paint the Spanish inns in their true colors. Let me tell you what befell us at an inn,—not far from Victoria, I think it was, but the place matters little; they are all alike. When the table was spread, there was one goblet which went

the round of the board until it came to our friend Vasæus, who chanced to let it fall and break; and after that we had nothing to do but to drink out of our hollowed hands, like Diogenes. At another time, there were nine fresh arrivals after we had sat down to dinner, and one cup had to serve for the two tables. . . . I remember also, at Burgos, which is a reasonably large town, we could get but one bundle of fagots. There was absolutely not another to be had, and glad were we when the frost broke up. . . . At Salamanca, however, there is plenty of everything. You may even, if you will, keep house in the Brabantine fashion, with men servants and maid servants and other things to correspond, as a free man should; but when I first came to Evora, it seemed to me that I was in a city of black devils, there were so many negroes about,—beings whom I detest to that degree that they had nearly sufficed to drive me out of the place. In fact, if God had not given me a friend in the person of Johannes Parvus, from the University of Paris, I doubt whether I should have been in Portugal at the present time."

Clenardus took a lodging near this friend, and consented to share his meals. While they were at table, a reader gave passages from the Old Testament in Hebrew, and from the New in Greek; "and then we discuss the doubtful points, and each gets the benefit of the other's learning. . . . So far I have kept clear of slaves. I keep one old and tolerably capable servant whom I found at Salamanca, but who is a compatriot of ours, and understands my ways. He manages by himself, and I am not an exacting master. Had I followed the custom of the country, I should have set up a mule and four servants to begin with. And how could I have done that? Oh, I might have flaunted out of doors, if I would have starved at home, and swallowed the bitter pill of owing more than I could pay!" He goes on

¹ The power of Portugal, so soon to decline, was now at its height, and her recent conquests were extensive both in India and Africa.

to describe with much humor the solemn pomp affected by *les gens comme il faut* when they take their walks abroad, accompanied by a dozen attendants, more or less.

But he soon got over his anti-slavery scruples, for we find him writing to Vasæus from Evora in November, 1536: "On the first day of last June I began to play *paterfamilias*, having first bought two slaves, for whom I paid a round sum, for they are dear just now." The younger of these "chattels" immediately ran away. The next day he was brought back, but only to fall seriously ill, and when cured by the care of Clenardus to decamp again. The next year we find our friend possessed of three negroes, bearing the imposing names of Michaelis Dento, Antonius Nigrinus, and Sebastianus Carbo, of whose education he has grand ideas.

"I never thought," he says, "to have been a slave owner, . . . but I am training these fellows to read and copy for me; and I don't see why, if God spares my life, I should not make them theologians, or why they may not learn to read Esaias as well as the Ethiopian whom Philip baptized. Then, if ever I possess a fourth, I shall have nothing to do but to teach them Chaldaic, which is what happened to those four in Babylon. Other smart folk make pets of monkeys; I mean, when tired of study, to get a little amusement out of these monkeys endowed with reason. Latin they cannot help learning, for they never hear me speak anything else, and they can already write it after a fashion. The youngest cost me something over thirty ducats, but I would not sell him for a hundred."

In one of the last letters which Clenardus ever wrote, he inveighs against the law which frees all slaves who set foot in the territory of Brabant, and threatens never to go back to Louvain at all unless an exception can be made in his favor.

But to resume the thread of our story. Clenardus was still deep in his Arabic studies when, in the autumn of 1536, tidings came to Evora, four months after the event, of a great loss which had befallen the friends of humane letters everywhere in the death, at Bâle, of Desiderius Erasmus. Clenardus, who appears to have known Erasmus personally when the latter was lecturing at Louvain, clung for a little to the hope that the rumor was false.

"We have here now," he writes to Vasæus, "a certain Parisian baccalaureate, who was forced by a storm to put into an English port, and who professes to have heard there that the *friend of the monks* is dead; that letters have come from Germany to say so. I will not name the man, lest you accuse me of liking to spread bad news. The baccalaureate in question left Paris some three months ago. Pray ascertain whether Don Jacobus knows anything about it; and get him to say a requiem mass in any case. Not that I believe the report: I trust it is absolutely without foundation, for I heard that he was gone to Bâle to prepare a revised edition of his complete works."

The news, however, was only too true, and Clenardus was much affected by its confirmation. He immediately inclosed to the Portuguese poet Resendius, who had been in Belgium, and was a kind and helpful friend to Clenardus as well as a devoted admirer of Erasmus, a *parvam elegiolam*, closing with the words,

"Spirantem vulgus quod non toleravit Erasmum
Defunctum sero quæret habere senem."¹

Not satisfied with this, he called to mind the fact that Horace once addressed an ode to Virgil on the death of Quintilius Varus, and that he himself had a friend (Joachim Polita, or Politès) to whom Erasmus had been as dear as Varus to Virgil. "And so," he writes to Polita,

¹ The common herd, who could not tolerate Erasmus living, longs too late for the old man dead.

"if I could but play the part of Horace, you should receive a poem of flawless elegance; you must judge whether I have imitated the measure."

There follows an ode of six stanzas in Asclepiadic measure. It is not very good poetry, but it serves to show that Clenardus had some notion of the principles of Latin versification.

Very free, garrulous, and entertaining letters continue to be addressed to Vasæus at Salamanca, whom Clenardus regarded as his own particular protégé, and to whom he sometimes appears rather more prodigal of counsel than of sympathy. When, for instance, Vasæus writes that a marriage which he had been about to contract has been postponed for a year, Clenardus answers promptly: "I thank God for it with all my heart. . . . Why you need have walked into that snare at all I cannot see. You were not in love, and there was no other imperious reason. If your heart had been engaged, I should have nothing to say; you would only have done what other men do. But now I see how silly you are; and you remind me of those youths who, when they are thwarted about marrying, rush off to a cloister, with no religious vocation whatever, but simply because they are such fools that they want to torment themselves somehow. However, I ought not to scold, perhaps, since there is nothing I can do for you. You will admit that I have freed my mind. Really, dear Vasæus, when I see you so troubled, I can only pray that you may not repent what you have done. Perhaps God has truly called you to another state, or *she may die within the year*, or get married to somebody else!"

Vasæus married, whether his first love or another we do not know, and in 1537, in spite of previous disclaimers, Clenardus procured him the place of principal of a school at Braga, where Dom Henrique was now installed as archbishop, and whither Clenardus himself was re-

moving. Vasæus did not like the place, however, and soon returned to Salamanca, where, as has been said, he lived and taught Greek for twenty years after the death of his Mentor. The latter, as usual, finds material in his long inland journey northwards from Evora for a diverting letter to Latomus in Louvain, dated Braga, August 21, 1537:—

"It would take volumes to describe all the incidents of my progress hithier. . . . With three sumpter mules and two drivers, and having purchased a horse apiece for me and my man, on July 30, in the cool of the afternoon, I set out from Evora. I took with me my three negroes, Dento, Nigrinus, and Carbo; and if you could have seen the pomp of my departure and the big luggage of the little grandee, you would have thought that a bishop, at least, was on the move. . . . *Tantæ molis erat Eborensem linquere nidum.* It was late at night when we arrived at our first halting-place, for we missed our road, and went a league out of our way. There was no wine at the inn. I was informed that they sold it next door, but that every one was in bed. So we had to tap our own cask, which we had provided for such an emergency. Our horses were much better off than we, for they had such water as they had never drunk before. Now, in order that you may perfectly comprehend my story, it behooves you to remember the Portuguese mode of reckoning. The ducat contains four centusses, the centussis a hundred reis; ten reis equal about one stuyver of Brabant.¹ So then we ask where we shall take our horses to water, and the answer is that every well in town is dry. 'What, have you no water in the house?' Oh yes, there are six pailfuls; and such is the liberality of mine hostess that I can have what I want for my beasts at three reis a head, exactly the price of *vin du pays* at Louvain. My bed was much too short to accommodate

¹ Ten reis to-day equal about a cent.

my feet, and if it had been cold weather I should have been frozen stiff up to the knees. My servants, who are used to very good beds at home, after repeated inquiries where they were to sleep, were offered some straw, which they declined. Such were the auspices under which we began our journey, and they proved prophetic. . . .

"One night we arrived at a lonely inn on the banks of the Tagus, too late to ford the river. . . . I go into the house and make my bow. 'How are you, landlord? Have you any straw for my horses?' Polyphemus appears to hesitate about returning my salutation. 'Have you any straw?' Still no answer, but the man is trotting busily about, and I fancy that he is making preparations for our supper. . . . 'Have you,' I repeated, 'any straw?' At last the answer came: 'None.' O wretched Lusitania! Happy are those who have not seen, yet have believed!"

His request for food proved equally unsuccessful. "Presently I espied a small pipkin by the fire, with a strip of bacon in it, and said, 'I will take some of that.' . . . Well, I got perhaps a quarter of an ounce, and my servant William about as much more. 'Have you no eggs?' 'Eggs are not yet in season.' 'Oh, you have no hens?' 'No, none.' Then I cast my eyes about for something which might satisfy my clamoring stomach. 'Hostess,' I said, 'can't you give me some of the liquor in which this bacon was cooked?' 'It is not wholesome.' 'Well, give me a little, at all events; I can at least soak my bread in it.' 'It is no good, sir.' 'William,' I say to my man, 'what on earth are we to do? Is there any of our own wine left?' Fortunately there was about a cupful remaining from dinner, and I toasted a piece of bread and made what they call a sop."

Requests for fruit and for fish were met, the former by the everlasting "It is not wholesome," the latter by the remark that the day was not Friday. "All

at once I thought of onions, which I used sometimes to eat roasted when a boy, and in fear and trembling I asked if they had any, and received the answer, 'I will see.' So we hung suspended between hope and despair; but Jupiter Hospitalis was propitious, and at last we got one apiece. I watched the cooking of them, my mouth watering as if for pheasants, and I sucked my fingers after mine; for they were done with oil and vinegar, of which last condiment there is plenty here, since what they call wine serves for both purposes. Our sumptuous banquet concluded, William asked if his master's bed was ready, and was informed that it was not the season for beds. . . . However, we got one at last, for twenty reis! . . . The poets call the Tagus *auriferous*, not, Heaven help us! for the gold it brings, but for that which it takes away."

But the rollicking mood in which this epistle was penned soon became overclouded at Braga, and after a year's residence there (in September, 1538) we find Clenardus writing to another old friend in Brabant so discontented and homesick a letter that we hardly recognize it for his:—

"I don't in the least know, dear Hoverius, whether this move will prove more profitable, as you put it, than my stay in Portugal; the one thing I do know is that no arguments can persuade me to linger on in this exile. I dream of my own country by day and by night. Now I am at Louvain, and now at Malines; now cracking jokes with you, and now with my dear Latomus. May I only live long enough to get there! Next spring, please God, I will go back. Pray for my safe return to my own people. . . . One prince I certainly have found whom I cherished while I was with him, and whom I shall revere all my life, wherever I may be. No number of letters from Salamanca nor flattering offers from other and richer princes could induce me to leave him, and if

I cared any longer to live abroad, and hang about courts, I should prefer the Portuguese court to any other. But my hair is turning gray, and I want to be buried among my kindred. My own country is good enough for me. Where will you find a sweeter spot than Louvain? It is high time I began to live for myself, whether in wealth or poverty matters little. Away with those who take thought for the morrow! I still cling to the old '*Fiat voluntas Dei.*' "

The elastic temperament soon begins to react, however, and the proselyting spirit to kindle, and a few weeks later Clenardus makes a fresh start. He can already read Arabic with ease, and speak it after a fashion; and what he now wants is a competent instructor in Mohammedan theology. Hearing of a learned pundit at Seville, he removes thither, only to find, to his ill-concealed disgust, that the man has become a convert to Christianity, and declines, on principle, to teach anything which has to do with the old superstition. Next he gets hold — probably by purchase — of a Tunisian prisoner of war, said to be deeply versed in all the sacred lore of Islam; and he is proposing to take this person back with him to Flanders, when the prisoner's ransom arrives, and he has to let him go. Finally he concludes an arrangement with the governor of Granada, whereby he is to give lessons in Greek to that functionary and his son, and to receive in return an apartment in the Alhambra, and instruction from an accomplished Moor in the governor's household. Meanwhile, Clenardus buys recklessly all the Arabic books which are offered for sale in Granada, or can be rescued from the Inquisition. "I can make more use of them than Vulcan can," he dryly observes.

The fast-rising flame of his own controversial and missionary zeal is faithfully reflected in his letters. "Do not laugh," he says to Latomus, by way of preface to an extremely circumstantial

account of the joys that await the faithful in the Mohammedan paradise, "but rather deplore the degradation of a people much more numerous than the professors of the Christian faith. Oh, slothful and apathetic monarchs of old, not to have nipped this heresy in the bud, instead of allowing it to worm its way from Arabia to Greece! It appears, then, that we who have embraced celibacy for the kingdom of heaven's sake have been all our lives laboring under a mistake, and that we are to be embarrassed by having a multitude of wives thrust upon us in heaven! ¹ My teacher went on to assure me of the absolute certainty of the fact that there would be a great many more women in paradise than men. . . . Why, my dear Latomus," our friend exclaims, by way of climax, "these people are less like us in Louvain than even the Lutherans!"

A new and highly adventurous purpose was now ripening in the mind of Clenardus, and this is how he communicates it in a letter addressed from Gibraltar to his old professor, on the 7th of April, 1540: —

"Although I first took up Arabic hoping to get fresh light on the Hebrew through its affinity with that language, it is a long while now that I have been pursuing the said study with quite other views. While I was in Granada, reading the Koran with my Arabic tutor, my attention was daily called to the deplorable errors of the Moslem people, and I could but think how base it was that for nine centuries those of our faith should tamely have accepted so great an outrage, and no one ever have arisen ready to go down into the arena of doctrine and fight the Mohammedans there. Certainly there have been Latin authors who have persecuted the impious sect with the pen; but what can controversies carried on in Latin signify to the Mos-

¹ One is irresistibly reminded of the emotions of Mr. Andrew Lang's Oxford don in the wrong paradise.

lems? What do our enemies care for the swinging of our swords, if they are not made to feel them? Moreover, I do not consider that we need all this disputation to preserve ourselves from tumbling headlong into heresy. What does concern us is that so many nations are perishing through their severance from Christ. Nor should the wound be covered up because it is old, but, being so serious, a remedy should be applied; and this cannot be done without a knowledge of the Arabic. I want to train men both to speak and write Arabic, so that they may be capable of carrying on a controversy either face to face or by letter. By the grace of God, though I have had to give a portion of my time to teaching the marquis" (Luis de Mendosa, Marquis de Mondexas, the governor of Granada) "Greek, I have made such good use of my remaining hours that I can chatter with my preceptor on any subject you please. At all events, we understand each other perfectly, and in talking never speak anything but Arabic. But do you suppose, dear master, that I have done this merely to qualify myself for giving a year's lessons in Arabic, and no one of my pupils able to speak a word of it? No, no. I have a very different purpose. I mean, God willing, that my linguistic acquirements shall bear pious fruit. But more of this after I get to Africa. Let me now describe my late journey."

He found, he says, that he must have certain codices which were not in Spain at all, so he determined to go where he was told they were. "And having left my tutor at Granada with the marquis, against my return, I set forth with the rest of my household, resolved to spend the remainder of this year among the Mohammedans at Fez, a city as famous in Africa as Paris is in France, where Mohammedanism is in great force, and there are multitudes of learned men."

Clenardus was detained in Gibraltar ("Gibalaltar in Europæ finibus," he calls

it) for nearly a month by bad weather, and when he did cross he found the sea very rough. He needs no further commentary, he quaintly observes, on the storm in the first book of the *Æneid*; and he owns that he paid his vows to Neptune after the customary manner of inexperienced sailors. "As for William, my elder servant, and, as it were, the pillar of my household, he did not say much, but swore quietly to himself: 'Oh, if I had but lived a Minorite until now! Once ashore, I would n't embark again for a stall in Antwerp Cathedral.' And though otherwise a warm admirer of Erasmus, he only wished Erasmus had been there, to see whether he would have laughed at sailors' vows."

The more experienced passengers encouraged the novices by the assurance that, though they had crossed the strait many times, they had never seen such a sea before; and, as a matter of fact, the captain could not make the harbor of Ceuta, but was forced to land his passengers at an obscure village, some miles away. "Thence we had fairly to crawl over steep and terribly stony hills, anything but practicable to a theologian in sandals; and dangerous, too, for there are rude huts sprinkled here and there about the mountains, and occupied by Moors who cultivate peace by neglecting no occasion for plunder. 'Oh, what next?' groaned William. 'What if we do get out of this without breaking leg or arm, though barefoot? There's the sea ready to swallow us at a gulp! And if any Moors run across us, the end will be that we shall have to carry stones, or drive mules and asses for a couple of years, and no hope of ransom from perpetual servitude except in your Prince Henry.' . . . The sun was high when at last we entered Ceuta, and we did not get our luggage till the next day at dinner time."

A few weeks later, Clenardus is giving Latomus his first impressions of Fez. A certain amount of fame had preceded

him. "My tutor had, in fact, lied so plausibly on my behalf that as soon as the king heard of my arrival he sent me a safe-conduct for entering Fez. The first time I saw him his Majesty was struck with admiration at my being able to stammer a little Arabic; and, in point of fact, I could make myself intelligible, while the Fezians generally, although many of them are very learned, use in common parlance a patois which is about as much like book Arabic as the Greek vernacular is like the orations of Demosthenes."

He then proceeds to give quite a detailed description of the place (which is the more remarkable as he had not found a word to say about the Alhambra), and the accounts of recent travelers lead us to conclude that the city has altered but little in its general aspect since that day: "Fez is divided into two parts, and the old town is large and populous. There are said to be about four hundred mosques in it, and an equal number of baths; for the Mohammedans wash a great deal, and may not even say their hourly prayers without lustration. . . . But do not ridicule the ceremonies of those you do not know. They have innumerable mills where Christian slaves lead a deplorable life. . . . The new town is about half a league distant from the old, and the royal palace is there. Close by is the Jews' quarter, surrounded by its own walls, and paying to the king whatever tribute he chooses to exact. It contains, I should think, eight or nine synagogues and about four thousand inhabitants, many of whom are distinguished for their learning. If I could have had such a chance long ago" (for improving his Hebrew), "I should have made much more progress at Antwerp; but at present my zeal is cold for everything but Arabic. Nowhere else is the Koran studied as at Fez. . . . Scarce any attention is paid to rhetoric, dialectics, or the like branches of study, but the custom is to teach the text of the sa-

cred book to very young children, fixing the words in the memory before they are understood. No codex is ever seen in their schools, but the master writes out a passage from memory upon a wooden board, and the pupil learns it by heart; the next day the master writes out another, and so on, until, in between one and two years, the whole Koran has been committed to memory."

The methods of teaching in the higher schools are then discussed, and pages follow of dry grammatical disquisition, interspersed with piquant reflections on the Mohammedan doctrines. At last Clenardus bids his friend farewell, requesting his prayers and those of all the faculty at Louvain for his own safe and speedy return to that "sweet place." Then, suddenly, he bethinks himself of a postscript:—

"You men of Brabant think that you know all about war; your ears are hardened to the clang of arms, but God has let loose upon this place an extraordinary sort of host. Had you been here a few days ago, you would have seen the heavens darkened by multitudes of locusts, who not only jump, in this country, but fly like birds. I have seen with my own eyes the plague of ancient prophecy. Whole crops are destroyed in a single night, and the peasants wage fierce war with these creatures. They are, however, brought to Fez by cartloads; for this sort of enemy is very generally eaten among us. But, for my own part, I am dainty enough to prefer one partridge to twenty locusts."

In a subsequent letter to another friend in Brabant, Clenardus repeats much of what he had told Latomus concerning the city of Fez, and adds that he himself lives in the Jewish quarter, because he would not have ventured to set up housekeeping either in the old or new town. "Not that the Jews hate the Christians any less than the Mohammedans do, but they dare not show it so openly. . . . I suppose I might live

in the old town, among our own people ; that is to say, the Christian merchants, who have established themselves in a spacious house commonly called the *Duana*” (that is, custom house, whose neighborhood would certainly be the most convenient spot for traders). “But, being a priest, I could not move about as safely as the merchants do. Even as it is, when I go into the old town, though I have one of the royal guards to protect me from injury, I am perpetually insulted in the streets. These things are not pleasant to remember. . . . Yet in one respect the Fezians are to be envied : in all their vast city there is neither lawyer nor tax-gatherer. There are the *Alphakii*,¹ who sit before the mosques, and there is a judge, called an *Alcadi*, who may be consulted at his house. So, if any cause of contention arises, — which often happens about their marriages, — both parties apply to one or other of these officials, and the case is settled in a twinkling. Wherefore, reverend sir, if you wish to punish any advocates who may have mismanaged your tithes, send them to Fez : they will soon starve for lack of practice. . . . I have learned an adage, which is not to be found in Erasmus’ collection : ‘Christians waste their substance at law, Jews in festivals, Mohammedans in weddings.’ . . . The *Alphakii*,” he adds, “are not at all proud, and though they are often rich men, they think it no shame to walk the streets without a servant to attend them. They go, like our professors at Paris, with a breviary in the sleeve and mud on the heel.”

After a year’s residence at Fez, Clenardus found himself so much in debt that he was fain to ask loans from most of his regular correspondents. A request of this kind, preferred to a certain

eminent ecclesiastic,² forms the prelude to a sufficiently bold criticism of the policy of Spain toward the Jews : “I live here among Jews, who are more surprised to learn that there should be such people as Christians than we to discover that any of them still survive. What wonder ? All they know concerning us is our zeal for burning Jews. If as much money were spent in Spain on converting and keeping them alive as is now spent on destroying them, they would not throng hither as they do. It is a good thing that the people of France, Flanders, and other countries should be taught enough Hebrew to be able to read the Old Testament. But in Spain, where the study of languages has declined through the very multitude of casuists, there would be this additional advantage about a knowledge of Hebrew letters, that it might serve to purify the Christian faith itself. If these Hebrew books are bad, they will be burned by the Jews themselves when once you have converted them. Idols fell before the preaching of the apostles ; not that they themselves threw the graven images into the flames, but they labored to imbue men’s minds with the faith of Christ. We have expelled the Jews from Spain, and what good has it done us ? Those who pretended conversion we have burned, and the rest we suffer to live in Africa ! How much better to have kept them all as slaves than to have sacrificed them in such numbers free ! When I have my way, which will be at the Greek calends, there will be a new order of things, and a certain number of Jewish rabbis will be invited to come back and teach the Christians Hebrew. And who, do you ask, will pay their salaries ? Why, the king wastes his thousands on those blood-sucking lawyers who do their

¹ *Fakih, savant*. Clenardus elsewhere defines the *Alphakii* as men versed in the laws concerning “prayer, purification, marriage, and other Mohammedan ceremonies.”

² Johannes Parvus, Bishop of St. James on the Green Promontory ; that is, Cape Verd. His diocese comprised the islands of this name as well as the Portuguese possessions on the continent of Africa.

best to keep the world always at strife. Let this money go to pay the professors, and we will send the lawyers to Fez, that they may learn how to compose the biggest quarrel in one brief day. This is something which they have not known hitherto; but if, after they have learned, they will not practice it, let us crucify them, one and all, and thus make an end of litigation. Joking apart, the king might easily be persuaded to have over some distinguished Jew or other to teach at Coimbra. 'Jew!' say you? Why not? There are immensely learned ones here at Fez, who know Spanish just as well as I know Flemish. Then there is another thing which might perhaps influence the Grand Inquisitor." (He refers to his old pupil, Dom Henrique.) "These Jews lay almost more stress upon their Talmud than upon the four-and-twenty books which we call the Old Testament. It is the Talmud which absorbs their chief energies. Wherefore for this, if for no other reason, some Jew might be maintained in the palace until he had translated the whole Talmud into the vernacular, in order that the Grand Inquisitor should be able to refer to it whenever he is called upon to perform the duties of his office. The books in question are not unreadable; they contain a great deal of interesting matter; and since we adorn our bookshelves with the works of the pagans, Plato and Aristotle, and even Homer and Lucian, I don't see why we should reject those which are entirely occupied with religious questions. . . . The monks won't like it, and I know very well what dire things I have to expect from them on the score of my Arabic studies. The noble marquis writes me from Granada that the colloquies of Erasmus have been condemned to the flames, along with a lot of other books which are distasteful to the monks. . . . What do you think will happen when they hear the word *Alcoran*?"

In the matter of the Arabic texts

which he had hoped to collect in Morocco Clenardus had been disappointed, and in a letter to Latomus, dated a few weeks later than the one just quoted, he explains how hard it was to obtain possession of such:—

"Their schools are in the mosques, which neither Christian nor Jew may enter; and though there are so many students here, there is not a single bookshop. However, on Friday of each week, after the prayers have been said, there is a book auction at the principal mosque, to which both buyers and sellers resort. But very few old codices are produced, for the reason that the trade of copyist has been declining here for two hundred years, and the Fezians are sunk in sloth; so that when anything of the sort does appear it fetches a great price, and is immediately snapped up. If an author be in just repute, his works cannot be bought at all, except in fragments. You might spend a lifetime before you would get a complete copy of Zamakschari, or any other commentator on the Koran; but you must buy the half of your author here, and the severed hands of him there, just as you happen to find them for sale: and so, after many bargains and many years, you may get the whole of him together. They never heard of the printing-press. Into the auction room aforesaid Christians and Jews may indeed enter, but they run the risk of being stoned to death, if discovered, so fiercely do the Mohammedans grudge their codices to those of another faith. The king here had promised to allow me to take away certain books, but it proved only another example of Punic faith. Still, I cannot call his Majesty to account, as I would any of the other bipeds from whose perfidy I have suffered in this last year; but if the Lord ever permits me to return hence, the truth shall out concerning this African monster. . . . He has done all that in him lay to balk me of the pious purpose for which I undertook this terrible journey,

and to make me lose my life in the quest of Arabic lore."

This letter was written in April, 1541, and four or five months had still to elapse before Clenardus was able to satisfy the claims of his creditors in Fez, and get out of the now hated country. The faithful William, in spite of his dread of the sea, went twice to the continent to collect money for his hardly pressed master. Even the pension settled on his tutor by Dom Henrique was now in arrears, and Clenardus appears to think that the Grand Inquisitor may have conceived some suspicions of his orthodoxy, and may entertain scruples about continuing to nourish a potential heretic. But conscious of his ever growing zeal for the summary conversion of all that monstrous Moslem world, he treats this danger very lightly; says he should not starve even without the prince's bounty, and that he should not consider it altogether a misfortune if it were withdrawn. He had always thought poverty less dangerous than immoderate wealth, "and I am really *in utrumque paratus*; I will neither beseech the prince to keep his word, nor give him any good reason for breaking it. God's will be done! For I," he naively adds, "am perfectly indifferent."

Not only did William's first mission prove entirely fruitless, but immediately on his return to Africa he fell very ill of a fever, which occasioned Clenardus great anxiety. He was ultimately cured by a Jewish physician, who was also an astrologer, and insisted on casting Clenardus' horoscope. A short debate ensued between the sick man and his master as to the day and hour of the latter's birth, a point on which they decidedly differed. But this indispensable preliminary having been settled, the scheme of nativity was drawn up in due form, and Clenardus learned, to his infinite amusement, that he was one day to be Pope. He does not see why not, he says, since he had already been for an entire

year in Africa as much the "servant of servants" as ever the sovereign pontiff could have been in Italy; and he proceeds to give his episcopal correspondent — for he is still writing to the Bishop of Cape Verd — a facetious outline of some of the bulls which he proposes to issue. "So you need not think that I am coming back to Portugal in any desperate frame of mind, or that I intend to grovel to the prince for supplies. After what has passed, I could n't so humiliate myself. And why take thought not merely for the morrow, but for the next three years, when my last day may be close at hand? Meanwhile, the promises of the astrologer near their fulfillment, and if they fail I shall have the means of confuting his vain science."

The overflowing spirits of this and the other late letters from Africa would seem to show conclusively that Clenardus had then no serious premonition of his rapidly approaching end. But with a man of his mercurial temperament one can never be sure. After his safe return to Granada in the autumn of 1541, a dozen plans for the future were conceived and rejected by his eager brain. "Sweet Louvain" began to seem less attractive. "I am afraid that I have been away too long," he says, "and that I shall find it impossible to adapt myself to the customs of my native land. I have so many relatives there that I shall be perpetually receiving invitations to weddings, baptisms, and dinners; and I would much sooner munch a crust of bread over an Arabic codex than be involved in such noisy assemblies."

Soon the outbreak of war rendered the journey to Brabant impossible, and in the last of Clenardus' private letters we find him announcing his purpose of paying another visit to Africa in the immediate future, — this time, however, without servants or luggage. There seems no reason to suppose that this project was ever realized.

Meanwhile, in the early days of 1542, he composed the long epistle to the Emperor Charles V. from which our first random quotation was taken. It is as vigorous a piece of writing as he ever produced, strong both in defense and in appeal; and though he cannot repress an occasional sally of fun, it is for the most part very properly serious in tone. He then began to compose a general Apologia, which was inscribed, "To Christians, concerning the Teaching of Arabic, and the Inauguration of a Crusade against Mahomet."

All the events of his life up to the time of his arrival at Braga are minutely recorded here, and most of the good stories contained in the letters to his various friends are retold. But the narrative breaks off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and Carolus Clusius (Charles de l'Ecluse of Arras), who edited a collection of Clenardus' letters, published in 1566 by the celebrated house of Plantin at Antwerp, says that his own most diligent researches, both at Granada and Salamanca, had failed to discover another word of his author's writing; whence he (Clusius) is forced to conclude that death overtook him precisely at this point.

The hour and manner of that death are unknown. The swift and silent disappearance of so marked a personality

as Clenardus', taken in connection with the evident suspicions of his orthodoxy entertained by the great functionary who had once been his pupil, suggests irresistible thoughts of the Holy Office, which was at that time so active both in Portugal and Spain. It also seems, at first sight, rather significant that when the Antwerp edition of the letters was reprinted, forty years later, at Hanau, near Frankfurt, there should have been added, by way of appendix, certain extracts from the life of the Elector Palatine Frederick which deal almost entirely with the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition.

But Clenardus' latest biographer, Félix Nère, himself a professor at the University of Louvain, says distinctly that his learned fellow-countryman was buried in an ancient mosque within the precincts of the Alhambra, which had been transformed into a Christian church; in which case his death was undoubtedly due to natural causes, and very probably to disease contracted in Africa. If a martyr at all, Clenardus was the martyr of letters rather than of religion; and even his chivalrous zeal for the conversion of the Mohammedan heathen was a fitful and intermittent sentiment, compared with his ardent ambition to open out a fresh field in the newly discovered realm of humane learning.

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

A READING IN THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS.

ONE would like to know whether a first reading in the letters of Keats does not generally produce something akin to a severe mental shock. It is a sensation which presently becomes agreeable, being in that respect like a plunge into cold water, but it is undeniably a shock. Most readers of Keats, knowing him, as he should be known, by his po-

etry, have not the remotest conception of him as he shows himself in his letters. Hence they are unprepared for this splendid exhibition of virile intellectual health. Not that they think of him as morbid, — his poetry surely could not make this impression, — but rather that the popular conception of him is, after all these years, a legendary Keats, the poet who

was killed by reviewers, the Keats of Shelley's preface to the *Adonais*, the Keats whose story is written large in the world's book of Pity and of Death. When the readers are confronted with a fair portrait of the real man, it makes them rub their eyes. Nay, more, it embarrasses them. To find themselves guilty of having pitied one who stood in small need of pity is mortifying. In plain terms, they have systematically bestowed (or have attempted to bestow) alms on a man whose income at its least was bigger than any his patrons could boast. Small wonder that now and then you find a reader, with large capacity for the sentimental, who looks back with terror to his first dip into the letters.

The legendary Keats dies hard; or perhaps we would better say that when he seems to be dying he is simply, in the good old fashion of legends, taking out a new lease of life. For it is as true now as when the sentence was first penned, that "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." Among the many readers of good books, there will always be some whose notions of the poetical proprieties suffer greatly by the facts of Keats's history. It is so much pleasanter to them to think that the poet's sensitive spirit was wounded to death by bitter words than to know that he was carried off by pulmonary disease. But when they are tired of reading *Endymion*, *Isabella*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes* in the light of this incorrect conception, let them try a new reading in the light of the letters, and the masculinity of this very robust young maker of poetry will prove refreshing.

The letters are in every respect good reading. Rather than deplore their frankness, as one critic has done, we ought to rejoice in their utter want of affectation, in their boyish honesty. At every turn there is something to amuse or to startle one into thinking. We are carried back in a vivid way to the period of their composition. Not a little

of the pulsing life of that time throbs anew, and we catch glimpses of notable figures. Often, the feeling is that we have been called in haste to a window to look at some celebrity passing by, and have arrived just in time to see him turn the corner. What a touch of reality, for example, does one get in reading that "Wordsworth went rather huff'd out of town"! One is not in the habit of thinking of Wordsworth as capable of being "huffed," but the writer of the letters feared that he was. All of Keats's petty anxieties and small doings, as well as his aspirations and his greatest dreams, are set down here in black on white. It is a complete and charming revelation of the man. One learns how he "went to Hazlitt's lecture on Poetry, and got there just as they were coming out;" how he was insulted at the theatre, and would n't tell his brothers; how it vexed him because the Irish servant said that his picture of Shakespeare looked exactly like her father, only "her father had more color than the engraving;" how he filled in the time while waiting for the stage to start by counting the buns and tarts in a pastry-cook's window, "and had just begun on the jellies;" how indignant he was at being spoken of as "quite the little poet;" how he sat in a hatter's shop in the Poultry while Mr. Abbey read him some extracts from Lord Byron's "last flash poem," Don Juan; how some beef was carved exactly to suit his appetite, as if he "had been measured for it;" how he dined with Horace Smith and his brothers and some other young gentleman of fashion, and thought them all hopelessly affected; in a word, almost anything you want to know about John Keats can be found in these letters. They are of more value than all the "recollections" of all his friends put together. In their breezy good nature and cheerfulness they are a fine antidote to the impression one gets of him in Haydon's account, "lying in a white bed with a book, hectic and on

his back, irritable at his weakness and wounded at the way he had been used. He seemed to be going out of life with a contempt for this world, and no hopes of the other. I told him to be calm, but he muttered that if he did not soon get better he would destroy himself." This is taking Keats at his worst. It is well enough to know that he seemed to Haydon as Haydon has described him, but few men appear to advantage when they are desperately ill. Turn to the letters written during his tour in Scotland, when he walked twenty miles a day, climbed Ben Nevis, so fatigued himself that, as he told Fanny Keats, "when I am asleep you might sew my nose to my great toe and trundle me around the town, like a Hoop, without waking me. Then I get so hungry a Ham goes but a very little way, and fowls are like Larks to me. . . . I take a whole string of Pork Sausages down as easily as a Pen'orth of Lady's fingers." And then he bewails the fact that when he arrives in the Highlands he will have to be contented "with an acre or two of oaten cake, a hogshead of Milk, and a Cloaths basket of Eggs morning, noon and night." Here is the active Keats, of honest mundane tastes and an athletic disposition, who threatens "to cut all sick people if they do not make up their minds to cut Sickness."

Indeed, the letters are so pleasant and amusing in the way they exhibit minor traits, habits, prejudices, and the like, that it is a temptation to dwell upon these things. How we love a man's weaknesses — if we share them! I do not know that Keats would have given occasion for an anecdote like that told of a certain book-loving actor, whose best friend, when urged to join the chorus of praise that was quite universally sung to this actor's virtues, acquiesced by saying amiably, "Mr. Blank undoubtedly has genius, but he can't spell;" yet there are comforting evidences that Keats was no servile follower of the

"monster Conventionality" even in his spelling, while in respect to the use of capitals he was a law unto himself. He sprinkled them through his correspondence with a lavish hand, though at times he grew so economical that, as one of his editors remarks, he would spell Romeo with a small *r*, Irishman with a small *i*, and God with a small *g*.

It is also a pleasure to find that, with his other failings, he had a touch of book-madness. There was in him the making of a first-class bibliophile. He speaks with rapture of his black-letter Chaucer, which he proposes to have bound "in Gothique," so as to unmodernize as much as possible its outward appearance. But to Keats books were literature or they were not literature, and one cannot think that his affections would twine about ever so bookish a volume which was merely "curious."

One reads with sympathetic amusement of Keats's genuine and natural horror of paying the same bill twice, "there not being a more unpleasant thing in the world (saving a thousand and one others)." The necessity of preserving adequate evidence that a bill had been paid was uppermost in his thought quite frequently; and once when, at Leigh Hunt's instance, sundry packages of papers belonging to that eminently methodical and businesslike man of letters were to be sorted out and in part destroyed, Keats refused to burn any, "for fear of demolishing receipts."

But the reader will chance upon few more humorous passages than that in which the poet tells his brother George how he cures himself of the blues, and at the same time spurs his flagging powers of invention: "Whenever I find myself growing vaporish I rouse myself, wash and put on a clean shirt, brush my hair and clothes, tie my shoe-strings neatly, and, in fact, adonize, as if I were going out — then all clean and comfortable, I sit down to write. This I find the greatest relief." The virtues of a clean

shirt have often been sung, but it remained for Keats to show what a change of linen and a general *adonizing* could do in the way of furnishing poetic stimulus. This is better than coffee, brandy, absinthe, or falling in love; and it prompts one to think anew that the English poets, taking them as a whole, were a marvelously healthy and sensible breed of men.

It is, however, in respect to the light they throw upon the poet's literary life that the letters are of highest significance. They gratify to a reasonable extent that natural desire we all have to see authorship in the act. The processes by which genius brings things to pass are so mysterious that our curiosity is continually piqued; and our failure to get at the real thing prompts us to be more or less content with mere externals. If we may not hope to see the actual process of making poetry, we may at least study the poet's manuscript. By knowing of his habits of work we flatter ourselves that we are a little nearer the secret of his power.

We must bear in mind that Keats was a boy, always a boy, and that he died before he quite got out of boyhood. To be sure, most boys of twenty-six would resent being described by so juvenile a term. But one must have successfully passed twenty-six without doing anything in particular to understand how exceedingly young twenty-six is. And to have wrought so well in so short a time, Keats must have had from the first a clear and noble conception of the nature of his work, as he must also have displayed extraordinary diligence in the doing of it. Perhaps these points are too obvious, and of a sort which would naturally occur to any one; but it will be none the less interesting to see how the letters bear witness to their truth.

In the first place, Keats was anything but a loafer at literature. He seems never to have dawdled. A fine healthiness is apparent in all allusions to his

processes of work. "I read and write about eight hours a day," he remarks in a letter to Haydon. Bailey, Keats's Oxford friend, says that the fellow would go to his writing-desk soon after breakfast, and stay there until two or three o'clock in the afternoon. He was then writing *Endymion*. His stint was about "fifty lines a day, . . . and he wrote with as much regularity, and apparently with as much ease, as he wrote his letters. . . . Sometimes he fell short of his allotted task, but not often, and he would make it up another day. But he never forced himself." Bailey quotes, in connection with this, Keats's own remark to the effect that poetry would better not come at all than not to come "as naturally as the leaves of a tree." Whether this spontaneity of production was as great as that of some other poets of his time may be questioned; but he would never have deserved Tom Nash's sneer at those writers who can only produce by "sleeping betwixt every sentence." Keats had in no small degree the "fine extemporal vein" with "invention quicker than his eye."

We uncritically feel that it could hardly have been otherwise in the case of one with whom poetry was a passion. Keats had an infinite hunger and thirst for good poetry. His poetical life, both in the receptive and productive phases of it, was intense. Poetry was meat and drink to him. He could even urge his friend Reynolds to talk about it to him, much as one might beg a trusted friend to talk about one's lady-love, and with the confidence that only the fitting thing would be spoken. "Whenever you write, say a word or two on some passage in Shakespeare which may have come rather new to you," — a sentence which shows his faith in the many-sidedness of the great poetry. Shakespeare was forever "coming new" to *him*, and he was "haunted" by particular passages. He loved to fill the cup of his imagination with the splendors of the best poets until

the cup overflowed. "I find I cannot exist without Poetry, — without eternal Poetry; half the day will not do, — the whole of it; I began with a little, but habit has made me a leviathan." He tells Leigh Hunt, in a letter written from Margate, that he thought so much about poetry, and "so long together," that he could not get to sleep at night. Whether this meant in working out ideas of his own, or living over the thoughts of other poets, is of little importance; the remark shows how deeply the roots of his life were imbedded in poetical soil. He loved a debauch in the verse of masters of his art. He could intoxicate himself with Shakespeare's sonnets. He rioted in "all their fine things said unconsciously." We are tempted to say, by just so much as he had large reverence for these men, by just so much he was of them.

Undoubtedly, this ability to be moved by strong imaginative work may be abused until it becomes a maudlin and quite disordered sentiment. Keats was too well balanced to be carried into appreciative excesses. He knew that mere yearning could not make a poet of one any more than mere ambition could. He understood the limits of ambition as a force in literature. Keats's ambition trembled in the presence of Keats's conception of the magnitude of the poetic office. "I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is." Yet he had honest confidence. One cannot help liking him for the fine audacity with which he pronounces his own work good, — better even than that of a certain other great name in English literature; one cannot help loving him for the sweet humility with which he accepts the view that, after all, success or failure lies entirely without the range of self-choosing. There is a point of view from which it is folly to hold a poet responsible even for his own poetry, and when Endymion was spoken of as

"slipshod" Keats could reply, "That it is so is no fault of mine. . . . The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. . . . That which is creative must create itself. In Endymion I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

Well might a man who could write that last sentence look upon poetry not only as a responsible, but as a dangerous pursuit. Men who aspire to be poets are gamblers. In all the lotteries of the literary life none is so uncertain as this. A million chances that you don't win the prize to one chance that you do. It is a curious thing that ever so thoughtful and conscientious an author may not know whether he is making literature or merely writing verse. He conforms to all the canons of taste in his own day; he is devout and reverent; he shuns excesses of diction, and he courts originality; his verse seems to himself and to his unflattering friends instinct with the spirit of his time, but twenty years later it is old-fashioned. Keats, with all his feeling of certainty, stood with head uncovered before that power which gives poetical gifts to one, and withholds them from another. Above all would he avoid self-delusion in these things. "There is no greater Sin after the seven deadly than to flatter one's self into an idea of being a great Poet."

Keats, if one may judge from a letter written to John Taylor in February, 1818, had little expectation that his Endymion was going to be met with universal plaudits. He doubtless looked for fair treatment. He probably had no thought of being sneeringly addressed as "Johnny," or of getting recommendations to return to his "plasters, pills, and ointment

boxes." In fact, he looked upon the issue as entirely problematical. He seemed willing to take it for granted that in Endymion he had but moved into the go-cart from the leading-strings. "If Endymion serves me for a pioneer, perhaps I ought to be content, for thank God I can read and perhaps understand Shakespeare to his depths; and I have, I am sure, many friends who if I fail will attribute any change in my life to humbleness rather than pride, — to a cowering under the wings of great poets rather than to bitterness that I am not appreciated." And for evidence of any especial bitterness because of the lashing he received one will search the letters in vain. Keats was manly and good humored, most of his morbidity being referred directly to his ill health. The trouncing he had at the hands of the reviewers was no more violent than the one administered to Tennyson by Professor Wilson. Critics, good and bad, can do much harm. They may terrorize a timid spirit. But a greater terror than the fear of the reviewers hung over the head of John Keats. He stood in awe of his own artistic and poetic sense. He could say with truth that his own domestic criticism had given him pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict. If he had had any terrible heart-burning over their malignancy, if he had felt that his life was poisoned, he could hardly have forborne some allusion to it in his letters to his brother, George Keats. But he is almost imperturbable. He talks of the episode freely, says that he has been urged to publish his *Pot of Basil* as a reply to the reviewers, has no idea that he can be made ridiculous by abuse, notes the futility of attacks of this kind, and then, with a serene conviction that is irresistible, adds, "I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death"!

Such egoism of genius is magnificent; the more so as it appears in Keats be-

cause it runs parallel with deep humility in the presence of the masters of his art. Naturally, the masters who were in their graves were the ones he revered the most and read without stint. But it was by no means essential that a poet be a dead poet before Keats did him homage. It is impossible to think that Keats's attitude towards Wordsworth was other than finely appreciative, in spite of the fact that he applauded Reynolds's Peter Bell, and inquired almost petulantly why one should be teased with Wordsworth's "Matthew with a bough of wilding in his hand." But it is also impossible that his sense of humor should not have been aroused by much that he found in Wordsworth. It was Wordsworth he meant when he said, "Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself," — a sentence, by the way, quite as unconsciously funny as some of the things he laughed at in the works of his great contemporary.

It will be pertinent to quote here two or three of the good critical words which Keats scattered through his letters. Emphasizing the use of simple means in his art, he says, "I think that poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance."

"We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us. . . . Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject." Or as Ruskin has put the thing with respect to painting, "Entirely first-rate work is so quiet and natural that there can be no dispute over it."

Keats appears to have been in no sense a hermit. With the exception of Byron, he was perhaps less of a recluse than any of his poetical contemporaries. With respect to society he frequently

practiced total abstinence; but the world was amusing, and he liked it. He was fond of the theatre, fond of whist, fond of visiting the studios, fond of going to the houses of his friends. But he would run no risks; he was shy and he was proud. He dreaded contact with the ultra-fashionables. Naturally, his opportunities for such intercourse were limited, but he cheerfully neglected his opportunities. I doubt if he ever bewailed his humble origin; nevertheless, the constitution of English society would hardly admit of his forgetting it. He had that pardonable pride which will not allow a man to place himself among those who, though outwardly fair-spoken, offer the insult of a hostile and patronizing mental attitude.

Most of his friendships were with men, and this is to his credit. The man is spiritually warped who is incapable of a deep and abiding friendship with one of his own sex; and to go a step further, that man is utterly to be distrusted whose only friends are among women. We may not be prepared to accept the radical position of a certain young thinker, who proclaims, in season, but defiantly, that "men are the idealists, after all;" yet it is easy to comprehend how one may take this point of view. The friendships of men are a vastly more interesting and poetic study than the friendships of men and women. This is in the nature of the case. It is the usual victory of the normal over the abnormal. As a rule, it is impossible for a friendship to exist between a man and woman, unless the man and woman in question be husband and wife. Then it is as rare as it is beautiful. And with men, the most admirable spectacle is not always that where attendant circumstances prompt to heroic display of friendship, for it is often so much easier to die than to live. But you may see young men pledging their mutual love and support in this difficult and adventurous quest of what is noblest in the art

of living. Such love will not urge to a theatrical posing, and it can hardly find expression in words. Words seem to profane it. I do not say that Keats stood in such an ideal relation to any one of his many friends whose names appear in the letters. He gave of himself to them all, and he received much from each. No man of taste and genius could have been other than flattered by the way in which Keats approached him. He was charming in his attitude toward Haydon; and when Haydon proposed sending Keats's sonnet to Wordsworth, the young poet wrote, "The Idea of your sending it to Wordsworth put me out of breath — you know with what Reverence I would send my well wishes to him."

But interesting as a chapter on Keats's friendships with men would be, we are bound to confess that in dramatic intensity it would grow pale when laid beside that fiery love passage of his life, his acquaintance with Fanny Brawne. The thirty-nine letters given in the fourth volume of Buxton Forman's edition of Keats's Works tell the story of this affair of a poet's heart. These are the letters which Mr. William Watson says he has never read, and at which no consideration shall ever induce him to look. But Mr. Watson reflects upon people who have been human enough to read them when he compares such a proceeding on his own part (were he able to be guilty of it) to the indelicacy of "listening at a keyhole or spying over a wall." This is not a just illustration. The man who takes upon himself the responsibility of being the first to open such intimate letters, and adds thereto the infinitely greater responsibility of publishing them in so attractive a form that he who runs will stop running in order to read, — such an editor will need to satisfy Mr. Watson that in so doing he was not listening at a keyhole or spying over a wall. For the general public, the wall is down, and the door containing the keyhole thrown open. Per-

haps our duty is not to look. I, for one, wish that great men would not leave their love letters around. Nay, I wish you a better wish than that: it is that the perfect taste of the gentleman and scholar who gave us in its present form the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, the early and later letters of Carlyle, and the letters of Lowell might have control of the private papers of every man of genius whose teachings the world holds dear. He would need for this an indefinite lease upon life; but since I am wishing, let me wish largely. There is need of such wishing. Many editors have been called, and only two or three chosen.

But why one who reads the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne should have any other feeling than that of pity for a poor fellow who was so desperately in love as to be wretched because of it I do not see. Even a cynic will grant that Keats was not disgraced, since it is very clear that he did not yield readily to what Dr. Holmes calls the great passion. He had a complacent boyish superiority of attitude with respect to all those who are weak enough to love women. "Nothing," he says, "strikes me so forcibly with a sense of the ridiculous as love. A man in love I do think cuts the sorryest figure in the world. Even when I know a poor fool to be really in pain about it I could burst out laughing in his face. His pathetic visage becomes irresistible." Then he speaks of that dinner party of stutters and squinters described in the *Spectator*, and says that it would please him more "to scrape together a party of lovers." If this letter be genuine and the date of it correctly given, it was written three months after he had succumbed to the attractions of Fanny Brawne. Perhaps he was trying to brave it out, as one may laugh to conceal embarrassment.

In a much earlier letter than this he hopes he shall never marry, but nevertheless has a good deal to say about a young lady with fine eyes and fine manners and

a "rich Eastern look." He discovers that he can talk to her without being uncomfortable or ill at ease. "I am too much occupied in admiring to be awkward or in a tremble. . . . She kept me awake one night as a tune of Mozart might do. . . . I don't cry to take the moon home with me in my pocket, nor do I fret to leave her behind me." But he was not a little touched, and found it easy to fill two pages on the subject of this dark beauty. She was a friend of the Reynolds family. She crosses the stage of the Keats drama in a very impressive manner, and then disappears.

The most extraordinary passage to be met with in relation to the poet's attitude towards women is in a letter written to Benjamin Bailey in July, 1818. As a partial hint towards its full meaning I would take two phrases in Daniel Deronda. George Eliot says of Gwendolen Harleth that there was "a certain fierceness of maidenhood in her," which expression is quoted here only to emphasize the girl's feeling towards men as described a little later, when Rex Gascoigne attempted to tell her his love. Gwendolen repulsed him with a sort of fury that was surprising to herself. The author's interpretative comment is, "*The life of passion had begun negatively in her.*"

So one might say of Keats that the life of passion began negatively in him. He was conscious of a hostility of temper towards women. "I am certain I have not a right feeling toward women — at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot." He certainly started with a preposterously high ideal, for he says that when a schoolboy he thought a fair woman a pure goddess. And now he is disappointed at finding women only the equals of men. This disappointment helps to give rise to that antagonism which is almost inexplicable save as George Eliot's phrase throws light upon it. He thinks that he insults women by these perverse feelings of un-

provoked hostility. "Is it not extraordinary?" he exclaims. — "when among men I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak or to be silent; . . . I am free from all suspicion, and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone." He wonders how this trouble is to be cured. He speaks of it as a prejudice produced from "a gordian complication of feelings, which must take time to unravel." And then, with a good-humored, characteristic touch, he drops the subject, saying, "After all, I do think better of women than to suppose they care whether Mister John Keats, five feet high, likes them or not."

Three or four months after writing these words he must have begun his friendly relations with the Brawne family. This would be in October or November, 1818. Keats's description of Fanny is hardly flattering, and not even vivid. What is one to make of the colorless expression "a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort"? But she was fair to him, and any beauty beyond that would have been superfluous. We look at the silhouette and sigh in vain for trace of the loveliness which ensnared Keats. But if our daguerreotypes of forty years ago can so entirely fail of giving one line of that which in its day passed for dazzling beauty, let us not be unreasonable in our demands upon the artistic capabilities of a silhouette. Not infrequently is it true that the style of dress seems to disfigure. But we have learned, in course of experience, that pretty women manage to be pretty, however much fashion, with their cordial help, disguises them.

It is easy to see from the letters that Keats was a difficult lover. Hard to please at the best, his two sicknesses, one of body and one of heart, made him whimsical. Nothing less than a woman

of genius could possibly have managed him. He was jealous, perhaps quite unreasonably so. Fanny Brawne was young, a bit coquettish, buoyant, and he misinterpreted her vivacity. She liked what is commonly called "the world," and so did he when he was well; but looking through the discolored glass of ill health, all nature was out of harmony. For these reasons it happens that the letters at times come very near to being documents in love-madness. Many a line in them gives sharp pain, as a record of heart-suffering must always do. You may read Richard Steele's love letters for pleasure, and have it. The love letters of Keats scorch and sting; and the worst of it is that you cannot avoid reflecting upon the transitory character of such a passion. Withering young love like this does not last. It may burn itself out, or, what is quite as likely, it may become sober and rational. But in its earlier maddened state it cannot possibly last; a man would die under it. Men as a rule do not so die, for the race of the Azra is nearly extinct.

These Brawne letters, however, are not without their bright side; and it is wonderful to see how Keats's elastic nature would rebound the instant that the pressure of the disease relaxed. He is at times almost gay. The singing of a thrush prompts him to talk in his natural epistolary voice: "There's the Thrush again — I can't afford it — he'll run me up a pretty Bill for Music — besides he ought to know I deal at Clementi's." And in the letter which he wrote to Mrs. Brawne from Naples is a touch of the old bantering Keats when he says that "it's misery to have an intellect in splints." He was never strong enough to write again to Fanny, or even to read her letters.

I should like to close this reading with a few sentences from a letter written to Reynolds in February, 1818. Keats says: "I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner — let

him on a certain day read a certain Page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, . . . and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale — but when will it do so? Never! When Man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting post towards all the 'two-and-thirty Palaces.' How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent Indolence! . . . Nor will this sparing touch of noble Books be any

irreverence to their Writers — for perhaps the honors paid by Man to Man are trifles in comparison to the Benefit done by great Works to the Spirit and pulse of good by their mere passive existence."

May we not say that the final test of great literature is that it be able to be read in the manner here indicated? As Keats read, so did he write. His own work was

"accomplish'd in repose
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

Leon H. Vincent.

THE NEW STORM AND STRESS IN GERMANY.

It was in 1840 that Georg Gervinus, the greatest of German literary historians, wrote the memorable words, "Our literature has *had* its day; and if German life is not to come to a standstill, we must force our best talents, now drifting about aimlessly, into political and industrial channels." The last fifty years have been a living proof of the prophetic insight manifested in these words. For nearly two generations the vital energy of the German people has been consumed in the struggle for national greatness and material prosperity; and literature, instead of opening new paths of thought and feeling, has been lagging behind, keeping at a respectful distance from events the rapid succession and colossal proportions of which have made all Europe hold its breath.

At present we are witnessing another turning of the tide. With German unity accomplished, with German industry and commerce successfully established in the world's market, with German science setting the methods of research to all other nations, the ideals of the inner life are once more beginning to assert themselves, and it is clear that there is going to be once more a German literature.

In more ways than one, the intellectual situation of to-day resembles the intellectual situation during the seventies and eighties of the last century. The Storm and Stress agitation, which then was at its height, was the composite result of a number of movements, distinct from each other in temper and immediate purpose, but at one in their ultimate aim of widening the scope of individual life to its fullest extent, of raising man to the stature of his true self. Richardson and Rousseau, Diderot and Ossian, combined to produce *The Sorrows of Werther* and *The Robbers*. Pietism and rationalism, sentimentality and self-portrayal, the yearning for nature and the striving for freedom, all rushed together into one surging whirlpool of revolt against the existing social and political order.

To-day, as a hundred and twenty years ago, the leading note of German literature is revolt. In the eighteenth century this revolt meant the ascendancy of the middle classes over a hereditary aristocracy which had ceased to be an aristocracy of the spirit; to-day it means the ascendancy of the working classes over a *bourgeoisie* which has ceased to be the

representative of the whole people. It means now no less than it meant then an upward movement in the development of the race, another phase in the gradual extension of human dignity and self-respect; it means a further step toward the final reconciliation of individualism and collectivism.

To-day, as a hundred and twenty years ago, the names of the men who first gave life to the new literature are not the names of Germans: the modern Rousseau is Tolstóy, and the modern Diderot is Ibsen. But to-day happens what happened then: the foreign pioneers are quickly being succeeded by German writers of originality and power; and if, perhaps, no Goethe or Schiller has as yet come forth, the nearly simultaneous appearance of such works as Sudermann's *Heimat* and Hauptmann's *Die Weber* augurs well indeed for the future of the German drama.

Heimat is one of those literary thunderclouds which are charged with the social and intellectual electricity of a whole age. As a piece of dramatic workmanship it offers little that is new or particularly striking. A father who disowns his daughter; a daughter who, in years of waywardness and misery, finds her larger self; her return to the old home; the renewal of the conflict between father and daughter; and the ruin of both, — physically of the one, morally of the other. — this is a familiar, not to say well-worn theme. What makes this simple domestic tragedy so significant for us, what sends such a thrill of sympathy through our hearts as we see the mutual grinding down of these characters, sterling in themselves, but incompatible with each other, is the feeling that here we have a true poetic symbol of the great gulf existing in modern German society.

What an extraordinary sight it is, this modern Germany! On the one hand, Bismarck, — whether in office or out; on the other, Bebel. On the one hand, the ruling minority, wonderfully organized, full of intellectual and moral vigor, proud,

honest, loyal, patriotic, but hemmed in by prejudice, and devoid of larger sympathies; on the other, the millions of the majority, equally well organized, influential as a political body, but socially held down, restless, rebellious, inspired with the vague ideal of a broader and fuller humanity. On the one hand, a past secure in glorious achievements; on the other, a future teeming with extravagant hopes. On the one hand, service; on the other, personality. On the one hand, an almost religious belief in the sacredness of hereditary sovereignty; on the other, an equally fervent zeal for the emancipation of the individual. And what is most remarkable of all, both conservatives and radicals, both monarchists and social-democrats, inevitably drifting toward the same final goal of a new corporate consciousness, which shall embrace both authority and freedom.

These are the contrasts which clash together in the modest home of the retired Major Schwartz; this is the struggle which subverts its peace. This is the ideal of the future which illumines its downfall. For it is impossible to think that characters of such rugged nobility and inner healthiness as this imperious major and his rebellious daughter should be entirely annihilated. They may be crushed as individuals, but they will live as principles. And the end of their conflict will be mutual understanding and toleration as the basis of a new and happier home.

No such hope seems to be held out in Gerhart Hauptmann's *Weavers*. Here we see nothing but destruction, through five breathless acts one protracted agony of death.

Never has the modern proletariat and its inevitable doom been more vividly represented than in this drama. Here Zola might learn true truthfulness. Without a false accent, without a single touch of rhetoric, without the slightest approach to the sensational, the misery of these Silesian weavers is unfolded before us in

all its mute horror, only now and then interrupted by a stammering outcry. In the beginning even this is absent: only an endless variety of ever new forms of physical and mental suffering, of degradation, brooding hopelessness, suppressed scorn, pitiful yet sublime resignation to the Lord's will, tender but helpless sympathy with each other's burdens, and above all, hunger, hunger, hunger. Among these people, nearly benumbed with starvation, there appears a figure which to them must have the effect of a supernatural vision: one of their own kin, well fed and well clad, and with ten thalers in his pocket! He has just come back from Berlin, having finished his military service. At home he was considered a good-for-nothing, but he has made a splendid soldier, has been a model of discipline and a favorite with his officers. He is the first to see the degradation of his people in all its nakedness, and the model soldier turns into a revolutionary agitator. And now we see the wildfire spreading. A superhuman frenzy seizes the dried-up, half-crazed brains. Like a "*dies ira, dies illa*," there wells up and streams from house to house, from village to village, a mighty song of despair and revenge. It is as though the elements themselves had risen in their chaotic power, as though the days of giant struggles had returned. As a matter of fact, it is the death struggle of the proletariat. A few violent convulsions, a few mad onslaughts with stone and pickaxe, then the sound of marching battalions, of musketry volleys, a last rattle in the throat, and all is quiet.

Here, indeed, we have, from beginning to end, a picture of merciless ruin and disintegration. But is the drama, on that account, to be condemned as a work of art? Is not death the most important event of life? Is it not the surest pledge of eternity? In the whole history of art, is there a single poem or painting which preaches more emphatically the imperishableness of reason and justice than Holbein's Dance of Death? Here there

has indeed risen a new Holbein. Here we see Death, not as an abstract allegory, not in the livery of a well-paid, featureless undertaker; we see Death himself, the angel of wrath, the angel of God, the great fulfiller and redeemer; we see a whole generation sinking into the abyss. Can we be so dull as not to feel that what we have been witnessing is, in reality, not destruction, but the planting of the seeds of a new society?

It seems almost frivolous to mention in the same breath with such earnest and thoughtful works of art as *Heimat* and *Die Weber* a malicious though skillful satire which soon will have been forgotten. Only the circumstances which have produced it, and the stir which it at present is creating, give it an undeniable symptomatic importance, and make it a part of the new Storm and Stress.

Some months ago, Professor L. Quidde, one of the most talented of the younger German historians, a former Fellow of the Royal Prussian Institute for History at Rome, editor in chief of the highly respected *Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft*, published in a monthly of avowedly radical tendencies an article purporting to be an analysis of the character and life of Caligula, the successor of Tiberius. The sub-title of the essay, *A Study on Imperial Insanity*, did not necessarily suggest anything startling or unheard of; for it is a fact now almost universally accepted by historians that the atrocities and crimes of the Julian dynasty are largely attributable to hereditary madness. Nor was the tone of republican indignation at the frivolity and emptiness of court life which pervaded the article to be wondered at; for it is hard to see how any one could tell the story of Caligula's life without republican indignation. What gave such a violent shock to the German reader, what at once exhausted the edition of the reprint, and has since necessitated edition after edition, was the discovery which forced itself from the very first page even upon

the most unsuspecting, that the subject of this essay was not Caligula, but the reigning Emperor William II. of Germany.

Nothing could be cleverer than the way in which, at the very outset, we are flooded with a mass of facts, meaningless in themselves, but so curiously corresponding with recent events in the Hohenzollern family that we are henceforth prepared to accept any new analogy as additional evidence of the correctness of the preceding ones, until the closing paragraph, with its hypocritical eulogy of our own time, in which such monsters as Caligula would be absolutely impossible, appears to us as the most hollow mockery.

"Gaius Cæsar, better known by his surname Caligula," — thus the story begins, — "was still very young, not yet fully matured, when he was unexpectedly called to the throne. Gloomy and uncanny were the circumstances of his succession, strange the earlier history of his house. Far from home, his father had succumbed to a cruel fate in the flower of his years; and there were many rumors afloat about the mysterious circumstances of his death. The people did not refrain from the most serious imputations, and suspicion dared to approach even the immediate friends and advisers of the old Emperor. With Caligula's father the nation had lost its favorite. With the army he had been united through many campaigns, in which he had borne the hardships of war together with the common soldier. His happy family life, blessed by a large number of children, his affable manner, his fondness for a harmless joke, had endeared him to the citizen as well. To be sure, so long as the old Emperor lived he had been doomed to inactivity in the most important questions of internal policy; but if he ever had come to the throne, freer and happier days would have followed, and the feeling of dull oppression which was weighing on the empire would have been taken from it. Thus the hope

of a whole generation had sunk into the grave with Germanicus.

"From this idol of the nation there fell a reflex of popularity upon the son, who, however, grew up entirely dissimilar to his father, — perhaps more like his proud, impassioned mother, — and at the same time favored by the old Emperor, probably just because the latter saw in him the direct opposite of his father, with whom he had never been on friendly terms."

Now there follows an account of the events which marked the accession to the throne of the young Emperor. The sudden dismissal of the "leading statesman;" the liberal beginnings of the new course; the early tokens of restlessness and arbitrariness in the Emperor; his vanity; his passion for theatrical display; his fondness for speechifying, in season and out; his tampering with social reforms; the gradually increasing symptoms of insanity; the extravagance of his yachts and palaces; the sudden mobilizations of certain regiments; the attempt at "rejuvenating the army;" his fantastic desire of creating a large navy and gaining control of the sea; his self-apotheosis; finally, open madness and bestiality, — these are the leading facts in the career of Professor Quidde's Caligula. The whole satire is so transparent and direct that we should be at a loss to understand why the author so carefully wraps himself up in his scholarly domino, if we did not remember that, some years ago, the librarian of a public reading-room at Aachen was prosecuted on the charge of lese majesty because he had failed to remove from his shelves a number of the New York Puck containing a pictorial contribution to recent German history.

If Quidde's pamphlet should have the effect not simply of exciting a morbid and cowardly curiosity, but of helping to arouse public opinion to such a pitch that similar prosecutions would henceforth be impossible; if it should help to

sweep away the whole system of lese majesty indictments, one of the worst relics of Roman imperialism, it would have done a good service, its spiteful temper notwithstanding.

And what is to be the outcome of this whole movement? Will it, like the Storm and Stress of the eighteenth century, exhaust itself in a peaceful struggle for intellectual and moral freedom,

or will it lead to a violent disruption of society? Let us hope that, if the latter should come to pass, literature will not forget that the ideal traditions of the past no less than the ideal demands of the future have been entrusted to her keeping, and that it is for her to give voice to the inner and abiding harmony which underlies the transient clamor and strife of the day.

Kuno Francke.

BOOKS ILLUSTRATED AND DECORATED.

AMONG some recent specimens, which call for comment, of the essentially modern art of book illustration, it may be well, perhaps, to notice first the latest comer, Mrs. Celia Thaxter's *Island Garden*,¹ illustrated by Mr. Childe Hassam. Like several recent publications of the kind, it is so well done that, in criticising it, one has rather to consider the general fitness of the work than the independent achievement of designer and bookmaker. It is a daintily bound and printed parlor or piazza edition of a book made up of glowing descriptions of the beauty of flowers and the delights of gardening, illustrated by color-prints. As such it undoubtedly represents a grade of success in make-up and reproduction which must be placed very high even when judged by an international standard. Many doubts have been raised as to the artistic quality of this standard, and it is now almost unnecessary to say that our modern color-prints, glossy in texture and ambitious in range of coloring, have not one fraction of the charm of a simple Japanese print. It is more to the point to venture the assertion that they have a charm of their own, which may be turned to artistic purpose. It is of the world worldly, suggesting the boulevards, and the Avenue de

l'Opéra, and the *frou-frou* of silk skirts, and other things perhaps not entirely in keeping with Mrs. Thaxter's picture of an altogether ideal life, combining the enjoyment of flowers, nature, music, conversation, and unconventionality.

Mr. Childe Hassam would seem to be an artist eminently fitted for the task, from his sympathy with elegant worldliness and his love of flowers, and there is no doubt that he enjoyed his part of the work almost as much as Mrs. Thaxter did hers. But he has given us pictures bound up with the text, not illustrations. The difference between the two, though very simple, is so often lost sight of that it becomes necessary to maintain that there is after all such a difference. A picture is a pictorial representation which has no connection with anything outside of it, which should appeal frankly, simply, directly, through the medium of our eyes to our æsthetic sense, to our memory of things enjoyed, to our imagination and what lies beyond our imagination. Pictures with written explanations weaken this appeal, and hence miss their mark; while pictures that replace it by a momentary titillation of curiosity as to whether the lady, for instance, is going to accept the lover or not, are, properly speaking,

¹ *An Island Garden*. By CELIA THAXTER. With Pictures and Illustrations by CHILDE

HASSAM. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

not pictures at all. An illustration, on the other hand, exists only in connection with the work it illustrates, while one has a right to assume that the book, if it is worth illustrating, is worth reading. Now, every book that has any literary value creates around itself, aided by our imagination, an imaginative atmosphere of its own, as we all know from our experience of the charm of living "under the spell" of certain books. As the spell of this atmosphere largely depends upon the coöperation of our imagination with that of the writer, suggestive illustrations that stimulate the bright, vague picture-weaving activity of our brain are more welcome to us than definite realizations that check it. The illustrator should not obtrude his vision on ours. Why is it that vignettes and headpieces have so much more charm than full-page illustrations, in the book under consideration and elsewhere? Just because they have this vague, suggestive, eminently stimulating quality that leaves our imagination free to roam. To take the *Island Garden*, the series of portraits of Mrs. Thaxter's house and garden are no doubt welcome to her friends. To an outsider, the only portraits that have any interest as portraits are those of her parlor. The subtle charm of the island garden would have been much more impressively rendered by more text engravings of such things as blue tapers of larkspurs and splendid pyramids of hollyhocks, or glimpses of water visible beyond a rich tangle of flowers, and one or two of the simpler and broader full-page pictures, such as that pretty one of poppies, rocks, and sea, where the simplicity of effect has moreover allowed a comparatively successful reproductive rendering. As a rule, these pictures — all, or nearly all, reproductions of water-colors that have been seen at recent exhibitions — are too impressionist (that is,

spotty) in treatment, too much calculated on distance in a gallery, to bear reduction well. Spottiness depends for effect on the purity and vigor of each spot of color, and is lost in this glossy medium, which, on the other hand, gives a certain tone which might be very happily used in combination with the clean, delicate, and vivid tints which the process now has at command. Of this there are several instances in the book, notably among the charming headpieces of loose flowers scattered over or among the text; nearly all these are so attractive that they only make us regret that the artist has not had the opportunity offered him to bend his talent to the real requirements of illustration.

The next book on our list¹ is entirely different in scope and aim. It is Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, illustrated by Mr. A. Beardsley in black and white, in a free transcription of late fifteenth, early sixteenth century work. There is much in this book which seems to give us the very essence of illustration, which should be an accompaniment to the text, not a rival, running along by its side, and striking certain suggestive notes that help to attune the imagination of the reader to that of the author. Mr. Beardsley's work consists of headpieces, initial letters, and full-page pictures inclosed in borders or scrolls that help to preserve the decorative unity. These scrolls and borders are superb, full of freshness and originality in treatment, with a decorative feeling that might almost be called intense, if intensity, in connection with English work, did not carry with it a suspicion of impressive awkwardness which may have a deep effect on the imagination, but which is not pleasing to the senses. Mr. Beardsley — here and in all that is said we are speaking of his work solely in the *Morte Darthur* — is nothing if not full of grace, sweet-

¹ *Le Morte Darthur*. By Sir THOMAS MALORY. With an Introduction by Professor RHYS, and embellished with many Original Designs

by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. In two volumes. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1893.

ness, and charm. When he tries to be grand and passionate, as in some of the larger pictures, he is apt to fail utterly; he is not himself; he clothes spurious passion in the conventional garb of the modern English preraphaelite tradition, which does not suit him. Nor is he, as a rule, happy in the small figures, generally nude, which he introduces into his initial pictures. They have neither style, which perhaps may be defined as expression of character, nor truth, nor charm. Yet he is a personality and an artist full of surprises; one or two of these smaller figures, notably a walking lady against a black ground with white flowers, are full of distinction, while the large picture of the loving-cup is, in spite of its exaggerations of treatment, full of weird, subtle poetry. Mr. Beardsley is, in his way, a master, with limitations, in the use of black and white. The limitations we should take to be those of his personality, which is idyllic and poetic, not grand or fierce. So his attempts at obtaining strong effects by contrasting large, flat surfaces of black and white do not impress us as successful. In many other respects he has a rare mastery in the use of his instrument: this is, indeed, harmony of black and white, in combinations so subtle that they almost seem to have the power of music. We would call especial attention to the title-page, with all its delicate line work and happy gradations, to the bright, clear floral designs of the initials, and to some of the exquisite landscape backgrounds.

Another work in black and white,¹ of high merit, is the *American Prayer Book*, illustrated by Mr. Bertram Goodhue under the supervision of Mr. Berkeley Updike, to whom the praise is due for the reverent, thoughtful, and artistic conception of the decoration as a whole. The scheme chosen has been that of

"decorative borders in black and white of trees, flowers, and plants, chosen generally with reference to their symbolism." This symbolism is based on an application of the canticle, "Benedicite, omnia opera Domini;" the conception has at once a unity and a thoughtful variety which command our attention and study, and the symbolism, simple and poetic throughout, has the rare merit of unobtrusiveness. To those who look for it, these flower borders are full of symbolic significance; to those who do not, they are merely a quiet ornamental offset to the pages. The artistic treatment is on the whole satisfactory, in some instances highly so. In a work of this kind, it was not to be expected that all the symbols chosen should have the same decorative qualities. Hence some of the narrow borders have less interest than the others. In the wide borders with black backgrounds the artist has been more happily inspired throughout, and it has been our good fortune to see some of his borders for a new *Altar Book*, which seem really remarkable for quiet piety, reverent love of flower nature, and grasp of the capabilities of black and white.

The *Century Gallery*² is too noteworthy and typical to be left without notice, though it is a very different kind of publication from the work reviewed above. It is a "gallery," a portfolio of specimens of the art represented by *The Century*, and therefore rightly containing more reproductions of masterpieces or popular pictures than illustrations. The illustrations as such, not the fine art of wood engraving, are, however, our main theme in this notice, so that we can only render tribute in passing to the marvelous art of Mr. Cole, and to the high level of craftsmanship throughout; regretting, nevertheless, the tendency to over-refinement which seems gaining ground. The

¹ *The Book of Common Prayer, . . . according to the Use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.* New York. 1893.

² *The Century Gallery.* Selected Proofs from *The Century Magazine* and *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

illustrations fall into three groups, the uninteresting ones, the ambitious ones, and the fine ones. By the fine ones we mean those that at once convince us that they are conceived in the right spirit, presenting simple types or landscape scenes that help to give life to the story without fettering the imagination, or situations that are taken in at a glance. What the artists call movement is what tells in illustration, not difficult facial expression, such as that essayed, for example, in *The Opera Box*. As instances of these "convincing" illustrations, we would mention Mr. Day's *Indeed*, full of pertness and sparkle, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's *Looking for Camp*, Mr. Remington's spirited Western scenes in their spirited rendering by Mr. Joe Evans.

We have left ourselves but little space to notice what is in some respects a very important publication,¹ but the truth is that to do it justice one would have to write a whole essay on French illustrators. There are so many principles involved, so many things to say, both for and against. Besides, the work is a bastard publication of the album type, and therefore difficult to cope with; yet there is much to learn, from our point of view, even at a cursory glance. For one thing, there is much to be avoided in French contemporary illustration, notably a certain posing sentimentality, which, to the

despair of lovers of Paris, is supposed to be eminently Parisian, but which has little in common with the true French spirit, which is nothing if not penetrative and full of fire and movement. Of this true spirit there is abundant evidence in the pages before us, especially in the title-page in colors by Chéret, who is truly remarkable for the freshness and spontaneity which he always brings to his task, — if it is a task; it always seems to have been the most intense of pleasures. This teaches us, too, how to treat colors in illustration, broadly, effectively, but above all with feeling. All the title-pages are indeed more or less good specimens of well-treated color and living decorative feeling. The omnipresence of this decorative sense is one of the great merits of the book. The pictures cannot rightly be criticised, except in connection with the works they illustrate, without embarking on long and tedious explanations. The decorative character of the work appeals to us at once by the way in which right principles are understood and carried out. The book is a patchwork, but the relation of black to white, of type to illustration, of sober square pictures to light gray marginal butterflies of sportive imagination, is at least made the basis of what may be called a decorative scheme, full of the precious qualities of balance, taste, ingenuity, and fancy.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Pan Michael, an Historical Novel of Poland, the Ukraine, and Turkey, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Sienkiewicz's great epical romance, which began in *With Fire and Sword*, and was continued in *The Deluge*, reaches its end

¹ *French Illustrators*. By LOUIS MORIN. With a Preface by JULES CLARETIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

in Pan Michael. Few readers of the English version will be able to speak with even a show of authority in the matter, but there is an instinctive feeling that the translation must be an admirable one, reproducing so far as may be the very manner and atmosphere of the original. There can be no question as to the extraordinary power and interest of the work, though in neither respect is the closing volume quite the

equal of its predecessors. The governing class of seventeenth-century Poland, — there was but one, the traders being Jews or aliens, the tillers of the soil, serfs, — living again in these pages, often seems as far removed from us as the personages of legend and myth. The heroes have the large simplicity of nature, the immense valor of those of the youth of the world, and also their barbarism. These books, written "for the strengthening of hearts," and certainly with patriotic intent, will have the undesigned effect of helping to explain to readers of another race, whose knowledge, or rather ignorance, of Polish history is chiefly sentimental, the decadence and final catastrophe which should come in the next hundred years. — *The Raiders, Being Some Passages in the Life of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt*, by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.) Though this story may in some sort owe its existence to the influence of the author of *Kidnapped*, it has a very distinct and vigorous individuality of its own. Mr. Crockett has proved himself by right the story-teller of Galloway, and the strange and wild adventures of the young Laird of Rathen during the lawless days "after the Great Killing, when the saints of God had disappeared from the hills" to give place to murderous gangs of outlaws of every kind, are set forth with unflagging spirit and convincing realism. The aspects of nature, though never unduly insisted on, are most sensitively felt and vividly indicated, giving an impressive background to the action of the tale. Clever and forcible as the book is, some readers will prefer the writer's short studies of the tamer life of to-day, but even they will find in certain episodes of *The Raiders* as excellent work as the author has yet done ; as, for instance, in the brief sketch, at once pathetic and powerful, of the child-martyr Willie and his mother. — *Katherine Lauderdale* (Macmillan) is more in the analytic manner of Henry James, for example, than anything which Mr. Crawford has hitherto attempted. On this account the book is not always altogether readable. For if psychological analysis is to be interesting, it must be both subtle and true, and it must be phrased in an engaging manner. Mr. Crawford's analysis, however, is crude ; and his style, though clever enough at times, and facile, — dangerously facile, — is

diluted and colorless. Now, if analysis did not clog the action, this story of a clandestine marriage in New York would be interesting enough ; and if, in the other related novels of New York society life which Mr. Crawford has promised, he would return to the direct, the almost dramatic manner of Marion Darche, he would give himself a better chance of doing his best. — *Ardis Claverden*, by Frank R. Stockton (Scribners), comes to us, attractively bound, as one of a new uniform edition of this author's works. Like the rest of Mr. Stockton's stories, this tale of Virginia life depends for much of its interest and humor upon its surprises. Here, as elsewhere, the unexpected is given at all costs, even at the sacrifice of literary art. And it is because this sacrifice is greater here than elsewhere that Ardis Claverden falls short let us say, of *The Late Mrs. Null*. — *An Interloper*, by Frances Mary Peard. (Harpers.) This novel, like those in which the author first won recognition, is a story of French provincial life. In a tale by Miss Peard we have learned to look for graceful writing, refinement of tone, and delicate discrimination in the studies of character ; and all these good qualities are to be found in *An Interloper*, as well as the assured skill of an experienced *raconteur*. The writer is quite unaffected by the eccentricities of taste and temper which have become an essential part of so much contemporary feminine fiction, and the history of the charming and weak Baron de Beaudrillart and his true-hearted and strong *bourgeoise* wife, whose fortune restores his squandered patrimony, and whose good sense, courage, and devotion save him in a catastrophe which well-nigh wrecks his life, is easily and pleasingly readable. Incidentally, in the sketches of the *Demoiselles de Beaudrillart*, some interesting glimpses are given of the narrow, dull life of the ordinary French country gentlewoman. — *The Two-Legged Wolf*, by Karazin (Rand, McNally & Co.), is nothing more formidable than the romance of a Sister of Mercy attached to a Russian military expedition against the Khan of Khiva. It begins, however, as if it were going to be the tale of a picturesque warrior ; and it is a pity that it does not turn out to be a story of this two-legged wolf. The book does not keep the promise of its first chapter ; the

romance of the gentle Sister is commonplace, old, and worn, — not one of those new, surprising products of the half-barbaric, half-civilized strength of Russia. Nevertheless, it does show something of the strong Russian sense for realistic detail, combined with rather more than the ordinary Russian disregard for unity and proportion. — On the Offensive, an Army Story, by George I. Putnam. (Scribners.) Some of the military experiences of a young officer, who, after much debate with himself, finally decides to resign from the army, and devote himself to literature. In a clear, straightforward, and unaffected style, Mr. Putnam sketches the life of the frontier post, its isolation and monotony, the years of weary waiting for promotion, and the natural results, — fitful or ineffective industry for the few, unprofitable killing of time for the many. But the other side is also shown, — the danger always imminent, and so bravely and manfully met, and usually, alas, so slightly regarded and rewarded. By far the best thing in the volume is the vivid but unexaggerated account of an Indian uprising. The weakness of the book is that the characters are too often used merely as the mouthpieces of the author; there is much discussion and little action, producing the effect of a series of studies of army life connected by a thin thread of story. — The Shen's Pigtail, and Other Cues of Anglo-China Life, by Mr. M——. (Putnams.) This first volume of the Incognito Library contains half a dozen fragmentary sketches, the longest and most important being a not very skillfully told Chinese detective story. This, and the desultory character studies to which the rest of the book is largely devoted, impress the reader as being excerpts from some larger work. They are written in an easy-going, colloquial style, and doubtless show a familiar knowledge of certain aspects of foreign life in China, but are almost without any real literary quality. — Cadet Days, by Captain Charles King (Harpers), is an interesting and valuable piece of advice for new men at West Point; but, as a story, it is artistically crude. Like most of Captain King's work, however, it is wholesome in tone. It particularly commends those manly traits which army life often develops. — Out of Bohemia, by Gertrude C. Fosdick (George H. Richmond &

Co.), is surely not worth the reader's while as a story of student life in Paris; and as a novel of any sort, it is so extremely weak that its two or three well-conceived situations cannot save it. — Recent books in paper covers are: The Red House, by "The Duchess" (Rand, McNally & Co.); The Husband of One Wife, by Mrs. Venn (Harpers); For My Own Sake, by Marie Bernhard (International News Co.); and A Modern Love Story, by Harriet E. Orcutt (Charles H. Kerr & Co.). Among other paper-bound books, we should mention Goethe's *The Sorrows of Werther*, because of its large type and well-proportioned page. (The Mascot Publishing Co., New York.) *The Women's Conquest of New York* (Harpers) is yet another, and satirizes the popular movement looking to woman suffrage. It is a paper wad, not a bullet that will dent anything.

Textbooks and Education. A History of the Roman Empire from its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius, by J. B. Bury, M. A. The Student's Series. (Harpers.) This volume fills the gap in the series to which it belongs between Liddell's Roman Republic and The Student's Gibbon; and as there has been no handbook of the kind in English, dealing with the first two centuries of the Empire, it is a welcome and valuable addition to the higher class of historical textbooks. Allowing for the limitations in treatment and space imposed by the plan of the book, this summary of the history of a most important epoch is admirably done. It is clear and concise in style, temperate and judicial in tone, well proportioned, excellent in arrangement, and comprehensive in scope. The author can use wisely both ancient and modern authorities; his work throughout shows a careful study of the results of the elaborate investigations of recent years, and is instinct with the spirit of the latest and most enlightened scholarship. — *Analytics of Literature, a Manual for the Objective Study of English Prose and Poetry*, by L. A. Sherman. (Ginn.) Say rather the *Objectionable Study of English Prose and Poetry*, for here is another of the books which insist upon treating literature like therapeutics or geodetic surveys. It is the author's contention that by means of his method students without a native perception of literary art can be "spiritually quickened" to a mar-

velous degree. This end, apparently, is to be gained in part by mastering tables of percentages in "Literary Sentence-Length in English Prose," and the "Decrease of Predication from Chaucer to Bartol." Much joy may they have of such learning! Let them rejoice, too, in Mr. Sherman's improvement upon Sir John Denham's famous lines, written, he modestly says, "as a Tennyson or a Browning would have phrased it . . . somewhat perhaps as thus :—

Would that my thought Thames-like might flow
Out to the world, its sea."

For our own part, we prefer Denham's way of putting it. — *Mental Life and Culture, Essays and Sketches, Educational and Literary*, by Julia Duhring. (Lippincott.) The papers in this book have been collected and arranged, since the writer's death, by her brother. For teachers they have many suggestions for the development of the minds and characters of pupils; and for individual men and women, concerned mainly with their own mental and spiritual growth, there are many earnestly intended words. Throughout the book, moral good is held before the reader as the true end of all thought and work. — In Magill's *Modern French Series*, the second and third numbers are, *Sur la Pente*, by Mme. de Witt, the daughter of Guizot, and *La Fille de Clémentine*, by Anatole France. Dr. Magill, the accomplished editor, has prefixed brief biographical sketches and added a body of notes. (Christopher Sower Co., Philadelphia.) — Longfellow's *Evangeline*, with biography of author, critical opinions, and explanatory notes, has been published by Maynard, Merrill & Co. Among the critical opinions is one by E. P. "Wipple." — Professor John F. Genung's *Outlines of Rhetoric* (Ginn), like its author's other work, is eminently practical. In one hundred and twenty-five concise and specific rules, amply illustrated by concrete examples, it gives at least enough rhetorical theory; and in a course of practical exercises of new and sterling merit, the book aims to develop a young writer's constructive faculty rather than merely his critical sense. These rules and exercises, taken one by one, are altogether admirable, but taken together they do not seem to rest upon a well-subordinated system of principle. They do not follow one another in the order that seems to us most naturally and effectively progres-

sive. Even if thus fundamentally defective, the book must still be regarded as a notable contribution to the literature of practical rhetoric; for, above all, it is positive in tone; it is pitched in the key of *Do*, and not of *Don't*. — Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1890-91. In two volumes. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) A vast tract of statistics, relieved by occasional green oases of special studies, like an interesting though perhaps superabundant paper on Education in Southwestern Virginia, by Rev. A. D. Mayo.

Literature and Art. The Complete Plays of Richard Steele, edited by G. A. Aitken. (Imported by Scribners.) This volume differs from all but two of the seventeen that have preceded it, in the Mermaid Series, in being the complete instead of the best plays of the writer to whom it is devoted, as Steele's dramatic works include but four comedies and the fragments of two left unfinished at his death. The plays serve to mark the revolt from the sway of the unspeakable drama of the Restoration; and though they are more distinguished for a humorous perception of character than for dramatic power, three of them had sufficient theatric vitality to keep a place in the acting drama for a hundred years. They had the good fortune to be first presented by a group of comedians never excelled in the history of the English stage, and whom the dramatist, in his greater rôle of essayist, was to do so much to immortalize. The influence of the plays on later great writers of the century is shown by the fact that we find in a single one of them the direct prototypes of Tony Lumpkin and Lydia Languish, besides suggestions of Squire Western. The editorial work is of course admirably done. Mr. Aitken furnishes a brief biography, which, with the appendix, gives a reasonably full account of Steele's connection with the theatre, and the book is throughout carefully annotated. — Nearly at the same time with Mr. Hamlin Garland's *Crumbling Idols* (Stone & Kimball), and dedicated "To the Men and Women of America who have the Courage to be Artists," we receive a less aggressive work, *Art for America*, by William Ordway Partridge (Roberts). Though written with less cleverness, the basis of its hope for American art seems to us firmer than Mr. Garland's. Both books recognize the elements of life in America which must

and should make its art a different thing from that of other lands. Out of these elements Mr. Partridge would select the things of nobility and beauty. Mr. Garland, on the other hand, chooses the things of propinquity. Whatever is within reach, he virtually says, is the artist's truest material, be it hideous or lovely. Indeed, beauty does not enter into the question; truth is the only consideration; for, in the new terminology, they are not, as Keats misguidedly thought, one and the same thing; and truth, moreover, is the higher quality of the two. For ourselves, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Garland's advocacy of "freedom" has something slavish—God save the mark!—about it, or something which does not leave him free to see the excellence of anything with a suspicion of precedent in its foundation. Why must the love of Ibsen exclude all allegiance to Shakespeare? Perhaps it is just as well that the whole future of American art is not to be left in any one pair of hands; but the hands of Partridge, it seems to us, would be surer guides, if necessity called for them, than the hands of Garland. — Tennyson, his *Art and Relation to Modern Life*, by Stopford Brooke. (Putnams.) As a critic, Stopford Brooke follows Matthew Arnold. That is, he is first of all neither the scholar nor the mere lover of literary art; he is the serious man, with a serious interest in the influence of literature upon life. Such a man would naturally find, if he could, something more than the mere artist in Tennyson, something little short of the prophet. And this is what Mr. Brooke, despite his frank recognition of Tennyson's limitations, has found in the poet. If his criticism be prevailingly moralistic, and the treatment, as in the discussion of Tennyson's relations to Christianity and Social Politics, be large and outreaching, the criticism is none the less also æsthetic, and the treatment minutely specific. Indeed, the book strikes us, from any point of view, as the most adequate consideration of Tennyson which has yet been published. — Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers, selected from the *Spectator* by Richard Holt Hutton. (Macmillan.) Two volumes of Mr. Hutton's contributions, extending over the past twenty years, and passing in review Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, Dickens, Leslie

Stephen, Matthew Arnold, Comte, Mozley, Martineau, Stanley, Tennyson, Church, Newman, Sir John Lubbock, and others. It is curious to see how by changing *we* to *I* one does not yet perceive a strong personal flavor of Mr. Hutton in these criticisms. They remain subtle, a little overfine, but grave, thoughtful, and, within their limits, suggestive comments. Though one misses sometimes the really penetrative criticism, they are not hasty or commonplace. — *Art in Theory*, by Professor G. L. Raymond (Putnams), is a rather severe introduction to the study of comparative æsthetics. As such, it undertakes, of course, to define beauty. In carrying out this undertaking, the book is most comprehensive, systematic, and thoroughgoing. And yet it seems to us to fail at the last, not because its author is not profound, or at least learned enough, but because beauty is, we believe, in its very nature elemental, and therefore indefinable. As a discussion, however, of the essential nature of art, of the art impulse, and of beauty, the book will prove interesting to the purely scientific taste, — the only taste, be it said with emphasis, to which it is addressed; but it must seem futile to those who believe, with Walter Pater, that "to define beauty not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms possible, to find not a universal formula for it, but the formula which expresses most adequately this or that special manifestation of it, is the aim of the true student of æsthetics." — *My Farm of Edgewood*, and *Wet Days at Edgewood*, by Donald G. Mitchell (Scribners), do not appear, in their new bindings, so companionable as they really are. If the reader have a real liking for country life and the poetry of it, the unfitting covers should not keep him from the pages within. There he will find a man after his own heart, — a man, perhaps, of rather more literary taste than talent, but one, at all events, who is first and last a man of sentiment. — Two more numbers of the *Temple Shakespeare* (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York) continue the even excellence of the edition: they are *Measure for Measure* and *Comedy of Errors*. Pretty little etchings of the Stratford Bust and the Stratford Guild Chapel and Grammar School are used as frontispieces. Mr. Gollancz's editorial apparatus is reserved and intelligent, and the only ob-

jection one feels disposed to press is the mechanical one of not sufficiently opaque paper.

Sociology. The Jewish Question and the Mission of the Jews. (Harpers.) The anonymous writer of this book appeals to history to support him in his thesis that there is no Jewish question, that there can be no classification of the Jews as a unit, and that the contribution which the Judaic race makes to humanity should be the ground of our respect, and the reason for putting away blind prejudice. His book is a temperate and interesting one, but we question if he takes sufficiently into account the force of religion. The Jew had and has a genius for religion, as the Greek for art and the Roman for law. — The Conquest of Death, by Abbot Kinney. (The Author, New York.) Under this somewhat obscure title, Mr. Kinney takes up the fact of a decline in the birthrate of the native-born Americans, and sounds the alarm of a submergence of this element under the more productive foreign constituent. He addresses himself to the task of so presenting the physiological laws of reproduction as to enforce the associated laws of health and morality. There is a good deal that is beside the mark, but the effect of brooding over this theme always seems to be that the writer loses his sense of proportion. — Man and Woman, a Study of Human Secondary Sexual Characters, by Havelock Ellis. (Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Ellis's researches, for this volume of the Contemporary Science Series, have carried him far into the study of differences between men and women, and the conclusion of the whole matter is that science is not yet far enough advanced to justify the generalizations the scientist would like to make. One that Mr. Ellis ventures to state is that, through civilization, woman, in her physical attributes, is approaching more nearly to the child, and man more nearly to the woman. The women and men of modern fiction do not seem in all respects to be pursuing this course, and to the contemporary novelist we commend this work, which will put him upon the true scientific scent. — The Dawn of a New Era in America, by Bushrod W. James. (Porter & Coates.) A somewhat magniloquent consideration of the political, commercial, and international questions at issue in the United States, with scarcely a

word concerning the serious problems involved in the manifold labor question; but it is of little consequence, since what is said on the other subjects is hardly more than loose generalization. — Social Evolution, by Benjamin Kidd. (Macmillan.) Mr. Kidd's contention is that in the evolution of society in what he calls western civilization the new force is ethical. In his apparent wish to avoid calling it Christianity, he resorts to various terms, — humanitarianism, the religious spirit, sympathy; and in his desire to be scientific, he confuses the Christian life with natural religion. Nevertheless, the book has much that is suggestive, and there is an independence of thought in the working out of the author's thesis which is quite refreshing. One of the most striking passages is that in which he shows how, in the conflict going on between the Haves and the Have-nots, the positions gained by the Have-nots are largely due to the sympathy which the Haves possess with them. — The Labour Movement, by L. T. Hobhouse, M. A., with a Preface by R. B. Haldane, M. P. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) The volume is one of a series going under the name of The Reformer's Book-Shelf. The author discusses the achievements and hopes of Trade Unionism and Coöperation, and urges beside these the better distribution of wealth through the public holding of property. The writing and the ideas are those of a Socialist who is also a thoughtful scholar, and the result is a book which shows the strength of its position more than usually well.

Travel and Nature. On Sunny Shores, by Clinton Scollard (Webster), is a reminiscence of wanderings that began upon the English Wye, and ended in a garden of Damascus. Especially, in the first part, it suggests, by its rather bare and abrupt style, a traveler's wayside notebook, yet the book is by no means without literary quality. It reflects its author's mood, his literary self-consciousness, — not altogether unpleasing despite some palpable affectation, — and his delight in historical and sentimental association; in a way, it has an atmosphere, — an atmosphere of quiet and increasing charm. — Travels in a Treetop, by Charles Conrad Abbott. (Lippincott.) The initial paper, which gives the title to this volume of essays, shows Dr. Abbott at his best. His observation is keen, he in-

terests himself in a great variety of minute aspects of nature, and when he is telling a straightforward tale he writes simply and intelligibly. This book strikes us as the best he has given us. — *Our Home Pets, how to Keep Them Well and Happy*, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Harpers.) A series of twenty-six brief chapters on birds, dogs, cats, monkeys, and, as they say in election returns, "scattered" pets. Mrs. Miller is not only humane, she is a thoroughly well-informed writer, and all that she says about the care and treatment of pets should be heeded, for she knows these humble friends of man by long and affectionate acquaintance. — *Mineral Resources of the United States, Calendar Year 1893*, by David T. Day. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) This volume of the United States Geological Survey fills us with amazement. What! covering 1893, and published in 1894! To what is such promptness due? Here you may learn where to find coal, manganese, petroleum, various kinds of stone, copper, asphaltum, etc.; and though the United States is the general field for these useful things, there are indirect references to the sources in other countries.

Philosophy and Religion. *Secularism, its Progress and its Morals*, by John M. Bonham. (Putnams.) The author maintains that science imposes an obligation on its votaries to break down sacred authority and theological ideals. "The sentiment of reverence" he calls the signal infirmity of the human mind. He condemns the "advanced" or "liberal" clergy because they do not go far enough, but are still influenced by ideals which science does not warrant. He finds fault with Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Herbert Spencer because they still leave a place for religion in admitting the sentiment of reverence for the Unknowable. All ethics inspired by the religious principle are doomed to disappear, while secularism or industrialism will construct its own code by the light of scientific observation of life. In a word, Mr. Bonham pursues the "policy of thorough." He has a great horror of inconsistency or contradiction, the escape from which is presented as the ruling idea of science. His commonplace appeals to history do not conceal his ignorance of the content and significance of the real life of humanity as revealed in its records, whose scientific study would justly lead to other conclusions.

— *Survivals in Christianity, Studies in the Theology of Divine Immanence*, by Charles James Wood. (Macmillan.) The writer is concerned largely with exposing the manner in which pagan beliefs were grafted upon the tenets of Christianity, and now have made it a less beautiful thing than it might have been. With a wide searching and citing of authorities, he fortifies himself in this position with regard to several important points of belief. The lay mind will find it hard to realize the extent of the harm that has been done by natural development in the human knowledge of eternal things. The book, none the less, has historical and speculative interest, and must have served well its original purpose in the form of lectures to students of theology at Cambridge. — *The Historic Episcopate, an Essay on the Four Articles of Church Unity Proposed by the American House of Bishops and the Lambeth Conference*, by Charles Woodruff Shields. (Scribners.) Excellent in purpose and substance is this discussion, by a Presbyterian scholar, of the propositions of the Anglican Church looking towards a new union of Christendom. The first step could not have been easy to decide upon, but still more difficult must be the course of other communions in interpreting and responding to the message of the bishops. Dr. Shields shows what may and may not be expected of the Protestant denominations, and throughout his essay reveals a spirit of liberality and concession which Anglicans will do well to emulate. — *Studies in Oriental Social Life, and Gleams from the East on the Sacred Page*, by H. Clay Trumbull. (John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.) Mr. Trumbull carried to the East not only a familiarity with the Bible, but also a very clear knowledge of what incidents and scenes in the Bible especially interest the intelligent reader. Hence, in bringing back the results of his observation and experience, he has been singularly successful in telling readers what they want to know. It is a pity that, in aiming at a handsome book, his publishers should have succeeded in producing an unhandy one; for it is both readable and illuminating, and will prove of genuine service to Sunday-school teachers and scholars. — *Introduction to the Talmud*, by M. Mielziner. (The Bloch Printing Co., Cincinnati.) This introduction treats of

both the historical and literary import of the Talmud; it discusses legal hermeneutics, Talmudic terminology and methodology, and offers outlines of Talmudic ethics. It appeals chiefly to those conversant with the Hebrew language, but the general student can pick up from it some little notion of the scope and character of the Talmud.

History and Biography. History of Modern Times, from the Fall of Constantinople to the French Revolution, by Victor Duruy. Translated and revised, with Notes, by Edwin A. Grosvenor. (Holt.) This book would be serviceable, if for no other reason, as a corrective of a too insular habit of treating modern history. It is interesting to read of England, for instance, from a Frenchman's point of view, and to see England and France changing places in relative significance. Even a Frenchman, however, was bound to see something of the significance of England's colonial empire, just beginning to expand as the work comes to a close. Naturally, M. Duruy gives the French aid in American independence its highest importance. The value of the book rests largely in its clearness, good proportions, and animated manner. — The third volume of Professor H. Graetz's History of the Jews (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia) extends from the Revolt against the Zendik in 511 to the Capture of St. Jean d'Acre by the Mahometans in 1291. These dates are C. E., for the scrupulous Jew can scarcely be expected to say A. D. It is interesting to see the attitude taken by an educated Jew toward Mahomet, and there is a good presentation of Maimonides. In general, the moderation and clear, judicial temper of this excellent history make it a desirable addition to the historical shelf. — Hendrick Paunebecker, Surveyor of Lands for the Penns, 1674–1754, by Samuel W. Pennypacker. (The Author, 209 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.) Judge Pennypacker has, in this handsome volume, not only traced the

history of the first of his family in America, but given the historic setting and thrown light upon Pennsylvania origins. The book, by its thoroughness and its diligent use of private and public documents and records, takes an honorable place in the small group of family memorials which are the foundation stones of the republic's history. — Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1888–1889, by J. W. Powell. (Government Printing Office.) Surely, if government turns its attention at all to archaeology, there is a fitness in giving its best effort to elucidate the problem of the history of the American Indian; and the Picture Writing of the American Indians, which forms the substance of this portly volume, is by the highest authority on the subject, Colonel Garrick Mallery. The abundant illustrations add greatly to the value and attractiveness of the work.

Books of Reference. Dictionary of Quotations from Ancient and Modern English and Foreign Sources. Including Phrases, Mottoes, Maxims, Proverbs, Definitions, Aphorisms, and Sayings of Wise Men, in their Bearing on Life, Literature, Speculation, Science, Art, Religion, and Morals, especially in the Modern Aspects of them. Selected and compiled by the Rev. James Wood. (Frederick Warne & Co.) A conveniently arranged book, since the quotations, which rarely exceed two or three lines, are entered under a strict alphabetical order, even to those beginning with the articles "a" and "the," and a copious index of a topical character enables one to hunt down quotations appropriate to this or that subject. The authority for the quotation is almost always given. Such an arrangement as that of the body of the book is not perhaps so generally serviceable as a topical one, yet there are so many possible variations in a topical collection that the student is not much disposed to object to the alphabetical order.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Impressions
of the Thea-
tre.

I WENT to see a play, the other night, which originated in New York, and which has been immensely popular not only there, but also in the "provinces," as the New York critics say when they mean little towns like Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. It struck me as being exceedingly *fin de siècle*; as being, in fact, the very rag-and-tag end of theatrical endeavor; as the sort of thing which would appeal to a community that had become — in the polite language of our English cousins — "rotten before they were ripe." Its worst feature was that it showed a very considerable expenditure of pains, of money, and even of talent upon most unworthy objects. Many of the audience, perhaps most of them, must have been New-England-bred people, — people whose ancestors never went to the theatre, and who, if they had gone at all, would have sought out a tragedy, or if not that, then a good, roaring, wholesome farce. But this play seemed to be designed for an audience who had left their intellects and their hearts at home. What it should be called I do not know, but it consisted chiefly of practical jokes, of songs and dances, of spectacular scenes, and of evolutions by a chorus and a large body of "supes." But what struck me most in the affair was the recitations, half sung, half spoken, of a young woman dressed as a girl of twelve or fourteen. She wore a rather short gown, an apron bedecked with ribbons, a wig with a "bang" to it, and she carried in her hand a large flat hat trimmed with flowers. This hat she twirled and waved with great effect, and with no little grace. Her rôle was that of a kind of feminine gamin, and her songs were very knowing and cynical. Every attitude was full of art, — awkward like that of a half-grown girl, but still not ungracefully awkward. Her enunciation, whether she spoke or sang, was perfect, — clear and well defined. When she came to the word "maiden," for example, the two syllables "mai-den" must have dropped like pearls in the remotest corner of the upper gallery. In fact, her whole performance showed long and careful training, besides some real talent to start with, and a strong

sense of humor. And from the money point of view, the pains bestowed upon this young, this feminine Mephistopheles had not been thrown away. The audience, a representative, tax-paying, respectable audience, laughed and applauded, and took her wickedest jokes with a relish. One of her songs was a distinctly modern version of that familiar pastoral, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" In this case the maid was a New York young person, thoroughly "fly," and the proposal addressed to her was one of marriage, or something remotely of that nature. Her answer to it, far from being an indignant rejection, took the form of an inquiry as to the financial status of her admirer, and was expressed as follows: —

"How are you fixed, *sor?*?" she said."

The cynical frankness with which this line was delivered, and the wink by which it was accompanied, were portentous. That wink expressed all the accumulated wisdom and experience of the gutter. And this weird young person, half gamin, half girl, old beyond her years, shrewd, good humored, unprincipled, and mercenary, might stand as a type of that *fin de siècle* civilization which produced and applauded the play of which she formed a part.

"How are you fixed, *sor?*?" she said."

The Discom- — Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a
forts of Lux- caustic little paper on *The Es-*
ury: A Spec- tation.
ulation. thete, has taken occasion to say some severely truthful things anent the dreary grandeur of rich men's houses, where each individual object is charming in itself, and out of harmony with all the rest. "I believe," he observes sadly, "that the camel will have passed through the eye of the needle before the rich man shall have found his way to enter the Kingdom of Beauty. It is a hard thing for him to enjoy art at all. The habits of the age convert him into a patron, and the assiduity of the dealers deprive him of peace."

Is it, then, the mere desire to be obliging which induces a millionaire to surround himself with things which he does not want, which nobody else wants, and which are perpetually in the way of comfort and pleasure? Does he build and furnish his house

to support the dealers, to dazzle his friends, or to increase his own earthly happiness and well-being? The serious fashion in which he goes to work admits of no back-sliding, no merciful deviations from a relentless luxury. I have seen ghastly summer palaces, erected presumably for rest and recreation, where the miserable visitor was conducted from a Japanese room to a Dutch room, and thence to something Early English or Florentine; and such a jumble of costly incongruities, of carved scrolls and blue tiles and bronze screens and stained glass, was actually dubbed a home. A home! The guest, surfeited with an afternoon's possession, could escape to simpler scenes; but the master of the house was chained to all that tiresome splendor for five months of the year, and the sole compensation he appeared to derive from it was the saturnine delight of pointing out to small processions of captive friends every detail which they would have preferred to overlook. It is a painful thing, at best, to live up to one's bricabrac, if one has any; but to live up to the bricabrac of many lands and of many centuries is a strain which no wise man would dream of inflicting upon his constitution.

Perhaps the most unlovely circumstance about the "palatial residences" of our country is that everything in them appears to have been bought at once. Everything is equally new, and equally innocent of any imprint of the owner's personality. He has not lived among his possessions long enough to mould them to his own likeness, and very often he has not even selected them himself. I have known whole libraries purchased in a week, and placed *en masse* upon their destined shelves; whole rooms furnished at one fell swoop with all things needful, from the chandelier in the ceiling to the Dresden figures in the cabinet. I have known people who either mistrusted their own tastes, or who had no tastes to mistrust, and so surrendered their houses to upholsterers and decorators, giving them *carte blanche* to do their best or worst. A room which has been the unresisting prey of an upholsterer is, on the whole, the saddest thing that money ever bought; yet its deplorable completeness calls forth rapturous commendations from those who can understand no natural line of demarcation between a dwelling-place and a shop. The same curious delight in handsome things,

apart from any beauty or fitness, has resulted in our over-ornamented Pullman cars, with their cumbrous and stuffy hangings; and in the aggressive luxury of our ocean steamers, where paint and gilding run riot, and every scrap of wall space bears its burden of inappropriate decoration. To those for whom a sea voyage is but a penitential pilgrimage, the fat frescoed Cupids and pink roses of the saloons offer no adequate compensation for their sufferings; whitewash and hangings of sackcloth would harmonize more closely with their sentiments. Yet these ornate embellishments pursue them now even to the solitude of their staterooms, and the newest steamers boast of cabins where the wretched traveler, too ill to arise from his berth, may be solaced by Cupids of his own frisking nakedly over the wash-bowl, and by pink roses in profusion festooning his narrow cell. If he can look at them without loathing, he is to be envied his unequaled serenity of mind.

It is strange that the authors who have written so much about luxury, whether they praise it satirically, like Mandeville, or condemn it very seriously, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, or merely inquire into its history and traditions, like that careful scholar M. Baudrillart, should never have been struck with the amount of discomfort it entails. In modern as in ancient times, the same zealous pursuit of prodigality results in the same heavy burden of undesirable possessions. The youthful daughter of Marie Antoinette was allowed, we are told, four pairs of shoes a week; and M. Taine, inveighing bitterly against the extravagances of the French court, has no word of sympathy to spare for the unfortunate little princess, condemned by this ruthless edict always to wear new shoes. Louis XVI. had thirty doctors of his own; but surely no one will be found to envy him this royal superfluity. He also had a hundred and fifty pages, who were probably a terrible nuisance; and two chair-carriers, who were paid twenty thousand livres a year to inspect his Majesty's chairs, which duty they solemnly performed twice a day, whether they were wanted or not. The Cardinal de Rohan had all his kitchen utensils of solid silver, which must have given as much satisfaction to his cooks as did Nero's golden fishing-hooks to the fish he caught with them. M. Baudrillart describes the feasts

of Elagabalus as if their only fault was their excess ; but the impartial reader, scanning each unpalatable detail, comes to a different conclusion. Thrushes' brains and parrots' heads, peas mashed with grains of gold, beans fricasseed with morsels of amber, and rice mixed with pearls do not tempt one's fancy as either nourishing or appetizing diet ; while the crowning point of discomfort was reached when revolving roofs threw down upon the guests such vast quantities of roses that they were well-nigh smothered. Better a dish of herbs, indeed, than all this dubious splendor. Nothing less enjoyable could have been invented in the interests of hospitality, save only that mysterious banquet given by Solomon the mighty, where all the beasts of the earth and all the demons of the air were summoned by his resistless talisman to do honor to the terrified and miserable banqueters.

"Le Superflu, chose très-nécessaire," to quote Voltaire's delightful phrase, is a difficult thing to handle with propriety and grace. Where the advantages of early training and inherited habits of indulgence are lacking, men who endeavor to spend a great deal of money show a pitiful incapacity for the task. They spend it, to be sure, but only in augmenting their own and their neighbors' discomfort ; and even this they do in a blundering, unimaginative fashion, almost painful to contemplate. The history of Law's Bubble, with its long train of fabulous and fleeting fortunes, illustrates the helplessness of men to cope with suddenly acquired wealth. The Parisian nabob who warmed up a ragout with burning bank notes, that he might boast of how much it cost him, was sadly stupid for a Frenchman ; but he was kinder to himself, after all, than the house-painter who, bewildered with the wealth of Fortunatus, could think of nothing better to do with it than to hire ninety supercilious domestics for his own misuse and oppression. Since the days of Darius, who required thirty attendants to make his royal bed, there probably never were people more hopelessly in one another's way than that little army of ninety servants awaiting orders from an artisan. The only creature capable of reveling in such an establishment was the author of Coningsby and Lothair, to whom long rows of powdered footmen, "glowing in crimson liveries," were a spectacle as ex-

hilarating as is a troop of Horse Guards to persons of a more martial cast of mind. Readers of Lothair will remember the home-coming of that young gentleman to Muriel Towers, where the house steward, and the chief butler, and the head gardener, and the lord of the kitchen, and the head forester, and the grooms of the stud and of the chambers stand in modest welcome behind the distinguished housekeeper, "who curtsied like the old court ;" while the underlings await at a more "respectful distance" the arrival of their youthful master, whose sterling insignificance must have been painfully enhanced by all this solemn anticipation. "Even the mountains fear a rich man," says that ominous Turkish proverb which breathes the corruption of a nation ; but it would have been a chicken-hearted molehill that trembled before such a homunculus as Lothair.

The finer adaptability of women makes them a little less uncomfortable amid such oppressive surroundings, and their tamer natures revolt from ridiculous excess. They listen, indeed, with favor to the counsel of Polonius, and their habit is occasionally costlier than their purses can buy ; witness that famous milliner's bill for fifteen thousand pounds which was disputed in the French courts during the gilded reign of Napoleon III. But, as a rule, the punishment of their extravagances falls on themselves or on their husbands. They do not, as is the fashion with men, make their belongings a burden to their friends. It is seldom the mistress of a curio-laden house who insists with tireless perseverance on your looking at everything she owns ; though it was a woman, and a provincial actress at that, raised by two brilliant marriages to the pinnacle of fame and fortune, who came to Abbotsford accompanied by a whole retinue of servants and several private physicians, to the mingled amusement and despair of Sir Walter. And it was a flower girl of Paris who spent her suddenly acquired wealth in the most sumptuous entertainments ever known even to that city of costly caprice. But for stupid and meaningless luxury we must look, after all, to men : to Caligula, whose horse wore a collar of pearls, and drank out of an ivory trough ; to Condé, who spent three thousand crowns for jonquils to deck his palace at Chantilly ; to the Duke of Albuquerque,

who had forty silver ladders among his utterly undesirable possessions. Even in the matter of dress and fashion they have exceeded the folly of women. It is against the gallants of Spain, and not against their wives, that the good old gossip James Howell inveighs with caustic humor. The Spaniard, it would seem, "tho' perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet must he have a toting huge swelling ruff around his neck," for the starching of which exquisitely uncomfortable article he paid the then enormous sum of twenty shillings. It was found necessary to issue a royal edict against these preposterous decorations, which grew larger and stiffer every year, even children of tender age wearing their miniature instruments of torture. "Poverty is a most odious calling," sighs Burton with melancholy candor; but it is not without some small compensations of its own. To realize them, we might compare one of Murillo's dirty, smiling, half-naked beggar boys with an Infanta by Velasquez, or with Moreelzee's charming and unhappy little Princess, who, in spreading ruff and stiff pearl-trimmed stomacher, gazes at us with childish dignity from the wall of Amsterdam's museum. Or we might remember the pretty story of Meyerbeer's little daughter, who, after watching for a long time the gambols of some ragged children in the street, turned sadly from the window, and said, with pathetic resignation, "It is a great misfortune to have genteel parents."

—In the days of the Second Restaurant Americain. Empire, when the city of Paris was not only the Mecca of the artists, but the purveyor of every refined luxury which could make the gold of all the world flow into her unreturning hands, there was to be found a quiet, modest hostelry devoted to the American people. A few cards of the kind known among us as business cards had been put into circulation among the artist folk, as the probable constituents of such a place, announcing the claim of a *restaurant Americain* with *specialité de pumpkin pie*. On another line, lower down, as if the idea were an afterthought, we of the American colony were informed that the address given—namely, Rue Godot de Mauroi—was near the Church of the Madeleine, as though there must be something about the proximity of a church which would appeal to a hungry American. Although so near the great

thoroughfares, this street was as narrow, as clean, and as hard to find as some of the byways of a country town; and when our delegation from the American colony concluded, on a certain Thanksgiving Day, to visit this refuge for transatlantic homesickness, it was with some difficulty and many turnings that we reached a small, unpretending, but exceedingly neat refectory. On a large window was painted in quaint yellow letters the statement already announced on cardboard. To this announcement was added the legend *bifstek*, while below, a separate line contained the admission, *English spoken a little*.

We found the place presided over by a bustling little Frenchwoman, of stocky build and kindly face, whose hospitality was not all to be bought, as future testimony will confirm. The good lady was herself purveyor and cook. The waiter, cashier, butler, and maid of all work was her only son, a bright and pleasant youth of twenty-two years, whose dexterity in serving a roomful of clattering people, without keeping any one waiting, suggested the marvels of sleight of hand.

Here were gathered, especially on cold, dark winter evenings, many Americans who had lived for near a generation in France, to whom Paris was now home, yet who still loved to cultivate such patriotic sentiment as might be evoked by the national viands purveyed by worthy Madame Busque. Others there were who frankly acknowledged their hope of finding among her patrons "some civilized language;" being tired of pointing at the bill of fare and shouting aloud, with many grimaces, as was yet the fashion with those who spoke only the President's American. As for Madame Busque and her son, the announcement in the window, modest as it was, proved an exaggeration, for they spoke no English at all, save such small linguistic achievements as the expressions, "bifstek," "punkin pie," "Tanksgiven," "bokveet kak." The patronage of the place, it may be added, was not exclusively American. The Russians came frequently for a dish common to their nation and to ours, the "bokveet kak," which tempting morsel was in those days almost the only tie between two countries whose affinity has since become a political anomaly.

But our unlanguageed compatriots, if disappointed in the English of their hostess,

found ample amends in the multitudinous dialects of their own tongue as spoken by her guests. Here could be heard the sonorous nasal of our Northern latitudes, the softer intonation of our Southwestern, or the still softer vocality of the Gulf States, with the breezy utterance of the Northwest. Here were discussed not only American affairs, then seething with the ferment which was to burst into war a few months later, but also French politics, with a freedom not dared elsewhere, as the Emperor was believed to be most friendly to Americans on the one hand, and on the other pleasantly indifferent to their criticisms.

On this very Thanksgiving evening it was related that, on the preceding Fourth of July, a party of patriotic celebrants, having gathered at Madame Busque's, took carriages for a drive through the Champs and Bois. Imbued with the hilarity deemed proper to the occasion, and with the alcoholic *insouciance* derivable from the cereal products of our beloved country, these gentlemen were moved to stick their feet out of the carriage windows, and to shout, "Vive la République !" — demonstrations which brought them to the notice of the police, by whom they were promptly arrested. But the moment that the commissary saw the young enthusiasts and heard their French they were discharged, as evident aliens and harmless to the empire. Sooth to say, the sedition breathed at these simple repasts amounted to little more than an avowed preference for our own institutions, with an occasional boastful sentiment seasoned with French wine.

On our entrance we had found the place already full, whereat Madame Busque, with a theatrical waving of her hands and with sincere anguish in her voice, exclaimed, "Messieurs, je suis désolée." Then followed a sputter of what a Kentuckian present called "gibberish," interlarded with stray "American" words, such as "punkin pie," "bokveet kak ;" American national viands struggling with French apologies to the accompaniment of voluble gestures.

Looking around, I observed that the walls were not without ornament, showing many grades of decorative art, the contributions, doubtless, of artists who had dined, but could not pay (save "in trade," as they called it), — rude, half-finished sketches, some of them evincing real talent, others pictorial desper-

ation. In addition to these, the walls displayed sundry hints of a commercial pictography familiar to us Americans : humorous allusions to ruin wrought through dubious credit, couched in all the uncouthness of literal translation from the Yankee ; "Le pauvre Trust est mort," with accompanying illustration, the legend of his taking-off informing us that Bad Pay had slain him.

While awaiting our turn at one of the reluctantly yielded tables, we learned from the conversation about us that there had been a wedding in the household of Madame Busque that very day. The factotum of the house, the son of our hostess, having arrived at an age which, in France, is deemed marriageable, with parental consent, she had taken the matter into her own vigorous hands, and had selected from among her friends of the *bourgeoisie* that paragon of every virtue which alone can satisfy the fond mother of an only son. The mother of the lady so selected having given her consent, the two young people were brought together, and a most systematic courtship was pursued under the fond maternal eye. In due time mayor and priest had done their office. The happy pair, with two delighted mothers, had made their wedding journey in a carriage to a neighboring park, where they drank some sugar and water without alighting. They had returned the same afternoon, man and wife, the wedding journey over ; the two new-made mothers-in-law accompanying in full canonicals. Such a bridal seemed strange enough to the denizens of this establishment, and many were the comments offered and conjectures hazarded concerning the probable outcome of a union so much at variance with the views of our people. Yet, so far as I have heard, the happy couple proved to be models of conjugal as well as filial devotion.

"How came this place to be so distinctively republican, right in the heart of the Second Empire ?" queried an Englishman who was there with American friends.

"Oh, a mere accident," replied a journalist long resident as Paris correspondent. "A young American artist was taken very ill one day at this place, and confided to the madame that he had no home, no friends, no money. She took him to her house (he was about the age of her son, you know), nursed him through a long illness, paying

every expense herself; and when he came to die, she at once assumed all the offices and expenses of the funeral, even to the extent of buying for him a resting-place at Père la Chaise. It was to meet these expenses that it became necessary to delay the marriage a considerable time, for so upright a woman would not allow herself the luxury of those long-contemplated nuptials until the last sou of her debts was paid. This very morning I saw a receipted bill for the little railing around the burial plot, — paid just before starting for the mayor. Yes, and these are the people who, according to English literature, have no heart," continued the newspaper man, looking askance at the Briton.

"Two Stools." — That a man may fall between two stools we have often seen exemplified; yet perhaps no more often than that he may rise between two stools, although, for some reason, proverbial philosophy has failed to emphasize or put verbal seal to this latter fact.

Our own country has long been the cherished abode of Jack-of-all-trades. In proof we have but to open the biography of almost any man distinguished in the earlier pages of our national history. Therein we find no characteristic more prevalent than that of versatility, — indeed, a necessary characteristic and precursor of greatness in a country whose forests were yet to be felled, and whose mails were dragged over primitive stumps in an ox-cart at the rate of five miles a day. But it is not versatility *per se* that so much gives us pause as it is the deft use of that versatility which enables a man possessing many attributes to put his best foot foremost through the employment of any one of these attributes. Our great orators, when "stumping" the State in their own behalf, often felt themselves compelled to that exhibition of modern strategy which is generally characterized as "being all things to all men." Many of these (we are loath to admit) passed from log house to log house, exhorting the godly, swearing with the prayerless, drinking with the convivial, and delivering temperance lectures wherever, in their phrase, such efforts would "do most good." This mental and moral agility was often exemplified by an aptness of pose which secured them consideration far beyond any award which even they might claim for themselves. That great emotional orator,

Henry Clay, invariably referred to himself, when "stumping" the Eastern States, as a rough backwoodsman. On the other hand, his exhortations to the Hoosiers were besprinkled with classical allusions. To them he was the scholar and the gentleman. To such a strategist failure could arrive only through momentary forgetfulness of the rôle assumed with reference to a special occasion or audience. A man is usually one of many parts because he likes to be so, and is restrained from exhibiting his manifold qualities only at cost of much self-sacrifice. We all know the extreme difficulty experienced in segregating a presidential candidate, lest he should expose his real or pretended accomplishments, to his inevitable discomfiture. Lowell speaks jocosely of an instance of such segregation, where the unfortunate candidate was closely confined, without writing materials, in some lonely place; outlying sharpshooters being detailed to cut off any stray goose which might possibly let fall a quill wherewith the candidate would be sure to write something destined to bring confusion upon his party.

But to return. Among the men of versatility who, in another than the political field, have achieved a reputation, or at least have greatly enhanced it, by the above-described methods of reversal, might be named a poet who, about two decades ago, made his somewhat meteoric début in this country. Metropolitan society received him with the hospitable gladness it usually accords to lions from unknown regions. In the abodes of fashion where he was entertained he was wont to masquerade as a frontiersman, bearded and red-shirted. Knowing that within these precincts he was likely to meet many rivals in verse, he set his pretensions in the opposite direction, in effect announcing, "No, I don't know much about literature, and I don't pretend to write poetry, but I *do* know how to ride a horse, and I can sling the lariat with the best of them." A jaunty consciousness of marksmanship, a presumable readiness with pistol or with knife, a serene delight in recounting such fictitious exploits of himself as came to abound in his poetry, built up for him the reputation of a superb athlete of the plains who dabbled in melodious verse. When sundry sunburnt and bearded officers from our occident lightly derided his nomadic pretensions, and intimated that among Kit

Carson's gang this rough rider was known as an Eastern dude of vast but modest scholarship, such critics were set down as envious calumniators.

A few years ago, there exhibited in the music halls of our leading cities a person who was called the "cowboy pianist." A wild-looking youth, with long red hair and neglected finger-nails, pounded the piano with a "perfect looseness," to use his own phrase. The music as music was not remarkable; as cowboy music it was startling, — the performance as of an untutored centaur, equally lacking instruction and practice. His tumultuous splashing among the ivory keys seemed an eighth wonder; but alas! wayfarers from the far West were ready with a tale that the cowboy pianist was merely a third-rate German music teacher from a country town in Texas. What remained was make-up, — unkempt hair, long finger-nails, and all. Briefly, as a Buffalo Bill or as a Paderewski he would have been a conspicuous failure; poised on the two stools, he had a season of immoderate success.

Many a literary man has salved a dubious reputation by a pretended affiliation with one of the professions. He is known among lawyers as one who writes; among writers, as a dull journalist, but a brilliant jurist; the mystery of the unknown in this case proving efficacious. Even churchmen have been observed to set aside their claim to piety to mingle in the tumult of politics, to tempt theatrical perils of oratory. There have been eminent preachers who were viewed askance by theologians, but applauded among their compeers for a political prowess which politicians regarded as worse than useless for their purposes, yet commendable enough in a pious clergyman. But we need not multiply instances. Let us have a new proverb with reference to the "two stools."

It Goes with- — That displeasing and un-Eng-
out Saying. lish phrase, "It goes without saying," is rapidly invading not only the columns of our best magazines, but the pages, also, of many of our most highly appreciated books. Authors of quite good reputation, men and women, who pride themselves on the purity and grace of their style, and whose work is really able, think nothing, nowadays, of introducing a paragraph with the uncouth line. This offense against good English — this mortal sin, I

feel tempted to call it — has grown to be the fashion within the last few years, and now one can hardly take up a newspaper or a magazine without being confronted by it.

Cela va sans dire, of course, we can all understand. In French it is not meaningless, nor is it inelegant. As the French use it, it has a widely different meaning from the English version. There is no genuine equivalent for it in any language out of France, where it originated. Dumas uses it with good effect in *La Comtesse de Charny*, and other writers have followed him. The literal translation, as we have it, is not effective, it grates on the ear, and there is nothing strong or helpful about it. To my mind, it rather tends to weaken the force of the text. Why not say at once, and be done with it, "it is an evident fact," "it is a natural conclusion," "it is a truism," "nobody disputes it," "it is admitted"? But what "goes" without saying? Can anybody tell?

Statistics could be produced to show how popular the objectionable phrase has become. In a single number of one of our most largely circulated magazines I have noticed it three times, and twice in one article. In the ordinary newspaper one meets it much more frequently, the editor in chief, the local reporter, the foreign correspondent, and the advertiser contributing the line in question constantly. It has taken such a hold that even the purely literary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, do not scruple to disfigure their pages with it. That it ought to be expunged from the letterpress of at least our best writers certainly "goes without saying."

Italian — By familiarity, we lose the
Grace Notes. figures of speech and poetic thought imbedded in our mother tongue, and perceive them only in languages which have not yet become trite to us; so I suppose the Tuscan peasantry are unconscious of the glamour which their soft idioms cast over homely people and things.

I remember being told by a woman near Lucca that her brother was so *incaghita* of my cook Graziosa that it was impossible to draw him away from her, though she was not suited to him at all, and was "much too fat to work in the fields." The word told its tale of the realm of fancy in which the youth dwelt, deeming his love *vaga*; that is, lovely with a nameless grace, beautiful in

a subtle, indescribable way. To the world outside she was a stout, slatternly young woman; within that fairy ring she was gracious and beguiling, like her name.

In talking with a deft little Lucchese maid about getting a place, she said to me, "Ah, I should like to go into a family where they would keep me all the year round, for I am *ambiziosa di far carriera*" (ambitious to make a career). Do you wonder that a damsel who so dignified sweeping and dusting was always in demand?

Returning once, with a party, from Ninfa, the vine-entangled Pompeii of the Middle Ages, our donkey man remarked, waving his hand towards a fleet-footed English girl who was well on in front, "How swift she is! *She flies like the thought of man.*"

As I finish a piece of work, my loyal Phyllis exclaims, "Ah, God bless you! *You have hands of gold!*" And when I inquire if the shops are open on a certain feast day, she replies, smiling, "Eh no! Even the birds do not turn over their eggs on Ascension Day."

I asked my washerwoman whether she was a Roman, and she answered, with a deprecatory shrug, "A Sabine, but it is just the same; the Romans stole our women." (As if it were a little matter of yesterday!)

An Italian never says to the obtuse foreigner, "You do not understand," but prefers the softer phrase, "I have not made myself clear," or, "I expressed myself ill."

The little words *Prego* and *Anzi* (like the German *Bitte*), as a response to thanks, seem to lift and disperse the weight of obligation in a gentle way which is lacking in English. It would take too long to try to enumerate the graceful, courteous little formulas of Italy.

A shabby coat is described as one that "wept upon the wearer," and in some parts of Tuscany the beggars appeal to the passer with the touching expression, "*Little brother* [or, little sister], do charity."

Most grace notes lose their delicate music in being translated, but many possess the charm of a veiled thought, and there are few more delightful books to the student than Abbate Giuliani's *Moralità e Poesia del Vivente Linguaggio della Toscana*. He lingered long on the "olive-sandaled Apennine," garnering the honey of unlettered but graphic speech from the lips of

the peasants. Mentioning their common use of the word *abbandonarsi*, he says: "It is beautiful to observe how this people turn it into metaphor, convincing one more and more that figurative speech is really the natural and common speech. Cicero wondered that rustics should say *gemmare vites luxuriam esse in herbis latis segetes*, but really it is they who produce similar figures to form their habitual language."

Hear a ploughman describing the beech-tree: "Under the cold, the beech *abandons* itself, becomes *mortified*, can stand out no longer, and grows black; it seems as though the cold *broke its heart.*" See this in a reference to a careless farmer: "He who abandons the vineyard is abandoned by it." The use of the word *ammutilire* (to grow dumb) is also interesting: wheat *ammutilisce*, ceases to flourish. Sap and fire grow *dumb* when they cease to flow and to burn. Stagnant water is spoken of as "sleeping," and the culture of land as "taming the earth." Here are a few expressions gathered at random through the book: partings are a *file* to the heart; I counted the days with drops of blood; in leaving he wept like a severed vine; how did that caprice *graft* itself in you? when there is peace in the home, one *embraces* more willingly the cross which God sends; where there is a cross God is near; children are like flowers, — they wilt quickly, and quickly revive; the bread of the poor costs sorrow and sweat; my heart is *knotted up* when I think of it. Blindness is thus described: "It is growing dark, and the world flies before its time." A thief is referred to as "one who dries the pockets of others, and would steal the very cloak of St. Peter."

The charm of many of the peasant expressions lies in their rhythmic beauty of sound, as for instance: "Vecchio, aveva nel cuore l'ardenza della gioventù." (Old, he had in his heart the ardor of youth.) "At home," says another Pistoian, "is my grandfather, and I love him with my whole soul; I have always found shelter under his shadow." Again: "If one reflects, it is true that life is a continued chain of love; we come out from one love and enter into a greater when we marry." A mountain maiden, speaking of her love and jealousy for her sweetheart, says, "It makes my heart ache that even the air should look upon him;" and a young rustic of Val di

Greve expresses himself, "In my work I think of my *dama*, I do not feel fatigue, everything pleases me; there is great delight when love illumines the day." There is a whiff of old Arcadia in the pretty Tuscan words *damo* and *dama* to denominate the country youth and his fair.

It is, I fear, a graceless task to tear out these petals of speech, but perhaps from the mutilated little specimens some may reconstruct the plant, and set it in imagination against its own background of sunny skies and vine-clad hills.

Silent Partner. — In the days of the American merchant marine, — years ago when there was a merchant marine, — it was the custom to send out a son or some young relative of one of the owners of a vessel, to "learn the business practically." The nautical *débutant* advanced in his profession so rapidly that his promotion was no small surprise to landsmen. As he strode serenely over the heads of briny "shell-backs" who had been at sea so long as to have forgotten everything about the land, the question naturally arose, How can the owners entrust a valuable vessel to such inexperience? But the problem had been met by the expedient of providing what was known as the "captain's nurse." In these cases of youthful commandership, there always went forth, as second in charge, a very shrewd and expert first mate, on whom, virtually, all responsibility rested. Hence, many an achievement recorded in marine lore as the feat of a young sea lion was, by those familiar with the facts, met with a significant shrug, and the remark, "He sailed with a 'nurse.'" Furthermore, when some deserving youth, who had risen to the quarter-deck by pure merit, made a voyage that brought reputation, cynics in sou'westers would inquire, "Who was his 'nurse'?" as if incredulous of all claim to independent action.

In that larger world which sailors call the "dull, tame shore," analogous instances are not wanting. There seems to be a quality in the minds of some men that leads intuitively to the rejection of the obvious as a first cause, and to the adoption of a remote or unrecognized factor. Such are not content to regard Franklin as the original kite-flier; they must needs go rummaging in obsolete newspapers and old archives for traces of earlier effort in that direction! There is, of course, much to

sustain their position in the gradual processes of evolution, which finally result in a great discovery, a great invention. Thus, the same summer saw enacted at Paris, at Glasgow, at Philadelphia, a trial similar to the one that succeeded on the Hudson River. Fulton's alone achieved the hoped-for results. Again, Dr. Jackson, of Boston, declared, and I believe proved, that long before Morse's famous discovery he himself had a telegraph in full operation at his own house in that city. The controversy as to precedence in the invention of the telephone is still extant; and it would seem that every important discovery ultimately took shape in a manner somewhat analogous to the composite photograph. The various electric lights were, to use a bookseller's phrase, "published simultaneously" in America and in every part of Europe. So, the class of critics herein arraigned find special delight in claiming for an unrecognized obscurity the glory which, by common consent, has been awarded to the living kings of invention. This tendency to acknowledge and applaud the silent forces which are supposed to impel great actions would appear altogether admirable in human nature, were it not that the accredited inventors have some rights as well as have those supposititious persons for whom the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is so readily applied. Even conquerors, whose results are deemed most explicit, are not exempt: no matter how well established on record their achievements may be, they are sure to be attributed by these critics to some unknown subordinate. "Kings are sometimes useful to their ministers," exclaims the wily Richelieu, one of the most accomplished exemplars of power behind the throne ever furnished by history.

Much of this tendency to go back of the records, in search of that modest genius who has done the work whereof others have reaped the benefit, is due to an egotism of perspicacity, a passion for originality, on the part of the critic. "Washington's only a figure-head," growled the malcontents of the Greene and Gates faction. "A fine Virginia gentleman, of commanding stature and awful presence, the hereditary lord of acres and negroes, he makes revolutions respectable. But when it comes to fighting" — and then would follow numerous allegations in favor of lesser magnates. It might be expected, as regards the victories

of a sovereign, whose varied tasks of kingcraft and statesmanship would compel him to relegate military matters to his marshals, that he would find his Waterloos accredited to Wellington or Blücher, his Magentas to MacMahon, his Gravelottes to Von Moltke. But in the case of the great commanders themselves there is nearly always some popular underling who (with mysterious hints) is suspected of having shown his chief "how it was done." Take a modern instance. Sherman's victories in the West were, by certain critical commentators, deemed the result of the military scholarship of MacPherson, who, it may be observed, enjoyed the highest reputation among engineers. After MacPherson's death, the series of victories continuing unabated, some other secret source of power must be discovered; and discontent seized upon Thomas as the one whose conspiring hand had won the day. In due time Sherman separated from Thomas, and proceeded on his famous march to the sea with undiminished vigor and success; but had not the war come to a triumphant conclusion with the surrender of the forces before Sherman, no doubt hypercritics would have gone on discovering successors to Thomas!

In the field of letters. Here too we find ourselves confronted by the indefatigable searchers for "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." The mystery of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* has never been cleared up to the entire satisfaction of the reading public. To the partisans of the champions engaged, there has been no mystery at all. "Why, of course," says an Irishman, "it was Maginn who did it all. Don't you see that the wit is Irish under a thin veneering of Scotch

brogue?" "Wilson did it," contends an Edinburgh man. "No one in his senses can pretend that the Ettrick Shepherd could have been capable of the language ascribed to him by his admirers."

But what age has escaped? From the *Iliad* of Homer, by certain German philologists characterized as a collection of folk-songs antedating all stylus and papyrus, down to that sonorous but inoffensive ballad, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, attributed in the past to Marshall, Wolfe, and others, there have not been wanting commentators who have insisted upon a yet unvindicated cause for all that is done. Indeed, I have often thought that if a *Chronique Scandaleuse* had been as sedulously kept in the old Hebraic dispensation as it was in the times of the Valois kings, we should find the psalms of the sweet singer of Israel attributed to some wild-eyed poetaster of King David's court, otherwise unknown to fame, and the proverbs of Solomon claiming as their author some bearded wiseacre of the weather-prophet order!

Theology itself has not been spared by this tendency of the human mind to seek in unknown darkness for that which bringeth great light. The following offers an excellent illustration. There have dwelt for centuries in Bohemia an order of zealots who devote themselves to the worship of Satan. According to their cultus, Satan was the rightful heir, but defeated antagonist, of God; in other words, was the Jefferson Davis of his Abraham Lincoln! Like the unreconstructed rebel, they cling tenaciously to their fallen deity; and their common form of greeting is, "May he who has been wronged salute thee!"